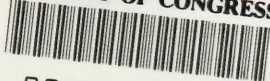




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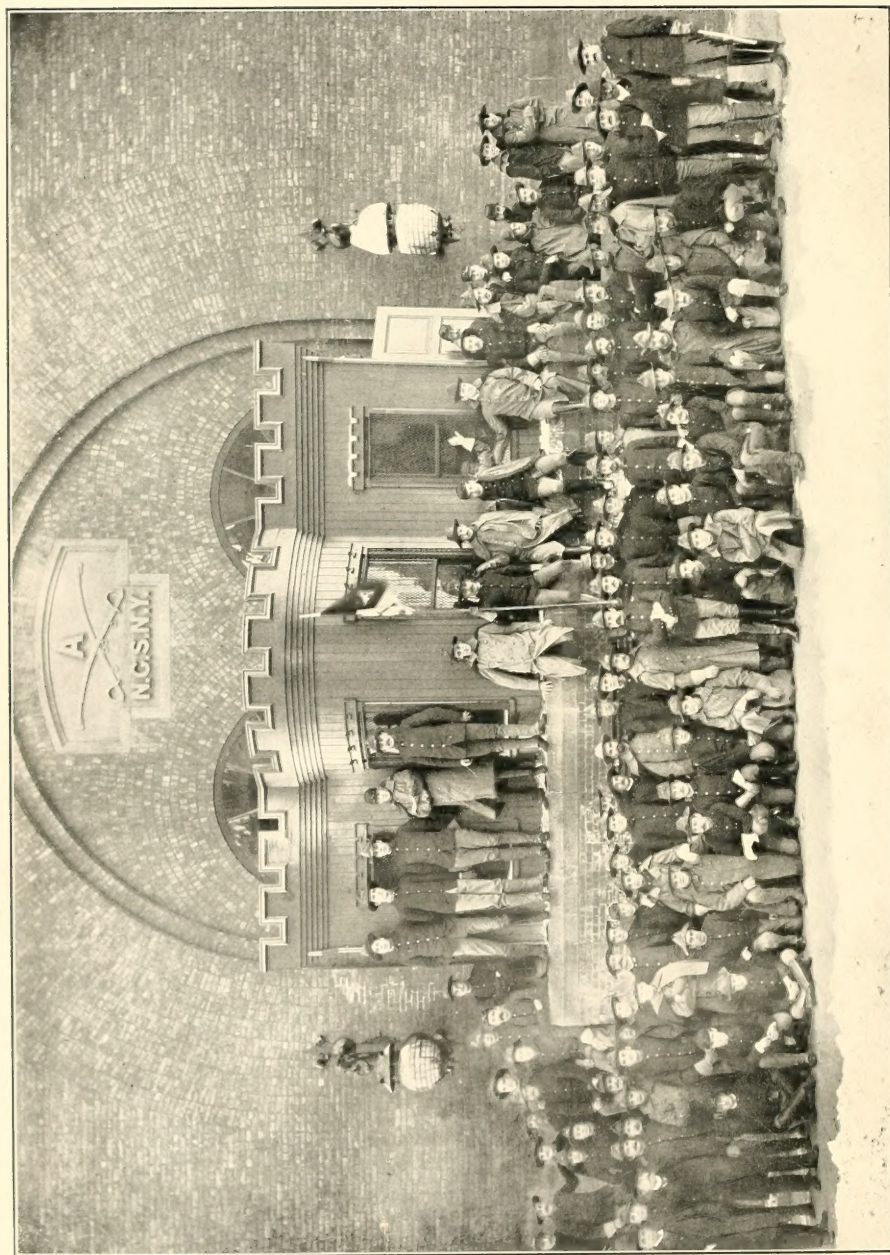


**HISTORY OF TROOP "A" IN  
THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR**









TROOP "A."

JUST BEFORE MUSTERING OUT, NOVEMBER 28, 1898.

# THE HISTORY OF TROOP "A"

New York Cavalry U.S.V.

*from*

May 2 to November 28, 1898

*in the*

SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR



*Wm. C. Cammann & others.*

PUBLISHED BY THE TROOP  
FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION

R. H. RUSSELL, NEW YORK

1899



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*The sincere thanks of the Editors are due Mr. Franklin  
B. Morse for his pen-and-ink sketches.*



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## Editors' Note

THE self-appointed compilers of this volume, while recognizing the peril that threatens the republic from the mass of war literature which has recently been poured forth, have presumed, nevertheless, to present it to the consideration of the veterans of Troop "A." We know that we thereby invite the exercise of the critical faculty that camp life tends to develop so highly, and cannot hope to escape the consequences of our rashness. The only point to which we desire to call attention in this connection is that we are deeply conscious of our own shortcomings. We know that we appointed ourselves, being persons of no literary reputation and not likely to create one by these presents. We are aware that in selecting the contributors we have ignored much of the best talent to be found in our ranks. In extenuation of our failure to call upon the mute, inglorious Miltons of our canvas village and the undiscovered Xenophons of our Anabasis, we can only plead our ignorance of their identity.

The critical reader will doubtless find our style richly seasoned with solecisms, together with an occasional grammatical eccentricity to add piquancy to the narrative. This emphasizes the principle that

the pen is mightier than the sword, and that no man can serve two masters; we are soldiers. We fully realize that the illustrations represent a lot of commonplace scenes and uninteresting incidents, while far more stirring events and more attractive prospects will not be found depicted between these covers. Also that your picture is not in the book, while there are five or six Jack Deucehigh, of Tent S'teen, in every stage of dress and undress. Or, if your portrait does appear in the gallery, you are represented in an undignified pose or unbecoming costume, to be held up to ridicule of posterity. It is a matter of the deepest regret to us that canons of art should be overruled by considerations of light, films and possibilities of enlargement—mere mechanical details—but such is the case. It may also be said that many of the most humorous incidents of the excursion have been totally unnoticed. To which we reply that war is a serious matter, and not to be dealt with unadvisedly or lightly, but soberly and decently. It may be, too, that we don't know the story; there were so many of them. Again, we apprehend that many of the most puissant achievements and chivalrous adventures of the campaign are unchronicled, or have been ascribed to knights faneants, who are in no degree responsible therefor. Gentle reader, thus is history made; who

are we to disregard the time-honored traditions of Clio?

Passing from ourselves to more interesting matters, we venture to express the hope that this little book will serve in time to come as a mnemonic of the days of our light-heartedness—the days when we shed care as our ponchos did rain, and a square meal stilled the yearnings of soul and stomach alike. We have done our utmost to make it as accurate as possible, and trust that each fact or allusion may recall to the mind of some of us the picture of an incident or impression that he does not wish to forget. This narrative is not for the public; we feel that we are among friends, and can speak of our comrades in more appreciative terms than would be decorous were we seeking a more extended circulation.

Repeating the hope that this humble work may serve as a record of duty well performed, may help to soften the recollection of the occasions of hunger and wet, of sickness of body and grieving of spirit, and may prove a reminder of the pleasant places in which our lot fell, and of how we bore ourselves—in short, may be an assistance in realizing the noble words of the grand old Roman:—

“Haec olim meminisse juvabit,”

we have the honor to be,

Very respectfully,

THE EDITORS.









CAPTAIN HOWARD G. BADGLEY.

# Ordered Out

A. René Moën.

"Aux armes! enfants de le patrie.  
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!"

—La Marselaise.

"Now we have ta'en the step, and what comes next,  
All seems so strange, yet strangely interesting.  
Our days should be eventful."

—Looking Forward.



**T**N the year 1898, soon after the destruction of the "Maine" in the Harbor of Havana, which occurred on February 15, it became apparent to everyone that the declaration of war against Spain was only a question of time, and that in view of the limited size of our army it would be necessary for the United States to raise several hundred thousand men and train and equip them with the least possible delay. Naturally our National Guard presented itself at once as the speediest means to bring about this result. The government of the State of New York, through its military head, Major General Charles F. Roe, issued an order to the various military organi-

## 14                      History of Troop "A"

zations of the State demanding an immediate report of the men available to form such an army of volunteers. Accordingly, the Commander of Squadron "A," Major Avery D. Andrews, promptly telegraphed to all of its members to meet at the armory, and vote by troops as to whether they were willing to go out as an organization in defence of the country. The result was reported in less than twenty-four hours after receiving the order, and it was "That the Squadron volunteered its services to a man if the State chose to call upon it for duty in or out of the country." Then, with the excitement of the situation before us, we awaited further developments.

Finally, toward the latter part of April, after war had been officially declared, the Federal government called upon New York State to furnish as its quota of men about twelve thousand of its National Guard, and among that number demanded two troops of cavalry, consisting of eighty-one men and three officers each. To the bitter disappointment of the entire Squadron, the State insisted that one troop should come from New York city and the other from Brooklyn. On the evening of Wednesday, April 27, we were again ordered to assemble at the armory to decide upon the men who should compose a representative troop from the organization. It seemed best, after careful consideration, that they should be



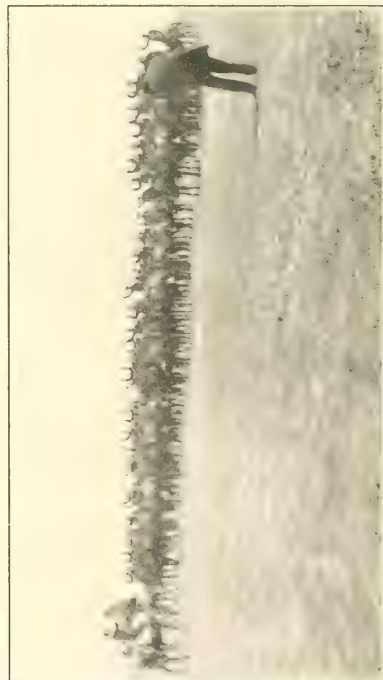
chosen by lot, an equal number coming from each of the three troops, and the excitement ran high. So intense was the desire of some men to be counted among the number chosen that non-commissioned officers resigned their positions to join the ranks as privates, and even accepted the duties of saddler rather than lose an opportunity to be with their fellow troopers. At last, with a feeling of pride and happiness on the part of the lucky members, the required quota was secured.

During the next few days the men were kept busy; horses had to be procured and passed upon by the examining board; the Quartermaster's Department was rushed to its utmost capacity in equipping the outgoing troopers, and each man hurried to collect his personal kit and arrange his business for a long absence. On Sunday, the day before our departure, the armory was the scene of intense excitement. Upstairs in the locker room men were already rolling their packs, while in the ring the sound of the anvil mingled with the tramping and neighing of each new consignment of horses as they dashed around the tan bark for inspection by the veterinarian. That night most of the men stayed at the Armory, and were up before daylight in their anxiety to be ready at the appointed hour. At last the rush subsided, and promptly at nine o'clock on Monday morning, May

2, the troop was formed and, with Captain Howard G. Badgley at its head, rode out of the Armory, and through crowds of enthusiastic citizens proceeded to the Thirty-fourth Street ferry en route for Hempstead, L. I. The reception accorded the troop throughout the line of march down Fifth avenue was most gratifying, but with it came a feeling of sadness as we realized that, on its return, some must surely be missing from the ranks. The ferry crossed, the troop soon left the city limits, and with the command "Route Order!" every one settled down for the long trip over the country roads.

We arrived at Jamaica at noon, where a halt was made at Pettit's Hotel for lunch. At two o'clock we were again in the saddle, and by six the tents at Camp Black were sighted. Before long horses were unsaddled, tents were up, and at nightfall Troop "A's" first camp had been established.





TAKING THE OATH AT CAMP BLACK, MAY 20, 1898

# Camp Black

Francis C. Huntington.

In the stormy east wind straining,  
Heavily the low skies raining.

—The Lady of Shalott.

“Wars and rumors of war,  
Fair ones and horses and glory,  
Tender good-bys and mince pies,  
Then rain and a damp, frigid blackness.”

—Rice’s Beautiful Evangeline.



As we glance back upon the three weeks at Camp Black the impression now remaining in our minds may be expressed by one word—Rain. On further reflection figures in outline are seen dimly, through the rain—the corporal of the guard crouch-

ing by the fire at ten minutes past two A. M., while the sergeant inside the tent sleeps under three red blankets, and No. 1 sturdily walks his post, kept awake by martial rumblings from a nearby tent.

Can we forget the pitch black night when Sergeant Pellew twice called out the whole guard to play bull-in-the-ring with that wild horse afterward



tamed and known to fame as "Hempstead," alias "Hempy." The guard formed the ring, and out of the blackness in the centre came the horse like a bolt from Heaven and disappeared in the blackness outside; and no one knew aught of the manner of his going, except the man through whom he went, and all he knew was that he had barely escaped being killed.

Can we forget the bitter cold in the tents at night, and the calm philosophy of Private "Antonio" Terry, who, having been relieved of his blanket, was heard taking comfort unto himself from the fact that he had on "a damn warm pair of suspenders?"

How new we all were to the business! How many things there were we lined up for and took!

Each man took the first horse he came to, unless, unobserved, he could sneak down the line and grab his own. How many times each man on the new guard put on and took off his overcoat before guard mount! How often, in those long bare-back rides to water, we had cause to "Remember the Mane!" How quick we were to learn the art of taking a bath with only two quarts of water, and that stolen from the barrel of boiled water (so called) reserved solely for drinking. How slow we were to learn the art of tying a slippery halter shank to a wet picket line. How often the sentinel swore and dropped his carbine in the mud while tying up a loose horse. How

difficult was the counting of horses in the dark—especially the ones that lay down so often you couldn't count them. How fond of authority were the sergeants and corporals, and the acting corporals; and how cocksure was each private of just the way in which each thing should have been done. We were a troop of generals then.

Such are the vague impressions. Let us try, however, to recall a few facts in something like chronological order.

On Monday, May 2nd, 1898, with the farewells of Fifth avenue in our ears, and ham sandwiches of Jamaica in our throats, after a long and dreary march we emerged from the trees of Garden City upon the broad plain of Hempstead.

There on the left were the white tents of the Sixty-ninth, and on the knoll at the right the General's Headquarters, while beyond stretched the long white lines of the other regiments. It was nearly sunset. The clouds hung low over the plain. Bleak and autumnal, rather than springlike, was the scene.

At last, on the further side of the camp, we reached the spot selected for us. Here Sergeant Patterson, who had been sent ahead with the impedimenta and a detail consisting of Saddler Troop, Private Barry, two colored cooks and a lot of Dutch teamsters, had a fire already burning and mess well

under way. "On right into line! Halt! Front! Prepare to dismount! Dismount!" Then followed a few brief instructions as to tents and the picket line, and immediately all was bustle and seeming confusion.

In the gathering darkness we worked quickly, and, although new to the business, the eleven Sibley tents were soon up, the poles almost straight and sides well pegged down. To be sure we had to take them down again next day, in order to get the doorways all in the same straight line and the proper distance apart. There were few things that came right the first time.

It was dark before "mess call" came, and we gathered around the kitchen fire (built close behind the tents on that site afterward famous as Hoeninghaus Park) and greedily made way with pork and beans and coffee. We could not see what we were eating, but we were hungry, and it tasted very good.

Later it came on to rain, and it was a long, wet, weary night for that first guard. The others were so tired that the sudden change from the comfortable bed of the night before to the cold straw covered ground inside the tents could not prevent sleep. And all through the campaign men slept on the ground, in tents and without tents, more soundly than they had slept at home.



CAMP BLACK



FEEDING THE ANIMALS—CAMP BLACK





Next morning at twenty-five minutes after five came Braith's strong notes of first call, and the first day of camp life had begun. The daily list of calls (somewhat radically changed on more than one occasion afterward) was first published as follows:

## A. M.

- 5:25—First Call.
- 5:30—Reveille and Assembly.
- 5:45—Sick Call.
- 6:00—Stable Call.
- 7:00—Mess Call.
- 7:55—Assembly for guard.
- 8:00—Assembly.
- 8:15—Assembly for policing.
- 8:45—Stable and Water Call.
- 9:45—Drill Call, Boots and Saddles.
- 10:00—Assembly.
- 11:30—Recall.
- 12:00—Mess Call.

## P. M.

- 3:15—Drill Call, Boots and Saddles.
- 3:30—Assembly.
- 4:30—Recall.
- 6:00—Mess Call.
- 6:30—Stable and Water Call.
- 9:20—Call to Quarters.
- 9:30—Tattoo.
- 10:00—Taps.

Looking over this list now, we see that we had some things to be thankful for of which we knew not then. The hated evening parade was mercifully omitted. And yet it seemed that almost every minute of the day was taken up.

No sooner was one thing over than the next began, and there were many things to be done not obvious from simply reading the list of calls. Terry realized this very early in the game, as was shown by this sage remark: "Say—say—I always make it an invariable—an invariable rule to keep behind—behind the tents, for if you don't a sergeant—a sergeant is sure to come out—and pinch you."

Five minutes were given in which to wake up and dress yourself. Then, if you were not sick (and almost no one was sick at Camp Black, in spite of all the cold and wet), came half an hour in which to wash, but little good was that with no water to wash with. How astonished the inhabitants of that little tumble down house a quarter of a mile away were the first morning to see their front yard full of troopers waiting for the next basin full of water from the well, and rich in soap boxes, sponges and tooth brushes (Riker's violet water was an afterthought of Alger and did not appear at Camp Black). Later, through the kindness of Henry Payne Whitney, a large watering cart refilled at least twice a day stood

close behind our tents, and we could each draw a pailful for a morning bath. Later still, the last week of our stay, the government water pipes reached us, and in the mud by the watering trough many baths were taken in the few morning hours available; for though we rose at half-past five A. M., the female sightseer (on bicycle or in 'bus) always happened on the horizon at a marvellously early hour.

As if to discourage all attempts at cleanliness, no sooner had one washed than came the "stable call" and cleaning horses on that muddy picket line. The industrious man who cleaned his horse quickly and well (and no horse is well cleaned unless quickly cleaned) was invariably rewarded by the sergeant by being assigned to clean another horse. In fact, it was only the man who made a fine art of shirking (and few there were, be it said,) who escaped cleaning two horses, for about half the men each morning were exempt because of guard or new guard or orderly detail.

With "mess call," at seven, there was a prompt rush for the right of the line, and off we were marched in single file, hungry enough to eat anything. We were on State rations then (much more liberal than Uncle Sam's) and Sergeant Pellew on that old white charger scoured the country in an attempt to get the lowest quotation for milk from

the shrewd Long Island farmers. We had fresh baker's bread instead of hard tack, and, take it all in all, good, plain, wholesome food, cooked by Tom and Walter. At breakfast we usually confined ourselves to the rations provided, but the other meals were largely supplemented by chicken, roast beef and *pate de fois gras*, cake and jam, oranges and apples, whiskey, beer and rum, not to speak of *apollinaris*, from the hampers inside the tents sent down by kind friends and relatives. The Long Island Express was almost overworked.

Soon after mess came the change of guard. The evolution of "guard mount" was curious to watch. At first it was not called "guard mount," but a mere change of guard in an informal manner, and each morning there was something different and some added trifle of formality until finally it blossomed out in its full glory as "guard mount." But at Camp Black there was one question for the guard that was never settled, and that was overcoats. About 7:30 an order would be shouted down the street that the new guard would wear overcoats, or else that they would not, and which ever way it was, it was invariably reversed at least once before the final note of the assembly had sounded. And then the question was, How should the capes be fastened back? With so lim-



POLICE DUTY --CAMP BLACK



CAPT. BADGLEY    GEN. ROE    MAJ. GREER    COL. HOLLY

GENERAL ROE AND OFFICERS AT CAMP BLACK





ited a wardrobe as he had it was strange indeed how worried the poor private could be by its changes.

8:15—Police. Camp Black was the day of the Easy Boss. The sergeants had not then learned to be the slave drivers into which they developed at Alger, and the mud on the picket line was so deep that little could be done to it in the way of cleaning.

At this time of day great was the hurrying of orderlies—polishing boots and bridles, and always five minutes late in saddling up and reporting to the first sergeant. Many were the tales brought back in the evening by these same orderlies of private tips from Holly and Hurry, and gossip of the camp. The duty was new, and at first amusing as well as tiresome. Perhaps its chief compensation was the interest and excitement always caused by a mounted orderly dashing up with formidable looking despatches sticking through his belt. The command to the colonel of which the orders were addressed always imagined the formal looking documents to be an order from Washington for an instant advance upon Havana or Cadiz.

Watering horses gave us a long journey twice a day. "Water, water, everywhere, and not a drop to drink," for man or beast, was our early experience in the immediate neighborhood of the camp. It was a mile or more to one farm where we went to water,

and almost two miles to the other. The horses were green, the men were green, and riding one horse bareback and leading another (both pulling hard and pulling apart). was not always a pleasure. Then, when we reached the farm, watering was a slow process. It was at one of these farms that Ernie Thompson was kicked in the chest by one of our horses that stormy night when we took them to the barns for shelter. He was taken in and well cared for for several days by the farmer's wife.

Morning drill was usually bareback. The afternoon drills were a more formal matter; and good, sharp and rattling they were—trotting and galloping over that broad plain.

Early in the afternoon the crowds from New York began to arrive, and the inside of a tent, not to speak of the haystack, after recall from drill resembled an afternoon tea. The fair ones often stayed till six o'clock mess and looked with dainty curiosity and slightly shocked surprise at the partial return of man to the eating habits of his early ancestors. Some of them were even eager to eat from the soldier's tin dish and sip coffee from his cup.

In the evening, snug in the tents, the rain driving against the canvas, we sat on boxes and sang songs and told tales and smoked and took a drink and were

merry until taps. And after that we slept and shivered in our sleep.

Meanwhile, the night provost patrol scoured the country and the surrounding villages to pick up wandering soldiers, and came back after midnight and woke up the tents, and next morning told of adventures and daring captures.

There were mounted patrols by day also, who pursued unlicensed hucksters and preserved the boundaries of the camp. Their doings even got into the daily papers, one of which immortalized forever the exploit of Private "Antonio" Terry, who, putting spurs to his favorite charger "Tanglefoot," overtook and captured a doughboy deserter.

One afternoon we were invited to attend the horse show at the Mineola Fair Grounds, to give an exhibition drill, which we did in the middle of the ring, and felt rather out of place while the "county families" in the grand stand looked on coldly. We all felt better when Bill Cammann went into a race with the local talent and carried off the prize hands down. Those same fair grounds we were to know again, when we took the horses there to spend the night in the sheds during one of the worst of the northeasters. It was a long walk back to camp through the mud.

Not until we reached Camp Alger were we in

close quarters with Troop "C." Between us at Camp Black was a great gulf fixed in the shape of a sunken road, from each side of which the sentries eyed one another with some curiosity, until one afternoon the first sergeants of the two troops somehow ran afoul of each other, and the result was beer and clay pipes that night around the "C" camp fire, until a pelting rain sent us scurrying to the tents. Afterward came the "A" "at home," with the Squadron band and songs and punch and fire. We had a calling acquaintance then.

About this time the two troops first marched together—the occasion on which we rode to the station to meet and escort Governor Black and afterward took part in the review. The magnificent spectacle of a hundred superb cavalymen drawn up troop front at the railway station, awaiting, with glittering sabres at the carry, the advent of the commander-in-chief of the State forces, filled the surrounding crowds with proper awe. The Governor came at last, and the command "Present sabres" was executed as by one man. The only thing marring the impressive ceremony was that our heavy weight champion, Bruce, whose well known "Moose" subsequently contracted such a habit of straying from the picket as to become proverbial, in the excitement of the moment leaned to one side,

thereby causing his saddle to describe an arc of one hundred and eighty degrees. Mr. Bruce, a superb horseman, stuck to the saddle, so that with his head resting comfortably on the ground he "presented feet" to the Governor. Governor Black was not exactly a military figure as he sat shivering and uncomfortable in a covered 'bus, nor yet when he stood, gaunt and angular. But the regiments made a brave showing and were proud; and the Governor was, after all, only an excuse for the review.

Take it all in all a trooper's day was a full one and all absorbing. It was wonderful how the rest of the world faded out of sight. We read the papers in a perfunctory way. Even Dewey's victory made little real impression on us. Our own particular affairs, with which we had been busy up to the moment of leaving town, no longer troubled us. The camp had troubles of its own. The change was sudden and complete. If there is transmigration of souls it is not strange that they forget the past. The present had fast hold on us and was real. As we look back on it now it is as a dream, unreal, so quickly have we dropped back into the ways of peace.

We were not destined to stay long at Camp Black.

In due course came the physical examination; and army regulations as to weight and other requirements for a cavalryman proved themselves exceed-

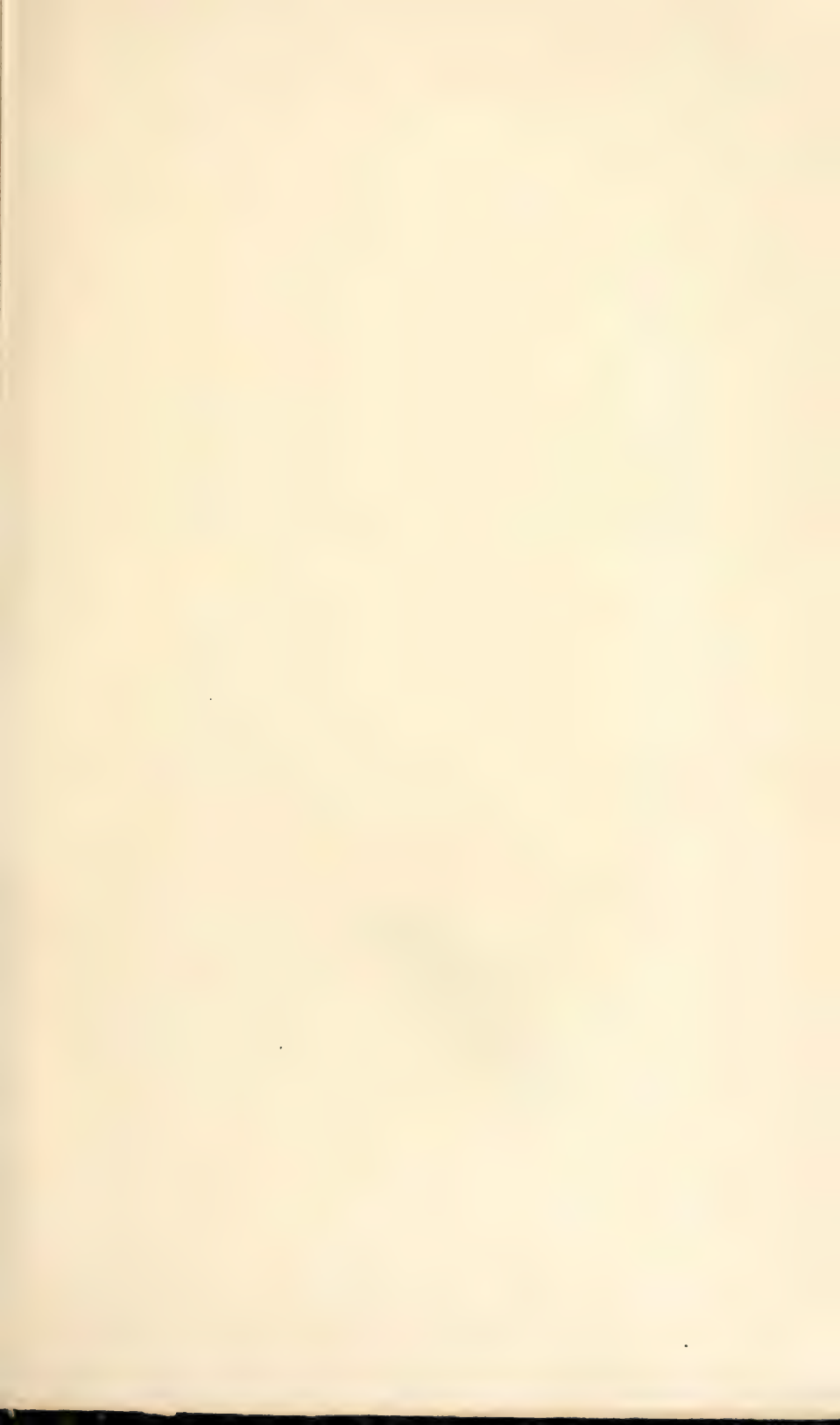
ingly elastic when applied to the United States volunteer.

Immediately there followed the solemn ceremony of muster in. Sitting on horseback in mass formation, with bared heads and ungloved right hands raised, together we took the oath of allegiance—soldiers of the United States at last.

Then came the rush for passes to say a last farewell in town; and on that bright Sunday morning we marched away from Camp Black with feelings of joy and great expectancy; but as we rode past the little hillock where straight on his horse sat our own General Roe it was with feelings of sadness that we turned our heads for a last look; and we hoped that he would be a Major General of Volunteers, and that we should have some place in his command.



**"BOOTS AND SADDLE'S"**  
**FIND YOUR HORSE.**







THE PICKET LINE AT CAMP BLACK



FALLING IN FOR MESS—CAMP BLACK

# Sentry Duty

James T. Terry.

"When all night long a chap remains  
On sentry-go, to chase monotony  
He exercises of his brains;  
That is, providing that he's got any."  
—Iolanthe.

"Guard of the Commissariat,  
Duty performed is sweet.  
Though you may eat what you're guarding,  
Be guarded in what you eat."  
—Soldiers' Manual of Practical Guard Duty.



T evening parade the list of the guard detail is read by the first sergeant. The next day at the sound of the bugle, calling "guard mount," with weapons cleaned so well that no one but the examining sergeant could find a speck on them, and our uniforms worn almost to a shred by brushing, we go to the guard tent to play our part in the extremely hazardous performance of keeping would be visitors and stray dogs out of camp.

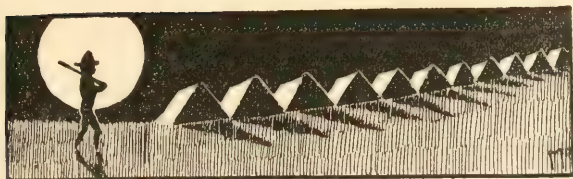
Falling in line the new guard detail is inspected. One's chance of surviving this ordeal is fairly good if

the scrutinizing officer is in good health, but if he is not feeling very well, that grain of dust in the barrel of the gun, which you know is a little bubble of oil, affords a sufficient excuse for him to send you back to your tent; and then some of the stable work, a task such as gave Hercules his reputation, is yours. If not so sent away in disgrace (?) you are a member of the guard, which goes through a great deal of what seems to you useless manoeuvring, a few extra stunts being added if the weather is sufficiently hot.

The weary son of Mars now commences to pace his monotonous beat, striving to resist that great but gentle enemy of the sentinel—insidious sleep—occasionally seeking aid in his efforts in this direction by an enlivening gossip with the ornament on an adjoining post about the utter foolishness of so carefully protecting the camp against a ferocious enemy only fifteen hundred miles away! Not only should a sentry be vigilant and wide awake on his beat, but also in the guard tent, the abiding place of the guard when not on duty; for, if sleep overcomes him then, his very clothes are in peril. If a sergeant of the guard would take the spurs from the boots of a comrade resting in the guard tent, whom can one trust?

We have been told that guard duty is the most honorable service a soldier can render, but this is

hard to realize, especially when one is beset by some fair but curious visitor, who inquires why he is "strutting up and down," and the meaning of his persistent reticence. "I am on guard," is the haughty, soldierly reply. Entirely unabashed, she glances at the kicking horses, which no one would dare to steal, and through the tents filled with straw and old clothes, and contemptuously replies, "How silly! Come walk around and show me the camp; why, I don't see anything to guard here."









CAMP OF THE NEW YORK CAVALRY SQUADRON, CAMP ALGER, VA.



# Camp Alger

F. Lawrence Lee.

"Dreaming, dreaming, talking in my sleep."

—The Serenaders.

"We're booked to go! We're booked to stay!

What did Alger and Corbin say?

I'm in an awfully tough position,

My family's made me accept a commission.

Thus ran the story from day to day."

—The Legend of the Dreamer.



IRST the Seventy-first had left, then one regiment after another, until the great white city was almost deserted, and now it was our turn.

Saturday morning (May 21st) came the news, and to us active service seemed certain within the month. The telegraph office was besieged

by troopers wiring, "Ordered to Falls Church, Va. Leave to-morrow." We started to pack up, discarding vast quantities of useless impedimenta, and the following morning all were up bright and early, policing the camp. Down went the tents, and a busy scene ensued, searching in the straw for missing

possessions, saddling up, etc. Many a valued article of equipment was lost, apparently forever, and a respected sergeant could be heard orating in no measured terms on the den of "Thieves! Thieves!! Thieves!!!" in which he found himself. My canteen and cup took wings and in sifting the tent straw a pair of spurs was found, marked with the number of a man who was never known to be without his full quota. No questions were asked, however, and he who got anything back esteemed himself fortunate.

Just before it was time to start our old commander, Major—now Major General—Roe, came over to see us, and shaking hands with each wished good luck to all. It was an affecting scene.

"Prepare to Mount! Mount!" the trumpet rings out, and we are off, the post band marching ahead, playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Auld Lang Syne" and other melodies calculated to cheer.

The doughboys break their guard lines to rush out and bid us godspeed; we pass the headquarters and are reviewed by the dear old General, whom we cheer loudly. Our band stands aside and plays us past. Then they march back, and we march on; cut loose from the secure moorings of the past, we are afloat on the storm threatening seas of the future.

A bright May Sunday, clear and warmish, and the roads exceedingly dusty. As we ride through the

country we are everywhere greeted with enthusiasm. Flags wave from every house, and all sorts and conditions of men, women and children shout a hearty "Good luck to you, boys!" as we go by.

It is a long, hard march, and it is well into the afternoon when we reach the outskirts of the city. Here we proceed along a parklike avenue, trotting most of the time, for it is late, and we have still far to go.

A little way back on the road we had stopped at a house and were entertained royally. Tables were spread under the trees, and ladies and gentlemen dressed in their Sunday best vied with each other in dispensing grateful refreshments, alcoholic and otherwise, to as tough a looking outfit of travel stained troopers as can well be imagined. It seemed like an echo from some former existence.

On we went through the great city, and at each point of vantage a howling, cheering crowd had stationed themselves. It was exhilarating to the last degree, but the steady roar soon got on the nerves and made one feel bewildered and dreamy.

It was almost dusk when we arrived in Jersey City and started to march through a mile and a half of railroad yards. Almost every engine on the road was there, and each engineer let his whistle sing as long as we were in sight. There must have been

sixty of them, and the noise they made was beyond words. It was meant in kindness, however, and we appreciated their patriotism. Whether the company did or did not, is another matter.

After leaving a guard over the horses in an old baseball field the rest of us were allowed to go to New York to our homes for the evening. We flitted in, ghostlike, for a few hours, and were gone. I remember looking at my bed and wondering when I would sleep in one again, if ever. We reported for duty at half-past four in the morning. In crossing the river we fell in with a boatswain's mate from the U. S. S. Cincinnati, who was invalided. He was blessed with a voice like a siren whistle, and turned out to be something of a prophet.

I asked him concerning the naval operations what was going to be done. He said: "Sampson and Schley is looking for the Cape Verde squadron now, and when they meet Cervera's fleet the Spanish navy is a thing of the pa-ast—understand, it's a thing of the past." "But," I asked, "won't we lose some ships?" Answered that ancient man: "When we meet Cervera's fleet the Spanish navy is a thing of the pa—ast!"

We loaded the horses on the train and partook of a scanty breakfast, then off we went, each man trying

to get a little sleep with his packed saddle on the seat beside him for a pillow.

The station at Baltimore was placarded with signs proclaiming "Welcome to the Sixth Massachusetts!" "In 1861 we stoned you as enemies! In 1898 we greet you as brother citizens of a reunited country!"

Arriving at the little station of Dunn Loring, a few miles beyond Washington, we disembarked and took up the march for Camp Alger, some miles away. It was quite dark, and one of our wagons got stuck in the mud for a time, which seemed to us like an echo of the civil war. We were hailed by voices out of the darkness here and there saying, "What's this? Cavalry? Where are you from?" To which we would answer, "New York!" "Good work!" would come the reply; "We're from Indiana!" or whatever the State might be.

Our chance acquaintances told us stories of Spanish spies who had been caught poisoning the wells, together with other grewsome tales, which, heard when riding through a Virginia wood in the darkness after two days and a night of great fatigue, made one realize that war was no picnic.

We emerged from the woods and a most interesting scene burst upon us. By the light of flaring gasoline torches, hundreds of soldiers were lounging

around a long line of sutlers' booths. This was the "Midway Plaisance" of the camp and the centre of its social life.

The infantrymen were much interested in the cavalry, and greeted us with great warmth, expressing a decided opinion, in fact, that we were "all right."

After some difficulty we found the headquarters hill, and established a rough sort of camp there. The General had not yet arrived, so that we had the hill to ourselves. About eleven o'clock supper was cooked, which was very acceptable, particularly as regards the coffee. If a soldier can get coffee, he is well off. We were encamped under great chestnut trees, and the picture of the blue uniformed troopers thrown into relief by the firelight, and the dark line of horses in the background, was one to which the reality of the occasion added a depth which might otherwise have been absent.

There was a line of empty tents near by, to which we were assigned, two squads to a small tent. Deeming this too close for comfort, many of the men spread their ponchos and blankets in the open air. "Foxy" Leigh was thus sleeping the sleep of the just when a sentry stepped on his face, the spurred heel cutting him up very painfully.

The following morning the General arrived, and







"MIDWAY PLAISANCE"—CAMP ALGER

it became our delightful duty to move camp to a treeless waste some hundred and fifty yards away. After watering the horses at a meagre stream, distant one mile and a half, we pitched our tents in a weed grown, ploughed field, and each man carried his saddle, packs and equipments from the hill to our new camp.

The place was deeply covered with rank, tough undergrowth, and the troopers devoted the remainder of the day to clearing the space on which the tents actually rested by pulling the weeds out by their roots and grazing their horses over the rest of of the troop street. Shovels were in demand, and failing these, hatchets were used to level the furrows where we were to sleep, as well as to cut a ditch surrounding the wall of the tent.

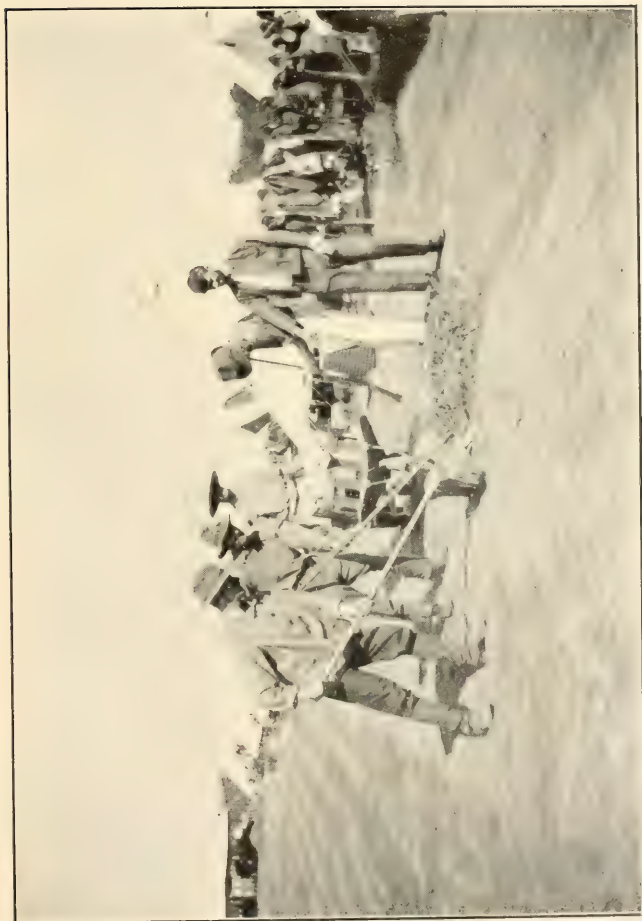
Guard duty now became less frequent, owing to the combination of the two troops into a squadron. It became more rigorous, however, and our proximity to headquarters made the turning out of the guard an every day affair. But as soon as the General discovered that we knew the etiquette, and were at all times ready to carry it out, he took pains to avoid passing the guard tent during the daytime.

This ceremony is interesting to those on the outside, and at once amusing and annoying to those within the tent. The off reliefs are lying quietly,

writing letters, reading and talking. Carbines rest against the centre post, belts and blouses often with them, by permission. Suddenly the sentry at the guard house calls: "Turn out the guard! Major General commanding!" Each man drops what he is doing and grasps his equipments. All hurry to the front of the tent, form line, and as the General passes the order is given: "Present arms!" then "Order arms! Dismissed!" Frequently the word comes from the General, "Never mind the guard!" "Never mind the guard!" repeats the sentry, and the half aroused relief return to their places, damning their superior officer most heartily.

On the day after guard duty comes "police duty," "guard fatigue." The old guard is divided into two parts, one to act as stable police and the other to police the street and camp generally. They are required to do no other duty during the day, and as there are only twenty-four working hours it is fortunate that they are not.

The stable police begin their day at morning stables while the horses are at water. With rake and fork they shake over the bedding and pile it in neat little heaps at the rear of the line. Then they rake and brush the entire length of the picket line, under the bright morning sun, until the whole extent of more than a hundred yards looks like a new dirt



HOENINGHAUS

HOLTER

LEE

HARRISON

STREET POLICE—CAMP ALGER.



tennis court. Immediately afterward the sun is too hot for the horses, so they must be led to the woods near by. "Stable police!" roars the sergeant, and off we go, with five horses tied together, leading them along, and to add zest to the amusement jumping them over a four foot ditch which must be passed. This operation is a delicate one, and as three jump and two balk alternately, you are somewhat at a loss what to do about it. You jolly them and swear at them, and then just as the jumpers decide to go to the balkers the latter essay to join the former, and a general mix up ensues which is to the average interesting. Finally the whole line, with desperate resolve showing forth all over them, leap directly at you, and by the time you are through wondering why you were not killed the horses are tied up, and you go back to repeat the performance.

Then at eleven o'clock we hay down. Some new forage comes in, and both street and stable police unload it. If the stable sergeant is a late creation or overzealous, we clean out the picket line once again. Then we fill the nosebags for evening stables, and while the horses are at water we bed down. Then you are just in time to be late for evening parade, and are told that your way of amusing yourself under pretence of working is played out, and that it will no longer be tolerated. The first sergeant declares that

you are "delinquent," and shall be "severely dealt with," and when you are finally dismissed you are quite ready for "taps" to put an end to this "happy busy day."

When fatigue call sounds in the morning the street police get a wheelbarrow, fight with the stable police and quartermaster sergeant over rakes, &c., form a skirmish line and march through the camp, picking up, usually with their hands, all old cigarette butts, orange peels, peach pits, rotten cores of apples, and so on ad nauseam. Each tent places a box filled with its waste articles in front of the door as the police approach, and one of the detail makes a round of the tent to see that nothing remains to be policed between the ropes and pegs.

Then the street is raked and swept clean, and by the time that is finished a wagonful of heavy express packages or ammunition or whatever has arrived from the station has to be unloaded. Any odd job which arises in the course of the day is put in their hands, and any time that the stable police require assistance, "Street police, turn out!" is the cry.

When on the march the street police put up the officers' tent, take it down, ditch it, and generally make themselves useful. Loading and unloading wagons, turning their hands to anything whatever, each street policeman feels that he has the hardest



of jobs until he is put on the stable police, and each stable policeman is convinced that he is doing the entire work of the camp until he is put on the street police.

On Sunday morning, May 20th, we underwent our first inspection, and the same is an invention of the devil. All your belongings are spread out on your poncho in front of the tent, and the captain takes note of them and comments upon their condition, yours, and anything else which happens to be on his mind at the time.

Before he comes the first sergeant has selected some outlandish and absurd arrangement for your kit, as the one to be followed. And when with infinite pains you have changed yours to conform, to the immolation of all true art, he promulgates a new model just as the captain starts down the line. "Why was I born a slave?" remarked Terry on such an occasion.

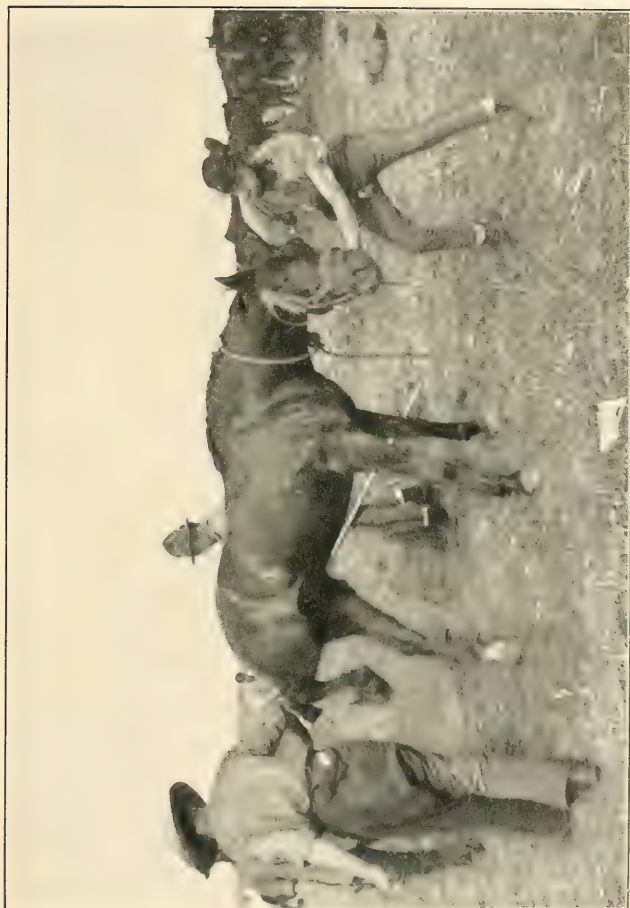
It is hot as tophet, but when all is over most of the troop are able to obtain passes to Washington, and all is forgotten. Dressed in our best uniform we present ourselves to the first sergeant. He looks us over and says that we will do, so off we go, after having our passes countersigned. We hail an ancient wagon and step aboard. It once was a surrey and is drawn by the remains of a horse. Just over

the hill we are halted by a provost guard, show our passes and are advanced. Rather a pretty drive over steep hills, from one of which Washington may be seen, and the hack draws up in the little village of Falls Church before another provost guard. All being well we reach the trolley car terminus and pay our driver a quarter. The pandemonium here is something frightful. Tickets are purchased in the store across the track, while lemonade, soda water and candy venders combine with colored bootblack and clothes brush boys, not to mention the hackmen, to raise a rumpus which is absolutely unforgettable.

We leap on a trolley car, and it starts for the city. Filled with officers and enlisted men, it bumps on its way to the Aqueduct Bridge. Arriving, we cross the river and are in Washington. The city presents the appearance of a foreign capital. At every turn are soldiers in uniform. They overrun the Capitol, swarm in all the public buildings and fill the saloons.

If your friends ask you to lunch they offer you the use of a bathtub. This is highly appreciated, for water is scarce in Camp Alger, and the fact is well known in Washington—unofficially.

After obtaining a square meal and smoking a cigar or two the shades of evening begin to fall and the



PINCHOT

HOLDER

HOENINGHAUS

GROOMING "THE MOLE"



army starts to move across the Potomac. Horse and foot for Camp Alger and artillery for Fort Myer. The trolley cars are crowded to overflowing, and the Falls Church station at night surpasses itself for noise and confusion.

All sorts of conveyances are filled with soldiers, who quiet down while their passes are vised by the provost. Mounted officers, hospital orderlies and ambulances pass us and disappear in the darkness. Then the inner line of provost guards halts us, and a pretty picture they make under the trees with the lantern shining on their rifles and belt plates. Then being admitted to our own camp we report off pass to our first sergeant, and the day is done.

Saturday of our first week at Camp Alger a grand review is held by the President. The cavalry are to act as his escort, so we deck ourselves out in our best and march to the station over the dustiest road in the United States. While we are waiting we brush up as well as we can; then the train comes in and the President steps out, attended by a number of staff officers and civil dignitaries with their wives.

They get into carriages, and the troops move out ahead of them. In short order, however, we are stop<sub>l</sub>ed, as the dust, which prevents our seeing the horses next in front of us as we trot along, is rolling back in vast clouds on the Presidential party, to

which they naturally object. We then draw off to the side of the road, and the carriages take the lead.

Then all trot out, unable to see or breathe anything but dust, varying the performance by those absolutely short stops which seem inseparable from escort work, when all hands go up, signifying "Halt!" and your horse plants his feet, and you pull him up by intuition.

Up hill and down dale, through the woods and out again, then to the right into the great parade ground over a narrow bridge, which we are warned to look out for by voices beyond the clouds. Over the springy grass we trot (there was a little left there at that early date), and up to a high open stand, where the President takes his post, while we trot to the rear and rest.

Fifteen thousand troops in brigade formation break from the right and march past; a glorious sight to see.

After the review we escorted the President all over the camp, the infantry cheering him very heartily. He thoughtfully dismissed us when we reached our own camp, and we retired to free ourselves of some forty-seven acres of Virginia soil finely powdered.

It is but fitting, at this point, that I should do justice to the genius in an Ohio band who set "O



TOM      "PECKSKILL"      "COBLESKILL"      WALTER

THE CULINARY DEPARTMENT—CAMP ALGER.





Promise Me" to march, or rather jig, time with which to regale the President and rouse the martial ardor of the rude soldiery. His punishment is not provided for by the Military Code, probably because such a contingency was beyond the limit of human foresight. This was perhaps preferable, however, to the endless dead marches which the bands used to practise daily.

Shortly after the review our captain, Howard G. Badgley, a thorough officer and gentleman, was taken ill with typhoid fever. We saw the ambulance take him off to the hospital with sorrow and anxiety in our hearts, and long months passed before he returned to us. This was the first appearance of the ambulance, which afterward became an unfortunately frequent visitor, although Troop "A" had fewer sick men than did many other commands, Cox and Bruce, Connor and Manning successively contracting this scourge of the camps.

A change of commissaries took place about this time, and the genial Sergeant Pellew was succeeded by that veteran smooth talker and "rough rider," good old "Jim" Price, the "regular."

The washing of mess kits had frozen the genial current of "Jim's" soul to the same extent that the beating of the Virginia sun on the ground floor of our natural mess hall had warmed his fertile brain,

so he took up a collection to buy a mess tent and outfit which could be used at all times except when actually in the field.

Aided by a system of equalized taxation, we were thenceforth enabled to eat in the shade and to enjoy the best which the government provided, augmented by the judicious disbursements of "Jim" from the troop's mess fund. These were palmy days, and Price's satellites, "Peekskill," "Fishkill" and "Cobbleskill," were at all times ready to assist, unless their services were required for some private dinner party from Washington.

The mess tent was a great institution, and was useful in a variety of ways, including religious services, meetings and entertainments. When General Roe was appointed brigadier we had a punch, by permission, at which Ogilvie, of Troop "C," sang "Sue, Dear," to bring tears to your eyes, and Sergeant Cammann rendered "The Irish Maid" with enormous success. An attempt was made to get Charlie Sharp, our colored mule driver, to sing, but after an unsuccessful essay at a song, which told something about "jingle bells," Sharp fell flat through shyness.

He was a most extraordinary negro, and was very amusing to talk to. He had driven a wagon in the civil war, prior to which time he had been a slave. He was a great dog fancier, and had a fine collection

back of the wagon park. If any one driving to Dunn Loring with him espied a good looking dog and called attention to him, "Put him in the wagon" was Charlie's word. One of us remonstrated with him on the grounds of honesty. "I don't never steal no dog," said Charlie indignantly, "but if a dog wants to follow me I ain't required to be cruel to him and beat him back."

We now settled down to a regular routine of duty, drilling morning and afternoon, doing guard, policing camp, acting as headquarters or telegraph orderlies or as mounted provost, with evening parade to top off with.

The morning drill consisted of a skirmish through the woods, mounted or fighting on foot, according to the necessities of the occasion. There was one hill in particular, covered with woods and very steep, just back of headquarters, and this we were in the habit of attacking daily. Riding down hill among trees, with carbine advanced, furnishes good cause for vigilance, to say the least.

Then would come the order to fight on foot. A skirmish line would form, tearing their way through brambles and underbrush, scrambling over a small canal, advancing by rushes over a ploughed field, and ending up by taking the opposite woods in a desperate charge.

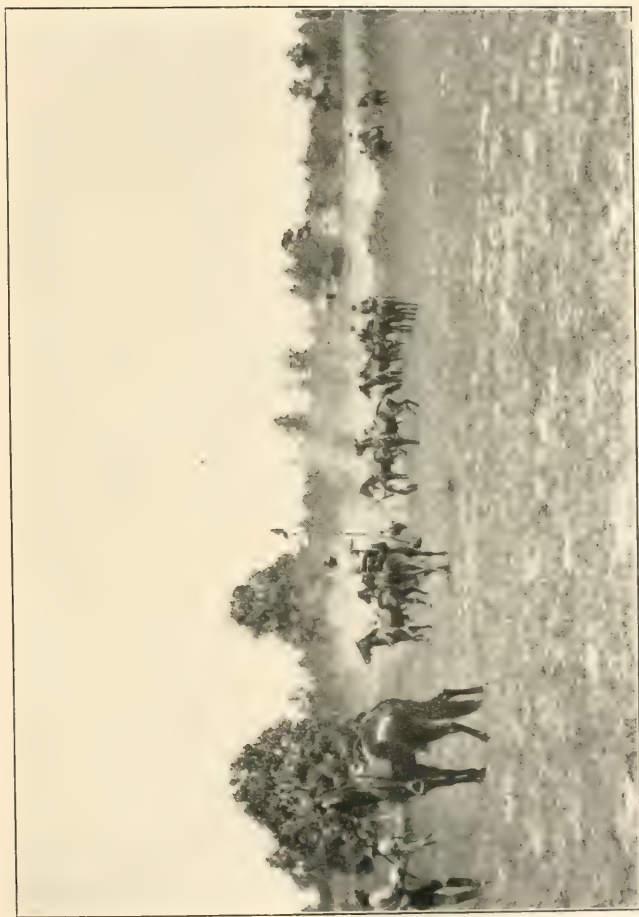
Then "To horse!" would sound, and the mounted men would tow the led horses up to the troop, and the troop would start for their horses, and in short order we were up and away.

It was wonderful to see in how many different ways four horses could surround a tree, and no less surprising to note how quickly they were straightened out. It will live in the memory of all that a ploughed field can find more places to deposit itself in a carbine than any human being would believe.

In the afternoon the Squadron, composed of Troops "A" and "C," under command of Captain Clayton, of "C," would drill. This was usually in squadron formation, but on several occasions we had glorious mounted skirmish drills, with charges, raillies and so on, in a field loaned to us by an old Confederate officer who had served with Stuart.

"A" troop was to make a grand attack on Falls Church. The second lieutenant was to command, and it was to be the real thing and no mistake. They started out with the "point," "support" and all the rest of it thrown out; everything complete, but no blank cartridges, so that the villagers might not suppose that the civil war had recommenced.

The old guard, who had just finished their tour of duty under Sergeant Phelps, obtaining permission to take their horses and go swimming, several miles



FIGHTING ON FOOT—CAMP ALGER





away. The curious might have wondered why they needed so many blank cartridges, but they did their work secretly, and nobody noticed. Shortly after the troop started, out marched Phelps and his merry men.

By a rapid flanking movement they succeeded in reaching Falls Church before the troop did, and they proceeded to conceal themselves in a barnyard.

Some minutes later the advance guard were amazed to find themselves surrounded by a party of apparent comrades, who esteemed it their duty as well as pleasure to inform the "advance" that they were prisoners and lead them gently into the seclusion of their pastoral fastness.

Hearing some trouble ahead the "support" came around the corner, and were gobbled up by a spirited sabre charge, which they were at a loss to understand. And the main body, who were very few in number, became involved in an exceedingly lively engagement, in which blank cartridges were freely used by the guerillas and the troop could only use clubbed carbines or sabres, not to mention Billingsgate.

The second lieutenant was the most disgusted man in Virginia, and, although a prisoner he promptly placed Sergeant "Mosby" Phelps under

arrest, remarking, with some felicity, that "Phelps had spoiled the drill."

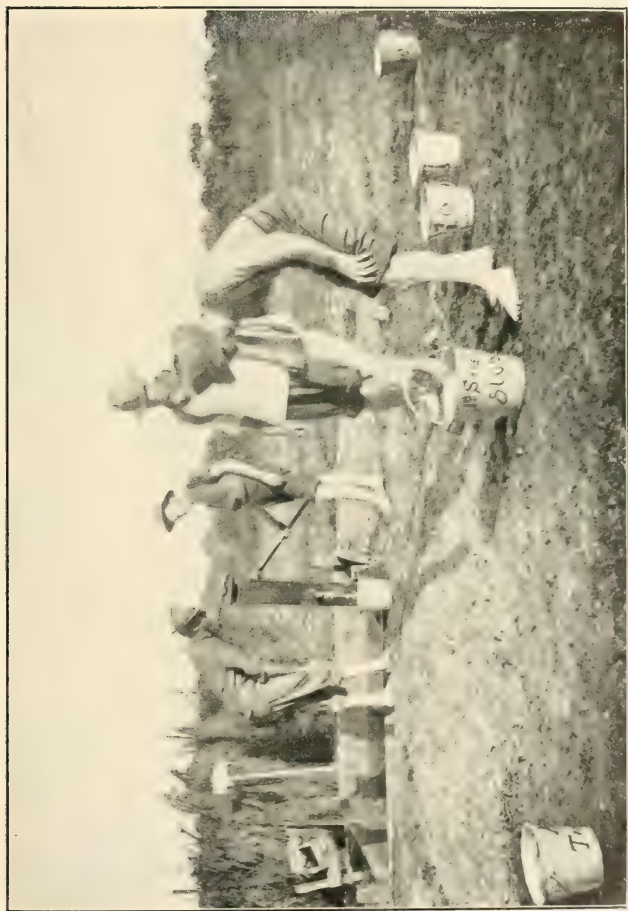
Permission had been obtained for this demonstration, however, from the commanding officer, so that even if the lieutenant had been disposed to make any trouble about it, which he was not, the distinguished successor to "Mosby," the guerilla, was safe.

This incident had the effect of teaching our men to be vigilant at all times and at all places, and also impressed upon them the fact that all are not friends who seem friends.

Water now became scarce and typhoid fever plentiful. Furthermore, a plague of flies settled over the camp. Every well in the neighborhood had sentries posted near by to see that the water was well husbanded. Our horses had to be taken to a stream nearly two miles away twice a day.

A well was sunk near our camp which was good enough for horses and bathing for a while, although always yellow from the clay soil. Even this became too bad to be used, and our beautiful evergreen bath-house near by, with its board floor, went out of our lives, except as a golden memory. A box had been placed for bathing in what remained of a neighboring stream, but this was never an attractive arrangement, and soon fell into well merited disuse.

The different wells near us took to giving out at



SGT. WARD, E. M.

LAWRENCE CLARK

HILDRETH

## WATERING HORSES



unexpected moments, and the latter half of the troop who had been soothing their restless horses for half an hour in the sun would have to seek fresh pumps and waters new.

In the midst of this Sahara, where doughboys and others were suffering for drinking water and being made ill by lack of chances to wash, a board of inspection came out from Washington, drove through the kilnlike camp and gave a report that "the water supply was ample and of excellent quality." May they be supplied with either brains or consciences, for one or the other was noticeably absent from their makeup.

The long line of ambulances winding over the hills each evening was the best evidence as to the conditions which prevailed, and at that, it was only the very ill who were carried into the post hospital at Fort Myer.

The squads of the troops were assigned to conical wall tents, and numbered from nine to eleven members each. There was Hoyt's, afterward Leigh's, Tent 3, noted for its success in getting to Washington; Tent 4, the Kindergarten, where Corporal Haight gave sound advice on the beauty of work performed. Some think this referred to some achievement of Sidney's in the days "before the war," but more likely it was intended to cheer on his

squad to renewed efforts. Ruland succeeded to the command of Tent 4, and the rights of men were discussed less fervently therein than formerly. Valentine jollied everybody, and the world went merrily enough.

The crowning gem and glory of the troop, however, was Erving's famous Tent 5, noted for its parliamentary discussions and language, and its high average of soldierly ability. Indeed not a doubt existed (within) as to the competency of any of us to fill any position from captain up. This is about the only tent which furnished no officers to the volunteer army, which fact is largely responsible for the great dissatisfaction arising from the conduct of the war.

Tent 6 said what was necessary and sawed wood, varying the performance by stealing delicacies for their horses. They were chiefly noted for being the proud possessors of our beloved and lamented mascot, "Rosie O'Grady."

Lack of space prevents a detailed account of each tent. All are worthy of notice, and each contained a good lot of fellows. James Terry's happy home was in Tent 10, and there discoursed the oracle. Occasionally he paid parochial visits to other tents to gladden the hearts of the listening troopers. Always behind the tents. "If you go in front some



"NICK" AND THE "LOBSTER."





sergeant will see you and give you some work," said he. Indeed, the sergeant's tent, next to the officers', was a good place to avoid. "Out of sight out of mind" is a good proverb, and it is always best to let sleeping dogs lie.

The names of the horses went with the tents, and had considerable character, as a few may show: the Moose, the Cow, the Crusader, named after a yacht on which the trooper had arranged to spend the summer; Cubeb, on account of his unsavory character; all these from Tent 7, noted for its commissions and workers; Riker's Expectorant, famous among horses; the Sainted Lobster, and a host of others.

We were now introduced to a new feature of army life—namely, the practice march, and our first experience came near being the last for some of us.

Our route was from Falls Church to the Maryland side of the Chain Bridge, across the Potomac, to give the men a swim, each brigade being sent in turn. Advance guard out and flankers scouring the neighboring fields, we marched on, and finally halted for a rest on a steep hill, at the bottom of which was a bridge. A turn in the road cut off the view to the rear, and the road was bounded by a precipice above and one below. The ledge was just wide enough to give good room for two wagons to pass, but not much to spare.

Suddenly we heard a roaring of wheels around the bend. The noise grew louder, and the word was passed along that the mules were running away.

Each trooper took his horse as far to one side of the road as he could go, climbing the steep bank for a few feet and making the horse continue the climbing motion.

Around the bend came the mules, and for about a quarter of a mile we could see them galloping madly straight at us. It did not look as if there would be room enough for us all, but there was no way of increasing it, so we waited. Ahead rode Sergeants Bowne, of "A," and Debevoise, of "C," at top speed, warning the men.

The colored driver guided his team through the narrow lane left for them with consummate skill, and as they came by me I could see Walter, our black cook, an old navy man, hanging on to the leaders' reins with all his heart, soul and weight. The mules gradually yielded to this combination and were stopped about one hundred yards further on.

Too much credit cannot be given to Sam, the driver, and Walter Johnson, the cook, for their skilful and heady work in averting what might otherwise have been a serious disaster.

We halted on the Maryland side of the Potomac, near the bridge, and while dinner was being prepared



SATTERLEE

MOUNTED ORDERLY, CAMP ALGER.



the men had a welcome chance for a bath. Some went swimming in a canal which flows along that side of the dry river bed, and others lay right down in a little brook which empties a clear and rapid current into the sluggish waters of the canal.

It was a highly appreciated opportunity, and was doubly grateful in view of our heated and dusty condition.

Starting for home early in the afternoon we arrived there in the cool of the evening without further adventure.

The monotony of our camp life was somewhat varied by headquarters or telegraph orderly duty. Not that they were popular forms of diversion, but they furnished change of scene, and were valuable additions to our military experience.

You were slated as headquarters orderly on the first sergeant's bulletin board, and at half-past seven o'clock you reported to that dignitary with buttons polished and all your outfit blacked, brushed or burnished, as the case might be. Armed only with a saber, the sergeant of the guard takes note that your horse is off the picket line for the day, and you ride forth firmly convinced that you make rather a smart appearance, and that your diligence and intelligence will deeply impress the General with the great military importance of your distinguished troop.

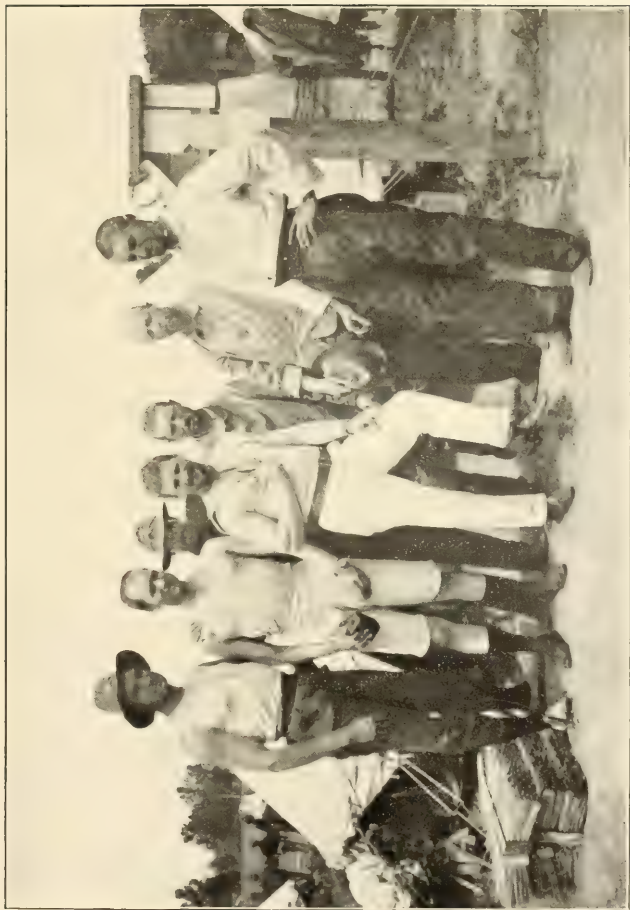
Standing at attention before the Adjutant-General's tent you salute and make your statement that "Private Blank reports for duty as mounted orderly, sir," and then are relegated to innocuous desuetude on a bench just around the corner.

Here you sit, listening to accounts of what a first class fool the foot orderly's captain is, or what a fine man; what sort of food is the usual thing with his regiment, and how much better it might be, and then leap madly up and seize and hold the horse of some mounted grandee, while he converses with the Colonel within.

"Mounted orderly!" shouts the Adjutant-General. You salute, receive your instructions, mount, and away. Trotting through the camp or being admonished to walk by sentries, on account of the dust; taken for an officer here and there, by reason of your clanking sabre; hunting out colonels and getting the outside of the envelope signed, to show that the message has been received by the proper person, your day and often a good part of your night passes in rides about the camp, hot sometimes, dusty at all times, but invariably interesting.

I remember on one occasion riding the entire length of the camp, passing over twenty regiments at evening parade, bands playing and field and staff mounted. It was a sight I shall never forget.





WARD, H. M. CAMMANN 1ST SGT. MOEN EMMET PATTISON  
MACLAY PHELPS  
THE SATRAIS



When the troops were being moved out to Newport News en route to Santiago, the orderlies needed two horses a day with a vengeance. Two brigades, Duffield's and Garretson's, were the chosen, and we saw them march out with drums beating, each man with his white shelter tent enclosing his blanket roll over his shoulder. Bent on no mere practice march, but departing to put their months of training to a practical test.

They filed endlessly out through the woods toward the station, the morning sun throwing a beautiful light on the picture. Their less fortunate comrades cheered them and looked wistfully after them. The sound of their drums died away in the distance, and that evening, and thenceforward, their parade grounds were vacant and their regimental marches were conspicuously absent from the daily medley of martial music.

It was disappointing to be left, but there was an element of humor in this as in most things. As you rode through the camp with despatches the men of each regiment would come out and tell you "on the quiet" that they heard on high authority that the War Department was crazy to take their particular command to Santiago, but that the Colonel had a political pull and didn't want to go. This superstition spread through some ten thousand troops.

The characteristics of different parts of the country could well be seen by a mounted orderly. I rode into a Tennessee camp one day, and while the Senior Major was receipting my despatch he made an attempt to sell me a horse.

An ignorant backwoods Missourian was foot orderly on another occasion, when the Assistant Adjutant General, a volunteer, noticed a lizard on his tent. "Look at the lizard!" said he to a brother officer. "Excuse me, sir, that ain't no lizard; that's a scorpion. You can tell by the stripe on his back; my sergeant told me so; he'll kill you if he bites you, sir." This from the Missourian. "Is that so?" yelled the captain; "why, he's gone under my tent; we must find him. When I left, orderly and captain were still rooting around shouting "Scat!" "Get out!" "Go on!" "Hey!" &c.

The duties of a telegraph orderly consisted in acting as a mounted messenger boy, delivering telegrams and having them signed for in the regular yellow book of peaceful telegraphy. He collected where necessary and occasionally received a tip, but in other respects his day was a monotonous repetition of a day at headquarters.

After some preparation and minute instructions as to the best method of arranging the pack, we started forth on our second practice march.



LAWRENCE

HOENINGHAUS

SGT. CROWWELL

SWIMMING HORSES IN CANAL AT GREAT FALLS, VA.



Some of our men had accompanied Troop "C" to Bull Run, a short time before, and on their return Troop "A" and the "C" troopers who had remained at home, took up the march through the borders of Maryland.

The weather was magnificent, and General M. C. Butler accompanied us to watch us attack a battalion of infantry who were escorting the wagon train of their brigade.

After taking the usual precautions, we espied the doughboys proceeding along a road which ran transversely to another one on a steep grade.

A spirited charge was made by the cavalry, and who won I have never discovered, but as General Butler remarked, "At any rate we captured the ambulance."

This put an end to all peace for the infantry, and thenceforth they were in momentary expectation of attack and technical annihilation. They stood their ground well, however, and their bayonets made us tremble at times for our horses' welfare.

We encamped that night at the Chain Bridge, Maryland side, where we had encamped before. The infantry were just above us, and each party suspected the other of nocturnal designs. We threw out a mounted cossack post, and the tramping of the horses' feet alarmed the sentries of the infantry,



the long roll beat three times during the night, and each time their vigilance was unavailing, for the troopers slept without turning over. Some of our patrol were captured, however, in the course of the evening. The infantry marched by us in the morning and geyed us considerably while we cleaned our horses, expressing their belief that we knew better than to come up and tackle them; that they had it in for us, &c. Their tin cups and other accoutrements tinkled like cow bells, and we had no hesitation in calling their attention to the fact that they sounded like a herd of cattle.

After a beautiful morning ride along the banks of the canal, up a steep side hill, crossing deep gorges over fine bridges we arrived by a dusty but excellent road at the Great Falls of the Potomac.

A good hotel is situated in the government reservation at this point, and we encamped near by in a field of deep grass, which sloped down to a fence bordering the towpath of our old friend, the canal.

A contract meal was provided by the hotel at fifty cents a head, and those who wished to were permitted to go over and get it. Nearly every one except the guard did so, and the guard were given a chance later.

The hotel was eaten out of house and home, and some few drinks were sold on the side.

It being then late in the afternoon it was decided to swim the horses in the canal. Impromptu bathing suits were rigged up and each man took his horse, put on the water bridle, and mounting rode in his turn into the canal until the horse was out of his depth and forced to swim. It was a picturesque affair, with the plunging horses, the old fashioned canal, and the tents on the green meadow under the great trees.

It came up unconscionably cold in the night, and this being, with the night before, our first experience of shelter tents, we suffered considerably. The little "dog tents" were not uncomfortable, however, and as soon as you got the hang of sleeping in them you grew to like them very well.

Making a fairly early start in the morning, we retraced our steps to the Chain Bridge, which we reached at noon, and after a short halt we took up the march for Camp Alger and arrived there without further adventure.

A mounted provost guard, sometimes called the "Parkhurst Patrol," was now instituted by General Graham to preserve order within the limits of the camp. It started out in the afternoon and rode solemnly along the roads and through the camp generally, then after supper it patrolled the roads until

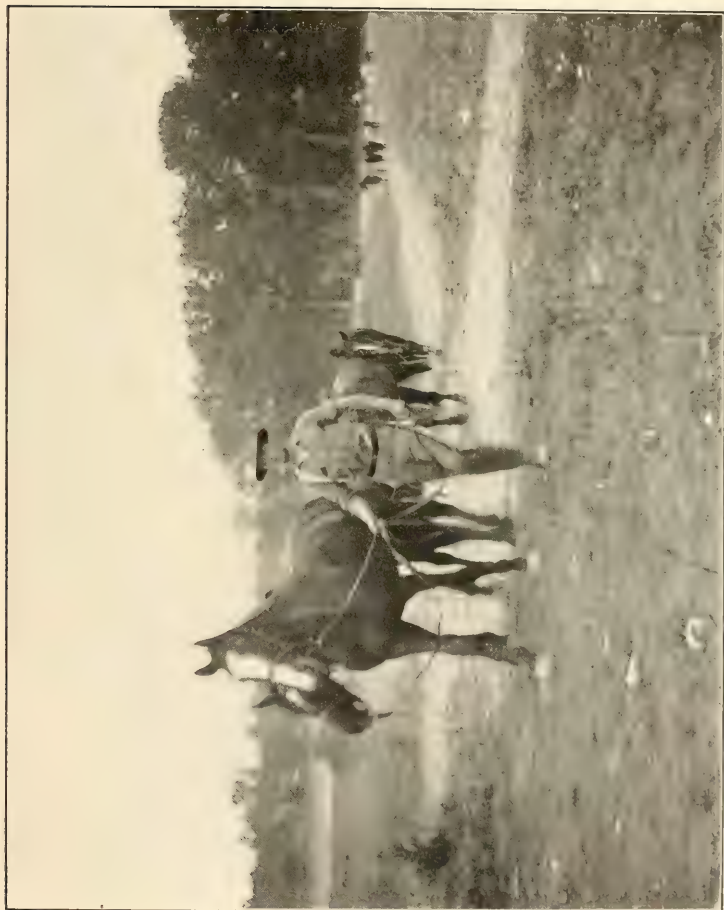
late at night in sets of twos, taking posts of about half a mile each.

As one of the patrol sat his horse in the crowded street near the Falls Church trolley station, he felt to some degree that ineffable pomp of position which gives the unfathomable air of awe aspiring authority to the New York mounted policeman.

"Slower, there! Slower!" he would sternly roar, as some wagon passed at a pace which he considered unsuitable. "Pull up, there! Look out, now!" The mounted provost guard was no subject for jests. He carried weight, and he knew it. Oh, glorious days of the golden past, never, never again!

On the night of the second of July, Saturday, the Lieutenant Colonel commanding the Sixth Pennsylvania announced that there would be no duty but guard duty until Monday night at tattoo.

Shortly after "taps" that Saturday evening an orderly galloped up reporting trouble at Falls Church, and asking for reinforcements for the provost guard. While these were preparing another dashed in and called for the two troops. It was a beautiful moonlight night, but as we had just moved our tents everything was in a jumble. In spite of this, however, we were mounted, supplied with ball cartridge, and moving out within eight minutes from the time "boots and saddles" sounded. This call followed the



BRINGING HORSES FROM THE WOODS—CAMP ALGER.



"call to arms," or as some authorities claim, the "fire call," but when the troop heard a good loud trumpet call at night it turned out for luck anyway, without stopping to write any musical critiques.

We galloped over the main road to Falls Church, a cloud of dust enveloping all but the first two sets of fours.

The two troops must have made an impressive appearance, as the leaders, followed by the moving cloud, thundered down the steep hills with their weapons clashing, and the drawn sabres gleaming in the moonlight at intervals through the dust.

The reports of the battles of San Juan and El Caney had just arrived and filled our souls with envy, and we longed for a chance. We were not called upon, however, for Falls Church was quiet as the grave, and the road down which I was sent as a flanker showed no signs of life whatever.

At the trolley station we met some of the provost, and they explained that the Sixth Pennsylvania were running the foot guard by companies and battalions. We then commenced a wild chase, scouring the surrounding country on every side in the direction of Washington. It was a rough ride, and every little way some one would come a cropper in a ditch or hole, but we were wonderfully fortunate, and no one was the worse for it.

We kept halting infantrymen who were attempting to hide and others who were walking boldly along the road. The poor chaps were intending to spend Fourth of July at home, and considered that they had their Colonel's tacit permission to do so.

A trooper or two would be sent back with each of these hauls, and in one case Jack Grannis had charge of thirty infantrymen. Never at a loss, he formed them in line under a sergeant who was among the prisoners, made them call off, count fours and then marched them ahead of him some three miles or more, in first class form.

In scouring all over the countryside Corporal Cromwell went through a field full of haycocks. Just for practice he cut at one of them with his sabre, when a voice of horror exclaimed from within: "Don't do that again; I'll come out." With that the field seemed alive with bluecoats, and twelve or fifteen doughboys surrendered at discretion.

Detaching guards for the prisoners as we went, the few that were left arrived at the Aqueduct Bridge after the hardest kind of riding. It was a very warm night, and horses and men were dusty and blown. Resting here a short while, we picked up some prisoners and took them along with us. One of these was an artilleryman from Fort Myer, but his guard said that made no difference, so he



was given a pleasant night's walk to Camp Alger, at which place we arrived at four o'clock in the morning.

The whole affair was good practice for all concerned, including the regulars, but it gave rise to some ill-feeling on the part of the Sixth, and our habit of charging the infantry on their practice marches was hardly calculated to clear up the atmosphere.

Fourth of July was made glad by the news from Santiago that the Spanish navy was literally a "thing of the past." The day was celebrated by baseball games in the camp, and many passes to Washington were given out. The General, being scandalized by the proceedings of Saturday night, held a large proportion of the cavalry in camp to "enforce discipline," as he said. How proud and glad we were. It is sweet to be sacrificed for your country's good.

The reserves spent a profitable day on the neighboring Midway Plaisance, celebrating with sarsaparilla and ice cream, and ending off with a visit to the theatre. This institution was run at popular prices and soldierly hours. It was patriotic to the last degree. The audience was in uniform to a man, and warlike celebrities bedecked the screen of the company's stereopticon.

Some popular hero would be shown, and the house would vociferously cheer him. The next perhaps would be *persona non grata*, and "take him away" would be the cry. "Oh! Come, boys!" the manager would say, "he's all right; what's de matter wit him?" "Give him a hand!" "No! no! He won't do!" would chorus the rude soldiery, and his picture would be "turned toward the wall."

Then a young lady would sing, "De Maine Shall Be Avenged!" or "Give Tree Cheers for the Yankee Volunteers!" waving an American flag the while, and the wildest enthusiasm would prevail. Just then would come an uproar from without, and the guard would descend on the deadheads who were crawling into the tent.

The men were fine specimens for the most part, well set up and good fellows to have to do with. The doughboys clustered around the telegraph orderly, and made bets that his sabre was as heavy as their rifles; they were deeply interested in the saddle and general equipment. They told you stories about their own horses on the farm at home, and old tales concerning "fawther's" experiences in the Civil War, his sage advice to his son on the duties of the soldier, and sound, shrewd comments on every subject.

Redington was riding by the camp of a regiment recruited near his home. The men were playing



THE HILL OF "NORMAN'S WOE"—AFTERNOON.



ball, and the ball rolled near him. He picked it up at the low reach and returned it to its admiring owner, to the intense delight of all beholders. He then dismounted and conversed with the infantry. Just then the horse stamped with all his weight on the unfortunate's foot, and stood there.

Without moving a muscle, the centaur continued his conversation, then carelessly removing his charger, mounted, and as he was leaving a doughboy asked: "Didn't that almost kill you?" "Pshaw!" was the answer, "that wasn't anything. You ought to see the way we get stepped on sometimes." So saying, he retired and nursed his foot for three days in the hospital. But as he observed later, "You ought to have seen the doughboys' eyes pop out."

Rumors were rife; in popular parlance, "pipe dreams." Not a man returned from Washington without bringing in some thoroughly reliable information emanating from a high source, and conclusively demonstrating the fact that without our assistance all further moves by the land forces were hopelessly checkmated.

The "blood and fire" men were counterpoised by a strong opposition whose friends in the Senate and Cabinet, or even the White House, were accustomed to give them the absolutely "straight tip" that hostilities would not last out the week. There was also

a considerable and pessimistic mugwump element who were convinced that while we would see no service, we would be retained for garrison duty during our full two years.

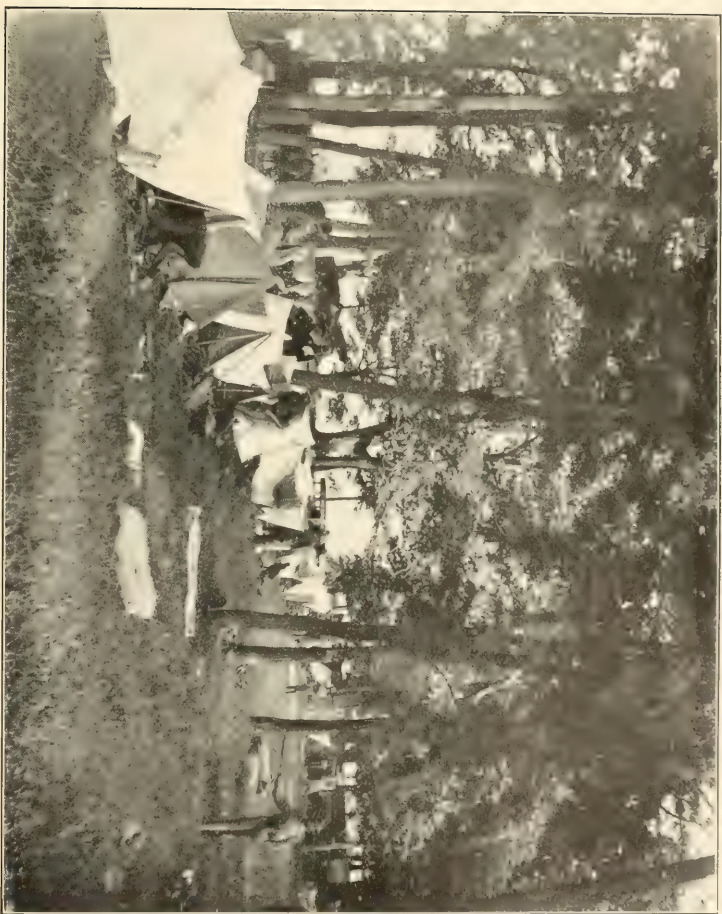
The lightest whisper or the most cheerful lie would start a rumor which would return after many days, enlarged, strengthened and beautified so gorgeously that the author himself would not recognize it, and would regard it as a full confirmation of his own ideas.

A persistent "pipe dream" held that the City, Sheridan and Governor's troops, of Pennsylvania, were to join us at Alger, and that all would then proceed to Porto Rico together.

The Alger troops scaled the heights of joyful expectation, and dashed themselves on the rocks of black despair at least four times a day. Their usual state of mind can only be understood by those who have gone through it. The "armistice association" was slightly in the lead, for hope deferred had made many hearts sick. The purchase by Troop "A's" friends of two Colt's guns helped out the war party temporarily, but was neutralized by the belief that they were only intended to amuse us.

One morning, however, we were surprised and delighted to espy a cloud of dust over the woods. Refusing at first to believe our eyes, even the doubters





CAMP AT GREAT SPRINGS, VIRGINIA.





were forced to admit, that the Pennsylvanians were in sight at last.

The following Sunday was spent in an interchange of visits, and the *entente cordiale* was pleasantly established.

The newcomers now had their share of orderly and provost work, and the New York troops set forth on a ten day practice march.

Making an early start, we stopped for lunch and watered horses in a low lying valley, with a flat, swampy river bottom. Our meal consisted of the bacon sandwich which each man carried, and a drink of water. This was the lunch for each succeeding day of this march, and did much to prepare us for the actual work which was soon to come.

After an uneventful ride through rather uninteresting country, we encamped for the night in a pretty bit of woodland near the river banks. Both troops keenly enjoyed the glorious cold bath that the stream afforded, and as usual lost their soap in the swift flowing waters.

Our second day's march carried us through Leesburg, a typical, sleepy old Virginia town. American flags waved from every side, and the kindly greetings of the people proved, if proof were needed, that the past was forgotten and that blue and gray were one.

Beyond Leesburg the road lay through a beautiful grazing country, dotted with fine houses, and one's ideal of the Old Dominion became a reality.

After some rifle practice near the battle field of Ball's Bluff, we pitched our dog tents in a magnificently wooded place containing an extraordinary spring.

The water bubbled up from under moss covered rocks, surrounded by great trees, and, crystal clear, formed a basin some seventy-five feet in diameter.

It was a perfect camping ground, and we were visited by many Leesburg people.

The troops held a drill the following morning, on a hilly lawn, and the occasional trees reaped a plentiful harvest of campaign hats, but fortunately no heads were injured. Later in the same day we took up the march, retracing our steps through Leesburg, and proceeding along a valley abounding in pretty country seats.

The camp site for the night was not approved, being a swampy sort of place, and after a bath and some supper we saddled up again and marched a mile further in search of a resting place.

Finally we made camp in an open field, and the colored mule drivers and cooks sang plantation hymns around the fire. No matter how familiar the



HOENINGHAUS      STILLMAN      THOMPSON

OFF FOR PORTO RICO—ROLLING PACKS



scenes might be, the picturesque in army life never ceased to impress us.

As an incident of the day, Walter, our cook, polished off a mule driver, to the admiration of all beholders.

The following morning we enjoyed a march through the prettiest country which we had yet seen, and toward evening we halted and pitched our dog tents in an ideally beautiful spot.

A stubble field sloped down to a little wood-fringed stream, a descent of several hundred yards. Green and golden hills were all around us, while in the distance, grim and grand, rose the stately peaks of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

An old Mosby man came into camp that night and regaled us with tales of the Civil War. His best advice was to throw away the sabre and carry two revolvers to a man. He told us that Mosby's men had done this with excellent results, and as regards buying an extra revolver many of us followed his counsel.

Late in the next afternoon we halted for the night in a pretty meadow at some distance from water. The grazing was excellent, and some of the men herded the horses and let them browse on a hill near the camp.

All went well until stable call. The herders claim

that then they drove the horses back purposely, but there was an clan about the returning steeds which reminded us of the wild coursers of the desert and gave us a deep insight into the business end of a cavalry charge.

We made our next midday halt in Fairfax Court House, and the old town resounded once more to the clank and tramp of cavalry.

Off we went again after watering at the town pump, the road being almost dustier than usual, for we were out of the pleasant hill country and had entered the parched malarial district in which Camp Alger was situated, probably in the hope of getting the men acclimated.

The camp looked very natural, and with all its faults we were glad to get back to it.

We were sorry to hear that some of the Sixth Pennsylvania—about two hundred, I believe—learning that only sixteen men were left in the New York cavalry camp, had come over and black-guarded our sentries.

The corporal in charge, Iselin, had walked out and talked with them, but they had withdrawn very sullenly. One of their officers had sent over word to look out that night, as many of their men swore that they would break guard and attack the troopers.

Word was sent back that the cavalry had ball cart-





WAGON TRAIN CROSSING A FORD NEAR LEESBURG, VA.



ridges, and hoped that they would not be forced to use them on comrades, and nothing further happened.

Now the rumors and pipe dreams all began to swing toward Porto Rico, and it was claimed that our march had been cut short, as we might be needed at any time.

When all pipe dreams look alike, watch out for developments.

They came. One night, in the third relief, I was sitting with my corporal at the guard tent, when Sergeant Cromwell came in to report off a late pass from Washington. He told us that it was all arranged, and that final orders would soon be received.

When such intelligence comes it carries weight with it. It makes a man think, but it makes him glad. And then he doubts again.

The entire two troops were in the heights of joy all morning, and racked with doubts all the rest of the day. Finally, about evening parade time, some large boxes arrived, and they were discovered to contain Krag-Jorgensen carbines and ammunition. The days of scepticism were over, and, as Terry remarked, "The blood garglers were triumphant!"

Final orders arrived at a late hour in the night, and the second lieutenant, who was then in com-

mand, had the trumpet blown at four instead of at half-past five in the morning.

The first sergeant went from tent to tent with a lantern spreading the news. No better example of a soldier's character can be given than the fact that all that any one replied was, "Porto Rico! How soon do we start? Not till this afternoon, anyway? D—n fool! Why the h—I don't he let us sleep, then?"

And, permission being given, the troop turned over and rested its allotted hour.

The day was spent in equipping with Krags, etc., discarding every unnecessary article, drinking up a lot of beer, which we had obtained for a projected entertainment, and generally pulling up stakes.

Just at dusk the trumpet note of "The General" sang the swan song of the New York cavalry at Camp Alger, and the troopers, in heavy marching order, on their horses, made a Rembrandt study in black and gold by the light of the flaring police fire.

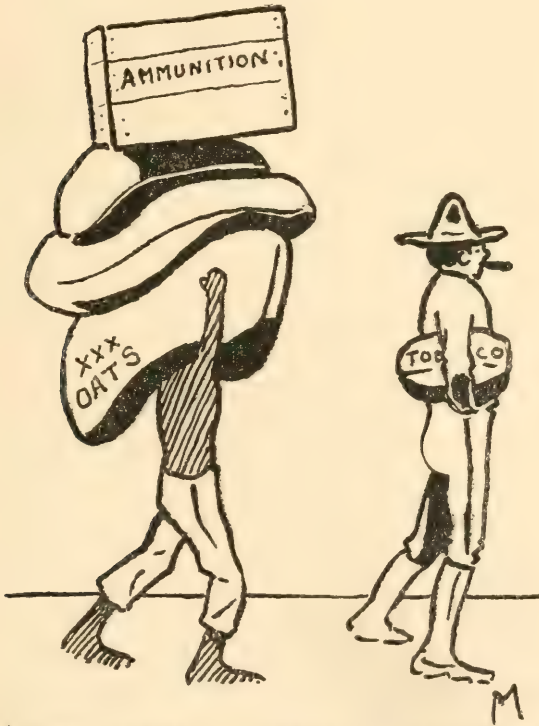
The wood snapped and crackled, and the stray cartridges in the flaming mass popped and banged. And amid the cheering and "Good bye, good luck to you, boys," of the less fortunate infantry, Troop "A" moved out from the place so long its home, silently and by night, as it had come, and Camp Alger knew it no more.

MAP OF PRACTICE MARCH TO LEESBURG AND UPPERVILLE, VA.—SHOWING OLD BATTLE-  
FIELDS OF ALDIE, CHANTILLY AND FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE





We load our horses on the cars, and quietly sleep on our packed saddles until, at about one o'clock in the morning, we enter our train and the whistle blows. Troop "A" is off for the front!



"THE WHITE MANS BURDEN"









BRANDING HORSES.—CAMP ALGER

# Detail to Purchase Horses

By E. Mortimer Ward.

Waste not compassion on men; cheap is the slavish breed;  
Fifteen piastres a month shall buy thee thousands at need,  
But—choose with caution thy steed; constant thy care be, and  
kind.

Horses of mettle and might are dear, and not easy to find."

ALGERINE MAXIM.



HE addition of nineteen men to the strength of the troop made it necessary to procure horses enough to mount them, and to that end a "Board to purchase

horses for Troops 'A' and 'C' " was appointed. Lieutenant Frelinghuysen, with Sergeant Debevoise, Private Bell, of Troop "C"; Quartermaster Sergeant Bowne, Sergeant E. M. Ward and Private Barclay, of Troop "A," were detailed.

A peculiar thing regarding the detail was that all the men had been "cow punchers," and that fact made work easy and comfortable, which would have been tiresome and disagreeable otherwise.

The detail moved out June 30th late in the afternoon with "three days" stowed in various places, a

piece of bacon hanging on one man's saddle and a frying pan packed on the blanket roll of another. The idea was to go through Fauquier and Loudoun counties and pick up horses from the farmers and stock farms which are scattered all through that section—probably the finest land in the Old Dominion.

As we rode along the Leesburg Pike and got clear of Camp Alger we commenced to breathe entirely different air, and it seemed to make even the horses feel good. The weather was extremely hot, and "Virginia dust" has properties entirely its own.

At midnight a halt was made, and by appropriating the top rail of the fence we soon had coffee going which touched the right spot. A trooper does not wish for delicacies when on the march, but coffee and tobacco he must have.

We drew into Leesburg at two o'clock in the morning, having marched thirty-two miles, and after stabling our horses returned to the hotel and slept in beds with sheets and feather pillows. As we were not used to such luxuries we all caught cold and said we would compromise on the floor next time.

In the morning we looked over many would-be chargers, but few were selected. As the paragraph of the United States Army Regulations is clear and

distinct and the examination was rigid, and as our crowd were keen-eyed and critical, the dealers after a while told us what we wanted was a "perfect animal at the government price." Having cleared up the market at Leesburg we moved out at nine that evening for Upperville, and camped at half-past two in a fine oak grove.

After picketing the horses it took about two minutes for every one to get sound asleep, only to get up again at five. The first man to wake on an occasion of this kind sees no reason why the rest should sleep, and promptly wakes up the most peaceful slumberer. He in turn disturbs some one else, and in a few minutes every one is up and camp is in full blast, fire going, coffee boiling and bacon sizzling. On this occasion we sent out a forager who soon came back with his nose bag on his arm containing eggs and biscuits which he had corralled at a nearby farm.

While we were eating breakfast a gentleman on horseback rode through the grove and came over to our fire. Seeing our horses eating grass, he at once suggested sending us some corn for them. He went back to send the corn out to us, but changed his mind and brought it out himself and then made us continue our meal while he distributed the feed, say-





troop horses. A stop was made at "Welbourne," a fine old Virginia house, where our ignorance of hospitality received another severe shock, though a mere nothing to the one we received later. The master of Welbourne wished us to rest and eat, but we blushinglly said we had just had dinner and were not at all hungry, and as we must make Leesburg by noon the following day, we marched out. We were still marching when I went to sleep and woke just in time to catch myself. I started to tell the man alongside of me that I had been asleep, but he made no answer—he was asleep too. In order to keep awake we sang, not necessarily different songs, but each man had some song he had a grudge against, and he sang it for half an hour on a stretch. This part of Virginia is thinly settled, and the people live back from the roads, which fact undoubtedly kept some good citizen from taking a pot shot at us.

At half-past three that morning we decided the horses must be sleepy and we would lie down and watch them sleep. By carefully removing the rails of a snake fence an entrance was gained to a large field, where we picketed out and turned in. The early riser overslept for some unknown reason, and the camp did not stir until half-past five, when it was decided to go in swimming. The only water handy was Goose Creek, which is one hundred feet wide

and three inches deep at this point, and our swim resolved itself into a bath, and a very unsatisfactory one.

Returning to camp one man busied himself making coffee, another brought in the horses, and the others made up the rolls, packed the saddles and saddled the horses. Soon the cook announced coffee, and we drank our quart cups full and marched away. The whole operation took about twenty minutes, and no one gave orders, but each worked, thereby accomplishing much with little labor. Back to Leesburg at eleven that morning, and the dinner at the hotel was a success. We commenced to believe that one meal a day was good for a man, but I am sorry for the hotel proprietor who provides that one meal at usual rates. A little sleep, we thought, would be nice, so we stretched on the floor and slept peacefully until five P. M., when we turned out, and after supper marched down the Leesburg pike to Camp Alger. At midnight we halted for one hour, and some one suggested that one stay awake and the rest go to sleep, but as the proposition failed to develop a man to stay awake we decided to have coffee, tobacco and stories. The hour soon passed, and we marched along watching the stars go out and the sun come up, and arrived at Camp with only three chargers for the Quartermaster.



CAPT. CLAYTON, TROOP "C"

A HALT ON THE MARCH TO GOOSE CREEK, VA.



On our second expedition it was decided to send a scout through the country ahead of us, and to this end Private Lannon, who knew the country, language and people (rare qualities for this risky position), was despatched with instructions to jump up every cavalry horse in the neighborhood. We took train to Upperville, stopped over night with our friend Law, and proceeded to finish up his honey and corn pone crop at breakfast. We then took a "fix" and drove through Delaplain, Markham and Linden to Front Royal. At Markham our scout had caused many horses to be gathered, but although we wanted horses badly only two were picked out, which relieved the congested condition of the "fix" of two men and saddles.

It was a long drive to Front Royal, and no horses to be had when we arrived. The people of this town looked at us rather curiously, and upon questioning a native it was discovered that these curious people had never seen soldiers, and were naturally interested, as the town itself suffered during the last war many times.

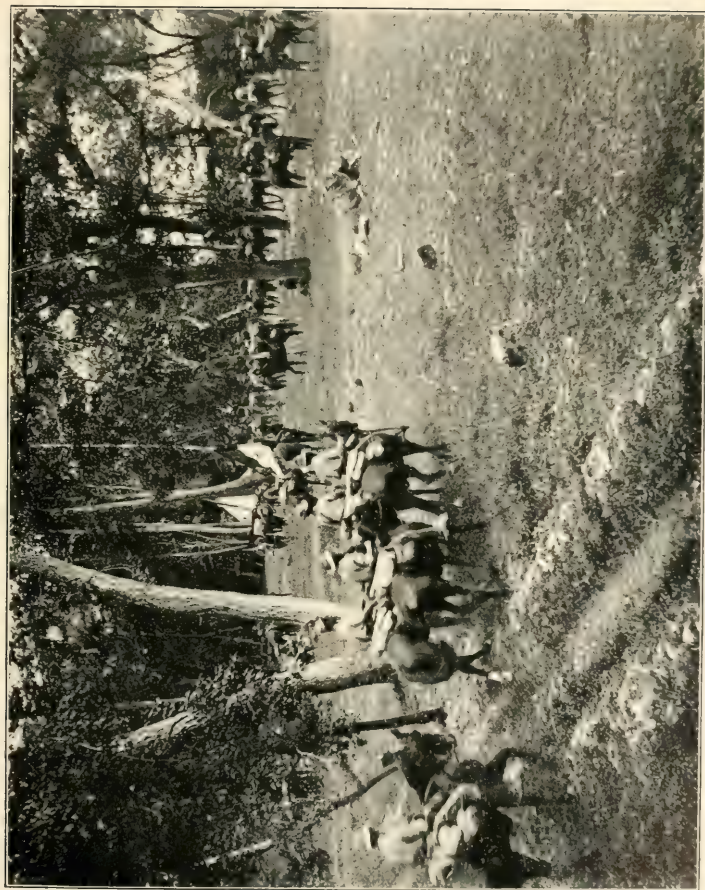
Dinner, pack up and in the "fix" again to drive back to Upperville, but on account of the horses we stopped at Linden, where we were told large rooms and fine accommodations were to be had. The room we finally got was large, though whether it was a

town hall, dancing hall or a barn was a question, but we stretched out on the floor (which was harder than the ground) and woke up sore and stiff. We were not particularly in love with our host, and were glad to move away and take the train back to Alger, leaving Debevoise and Barclay to ride back.

Some days later it was decided to try Upperville once more, as it was promised good stock would be shown; so leaving the squadron, which was then on a practice march, at Big Spring, we moved on toward Upperville, which was connected always in our minds with Mr. Law's honey and corn pone.

The next morning several fine animals were picked up in the village, and then on to "Welbourne," where our host most cordially invited us to dinner. We accepted with many thanks, and hoped the dinner would be long and slow the better to enjoy the attractions of the household. When a man has talked only to men and horses for two months, a dinner well served with most enjoyable society is not to be missed or taken lightly. It was suggested to the hostess during the course of dinner that it would be well for her to count her spoons before we left the grounds, and she replied at once that her first impulse on seeing us ride in was to "bury all the silver." Happening to remark a silver tumbler, which one rarely sees in the North, I was told they





BREAKING CAMP AT GREAT SPRINGS, VA.





had only eleven; the other had been appropriated during the late unpleasantness.

After dinner one of the men made some reference to our scout's thorough knowledge of the language of Virginia, and how we were all learning how to properly pronounce "Loudoun county," which at once brought forth a few remarks about the New York pronunciation of a few words, and we were getting the worst of it when the time came for us to return to Upperville, where we were actually to stay until the next afternoon.

Next morning we rounded up the country, and with eleven fine animals started for Camp Alger, passing through Middleburg, the scene of several cavalry fights in the sixties.

On the road our friend who had given our horses the corn on our first trip, appeared again, and in spite of our protest that we were not in condition to dine indoors we had to brush up and look our best and accept his generous hospitality. We decided that another dinner and we would die from having too much care shown us.

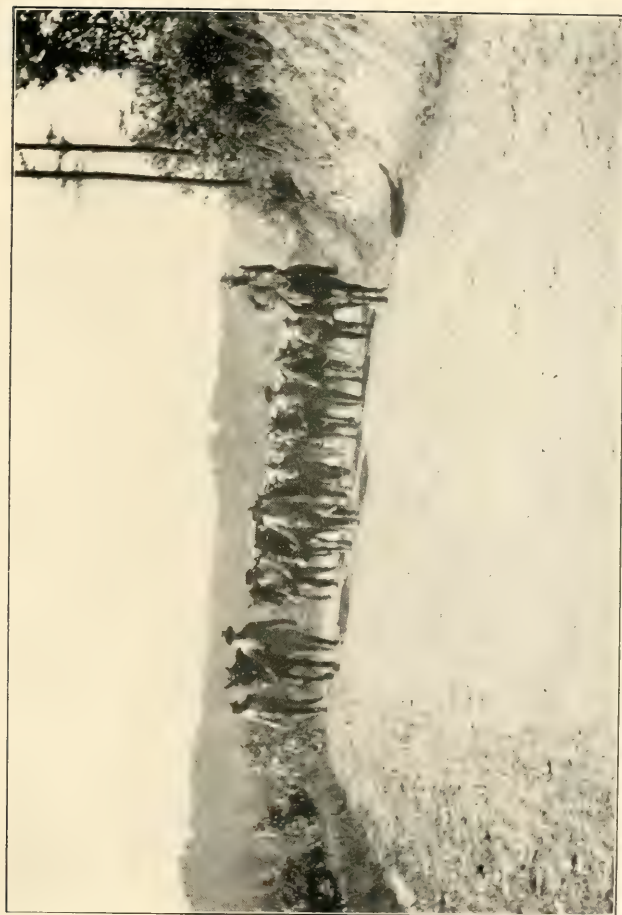
Two of our fiery steeds broke loose during dinner, and Barclay was left to hunt them up and bring them in.

When we marched out after dinner it was very dark, and on account of the dust the men rode quite

a distance behind one another. We stopped to water, just short of a cross roads, and as there had been talk of taking a different route home, the last man, after his led horses had drunk their fill, found himself alone with the choice of two roads before him. He could not see the other men after they rounded a small curve and could not hear them. He rode up the new road, but got no answer to his hail, and decided that they had taken the old road. It is easy to get lost on a black night, and still harder to find some one who is trying to find you. After playing tag for half an hour both parties decided if the other party could not find his or their way back it was his or their own fault, and both rode home on different roads.

It was on the mountain road that night that two of our new horses decided they would not join the cavalry, and broke away and started back. Debevoise raced them for two miles on a rough road, and finally "headed" them and brought them up. The lost man was asleep when the outfit met in Leesburg, at four A. M., and as he had beaten the main party by getting lost it was considered best not to "guy" him. We placed the horses in a field and turned in.

Imagine our surprise in the morning to find the field empty. We were making our way back to



ON THE MARCH, NEAR WASHINGTON.



report the circumstances when a small boy told us a man had taken the horses to his livery stable. Very kind of him, but it would have been fatal if any of us had had weak hearts.

We kept quiet all day, as it was very hot, and moved out late in the afternoon toward Camp Alger, stopping for supper on the Camp ground the squadron had used, because we knew there would be some fire wood there which some ambitious recruit had cut. An old trooper always comes out even on his wood; he never cuts more than he needs or has to.

We had a full ration, with extras, on this occasion, and one of our number returned from "water" with a pie, and announced that he had negotiated for some corn pone, which was disposed of with great success.

Supper finished, we moved out, and at five in the morning pulled into camp.

After a couple of hours' sleep we reported, and were soon hustling around like every one else, as "pipe orders" had been received by the "Committee" that we were going to start for Puerto Rico (according to them) in a few minutes.









FIRST LIEUTENANT F. R. COUDERT, JR.

# From Camp Alger to Porto Rico

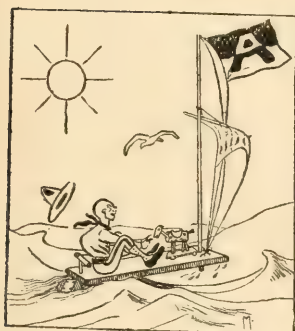
Stowe Phelps.

"Kennelled in the picaroon, a weary band were we."

—The Last Chantey.

"And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,  
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,  
Of healths five fathoms deep; and then anon  
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes."

—Romeo and Juliet.



ABOUT midnight on the twenty-third of July the train pulled out of the Dunn Loring Station for Newport News. At last we were really off for the front, that mythical place where excitement, glory and victory await the budding hero.

These and similar thoughts occurred to us, only in a very dreamy way, however, as we curled ourselves up as gracefully as possible on our saddles, with carbines in the small of our backs and haversacks on our chests to keep us from rolling about too much.

We were tired, for the day had been a long one, beginning with the four o'clock reveille, when we

were awakened out of our sleep, only to be told to "as you were;" though even with the exciting news in our ears that we were leaving for the Spanish Main that day every one rolled over and went to sleep again and wondered why in the devil they were routing us out in the middle of the night when we weren't to start till afternoon.

The next morning every one slept as long as he could, and then began to shout for food. This was our first mess on travel rations, and it was quite a change from the Waldorf fare of Camp Alger. Canned corned beef and canned beans, with hot coffee, were served by the energetic commissary. When comments were made that the coffee would have been better had it had sugar and milk in it, said commissary explained that milk made it indigestible, and sugar would be bad for the stomach of any one going on a sea voyage, thereby adding another proof of his magnificent forethought and his ever watchful care over the health of the men.

Richmond, Va., was reached about one P. M. As the train slowed down in passing through the town many Southern beauties stood beside the tracks and waved farewells to us. One, still more fair than the others, singling out Langdon Erving with the quickness that comes only with love at first sight, thrust a flower into his hand as the train sped by. This

flower, it was seen, had a note attached to it, the contents of which are unknown except in the secret archives of the War Department. Careful observers, however, noted that on reading it Langdon blushed twice, though he assured us repeatedly it was only a "foolish joke."

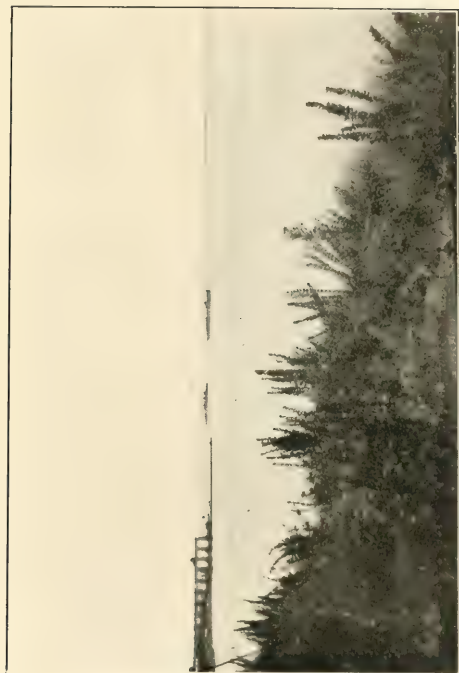
About five o'clock Newport News hove in sight, and it was not long before camp was made on the banks of the James River, whose waters promised fine bathing. This was Sunday afternoon, the 24th of July. For two days we enjoyed the novelty of a new camp; but disquieting rumors were once more around to disturb our peace. A combination of circumstances might still arise by which Troop "A" would be left behind. It was said that of the five troops of cavalry at Newport News only two were to be taken, and the choice would probably fall between three troops: The City Troop, of Philadelphia; Troop "C," of Brooklyn, and ourselves. Which of these three would have to stay at home? Nobody knew very much of what was going on behind the scenes, but evidently there was a good deal. However, speculation was cut short on Wednesday morning, July 27, by orders for all three troops to board Transport No. 22, Q. M. D., which was the official name for the cattle steamship Massachusetts, of the Atlantic Transport Line, and the question as to who

should stay behind was now solved by all three troops squeezing themselves into the boat.

Loading a troop on to a transport with forty days' rations for man and beast was no pipe dream. There were hundreds of boxes of hard tack and canned goods, sides of bacon and bags of sugar, flour, coffee, potatoes, onions, &c., besides Buzzacott ovens, boilers, kettles, pots and pans and the odds and ends of a kitchen outfit. Then there were the hay and oats, bales and bags of them, and the tentage and other Q. M. necessities.

All this impedimenta was put on board by ourselves, now turned into a gang of stevedores, armed with the proper two wheeled truck, and working in a manner that we had little dreamed of when we had strolled about the pier of an ocean liner and watched the similar process of loading.

Finally the mule wagons, and last, but not least, the mules themselves. Now, the mule is a noble creature, but the placing of this worthy and sagacious animal in any given position requires patience, tactical skill, diplomacy, a modicum of persuasiveness, and considerable force. He is phlegmatic, at least to all outward appearances; surrounding conditions possess no interest for him. The war with Spain was a bagatelle in comparison to the fly on his left hind leg. But when he is grabbed around the middle



A VIEW OF THE JAMES RIVER, TAKEN FROM THE SITE  
OF OUR TEMPORARY CAMP AT NEWPORT NEWS





by an invisible something, and yanked heavenward in a most unusual manner, he begins to take notice. First he tries kicking, but gives that up, for what is the use of kicking when it produces no results; and then when he is suddenly dropped from his aerial position and landed on something solid once more, he is so surprised that he doesn't know what to do. Or if it is his fate to go on board via a gangplank, he is led unresisting as far as the bottom of the plank. This, however, is usually the limit of asinine endurance, and it becomes necessary to "put in the reserve." A stout rope is passed back of the animal. Three men attach themselves to each end—one or two more stand in convenient positions with sticks. Then comes the tug. The mule plants his feet, the six men pull, the two men beat, the man at the halter yanks, everybody shouts, and finally Mr. Mule bucks fiercely up the gangplank, the leader prancing ahead with some celerity, and both disappear in the cavernous depths of the ship.

About one o'clock on Thursday, July 28, the last box of hardtack had been stowed away, the last piece of baggage pulled on board, the last mule had been hoisted over the side, the last good bye said, the last letter written home, and amid cheers and shouts and a few tears the Massachusetts slowly backed away from the dock.

And, now that we were really leaving our own country, perhaps never to come back again, now that we were going into the actual presence of the enemy, no one seemed to think any more of it than of a holiday excursion.

As the Troop rode down Fifth Avenue on the second day of May the change of conditions from the day before came over us with a rush, and we felt quite heroic, notwithstanding we were going in the opposite direction from the enemy. A month later, when, leaving Camp Black, with our faces really turned toward the front, we marched past General Roe and his wife and daughter, there was hardly a dry eye in the crowd; but now it seemed more like a picnic. This was due probably to an actual change that had come about in the minds of the men in the last few weeks.

When the President issued his proclamation we responded for various reasons—because our country had called us; because we wanted the Squadron to make a good showing. Some went for the experience or the vacation; others felt there was no special reason for not going, and a few—well, a few—hoped it might make an impression on Her whose heart was hard; and if it didn't, then a Spanish bullet would not be so unwelcome after all. But, whatever the reasons may have been, after two or three



SGT. PHELPS

OUR QUARTERS ON THE "MASSACHUSETTS"



## From Camp Alger to Porto Rico 99

months in uniform you forget them all—you forget to care that your business is going to smash, or that you are missing your summer vacation. Your one desire is to get to the front, somewhere, somehow, and fight somebody, something! Therefore, why be anything but careless and happy under the circumstances?

So the voyage began under favorable conditions. It was not a case, however, of three men in a boat, but of eleven hundred, to say nothing of nine hundred horses and mules. Every available spot was filled, and many that were unfit for any living thing. The two upper decks were occupied by the animals, packed in like sardines, every two being separated by a rough board. The sufferings of these patient beasts must have been awful. Space was so wanting that they had to be crowded in close to the engines and boilers in a temperature that even under the best of conditions kept them in a constant sweat, and when the boat ran aground in the harbor of Ponce and all circulation of air ceased many of them came near dying. It is marvellous that only one succumbed during the four or five days that elapsed before they could be unloaded.

As to the men, they were also very crowded, but the accommodations were fairly comfortable. The quarters were in the cellar. Here, heavy uprights,

eighteen inches on centres, had been placed in rows about ten feet apart, between which were hung the canvas hammocks in two tiers. When it is considered that all the equipment and kit, saddles, tents, blankets, arms and accoutrements of each man had to be accommodated in the small space that thus fell to his lot, and also that no such things as passageways had been left, one can imagine the scene when some man who lived in the furthest corner started to turn in. He always came last of all, of course, usually with a wet poncho on, after having been driven from the piazza by rain. Imagine him diving over hammocks and under others, falling on saddles, kicking down carbines and tripping over sabres. Imagine him showering every one with water, but don't imagine the language that was used; though some of the remarks made by Frank Bowne and Morty Ward were worthy of preservation as classics. However, most of us slept on the roof garden, which was much more comfortable, despite the danger of rolling overboard while asleep, as there was no protection around the edge.

And just here is a fitting place to record the sad death of one of our most loved companions, the best of mascots, Sweet Rosie O'Grady, who we called "Rosie" for short. One day while she was playing tag with "Watty" Leigh she fell overboard, and our





MESS ON THE "MASSACHUSETTS."



## From Camp Alger to Porto Rico 101

last sight of her was the pathetic wiggle of her little tail as she sank into a watery grave.

As regards the mess, it was a great change from what we had been having. The government travel ration which is arranged for troops when they are not supposed to do any cooking, consists of canned beef (corned), canned beans, canned tomatoes once in four days, sugar, coffee, salt, etc., and a few other things, such as soap and candles, these last being of little help in varying the menu. If coffee cannot be cooked, each man is allowed "coffee money" (as when travelling on railroads) to the extent of twenty-one cents per day, which represents three pints of coffee at seven cents per pint. On the transports, however, arrangements had been made for making coffee, that is to say there were two caldrons that would make enough for some four hundred men, which meant that the other seven hundred had to change their hours for mess till such times as they could get hold of the boilers. That Troop "A" never had to wait was due entirely to the energies of our head cook, Walter Johnson, to whom all praise is due for his untiring labors throughout the entire campaign. He was up early and late, and no amount of work was too much for him.

Apparently the only reason for not providing the men with something hot once a day besides the

coffee, was the lack of time (or forethought), as the arrangements on the transport coming home were most satisfactory in this respect. As it was, after some "persuasion," a soup was cooked for us in the ship's galley on two or three occasions.

Mess was at first served in the quarters, but this cramped and stuffy locality was soon changed for a more commodious one on deck; for even if it had no greater area horizontally, its dimensions vertically reached to infinity, and the ventilation was excellent. It needed to be, for it was surrounded by mules whose salient gray faces in bas relief might have served (to quote Laury Lee) as a family portrait gallery to various people not unconnected with military affairs. No water was obtainable to wash the kits, and cold canned beans are insoluble in hay; but one got used to anything after a while. If, however, there were no skittles, there was still beer, good and cold and plenty of it. At first this was sold by the ship's steward, who owned the monopoly, at twenty-five cents a bottle; but this trust was "investigated" by the officers and ordered to liquidate. After that the Commissary Department was able to obtain it in wholesale quantities at fifteen cents a bottle and retail it at the same price, with or without a sandwich, or even a license.

Besides the government ration, there had been

## From Camp Alger to Porto Rico 103

bought a quantity of canned corn, peas, peaches, pears, &c., which relieved the monotony of the regulation diet. There was one man, though, E. Thomson by name, who was the joy of the Commissary Department. He needed no *pate de fois gras* and truffles to keep up his appetite. When every one was making unkind remarks to the commissary, and thinking worse ones about the fare provided, Ernie would come around and cry for beans, just as though he had been brought up on them instead of on Castoria; nor would he be happy till he had a whole can for himself.

In the light of recent events it may be interesting to note that the canned corned beef was of most excellent quality and a delicious article of diet when not taken too often.

No canned roast beef had been issued to the troops at Camp Alger, but by "crossing the palm" of the boss stevedore with a bottle of rye several cases of this commodity were obtained. The exchange was a poor one, for the substance in the cans was dry, tough and stringy, and apparently all nourishment had been taken out of it; and neither boiling, baking nor any other known process of cooking produced a change in the texture.

It was during the voyage down that Arthur Brown, who had done valuable work as assistant in

the Commissary Department, was promoted to be the official cook of the troop, with the rank and pay of a corporal. He and little Bob Troescher, who had detailed himself to the kitchen, worked like horses in a way that few men knew about and still less appreciated. They and Morty Ward, the most indefatigable of stable sergeants, did more work than any dozen men you could pick out.

The matter of supplying man and beast with water on the transport was one that should have had more attention from the proper authorities. The water we got was very dirty, very warm and, worst of all, very scarce; so much so that no one ever had anywhere near the amount he would have liked, and the poor horses were always on a very short allowance, some of them at one time being without water for thirty hours. And the strange part of it all was that this scarcity seemed entirely unnecessary, for when the boat ran on the bar at Ponce two hundred tons of cool, clear water were pumped overboard to lighten the ship.

A hogshead was placed on one of the decks to hold drinking water for the men, but it was more often empty than full. A sentry stood guard over it and allowed you only what you could swallow on the spot. If one was skilful, however, he could drink part of a cupful and take a sketchy bath with the rest,





DYER

SGT. CAMMANN  
CORP. RIKER

BEALES

SMITH

ON THE DECK OF THE "MASSACHUSETTS"





though the bathing facilities were excellent after two or three days, the same being a hose and a three inch stream of salt water, which was turned on the line of candidates each morning. The wise individual, and these seem to have been very few, never was troubled with thirst, however, for he kept his canteen full and by wetting the outside always had a quantity of fairly cool water on hand.

The routine of the day consisted principally of light guard duty and stables, this last being a task at which even Mr. Hercules would have shuddered. Although a great deal was done in this line, it produced very little result on the large mass of filth that soon accumulated, and the decks where the animals were, soon got into a most horrible condition, which should never have been permitted; not so much the fault of the officers and men on the boat, as the crowded condition of affairs that made a proper policing of the ship impossible.

A so-called inspection of the men's quarters was made at uncertain intervals, but nothing was done, and indeed it is doubtful if there was very much that could have been done with the mass of stuff that filled every corner.

The trip in itself was uneventful, and the sea was so calm that seasickness troubled no one, though several men said their "stomachs seem to be a little out

of order" and acted in a manner that was far from self-contained. Daily practice was held with our two new Colt rapid fire guns, to be in readiness for the practical work to which we hoped soon to put them.

One cannot overlook the fact that there were great possibilities for disaster on this trip to Porto Rico. If one stops to think that the transport was entirely without convoy, with no life-preservers and with boats enough to hold only a possible two hundred of the thirteen hundred souls on board; also that the vessel caught fire five times from sparks dropping in the hay, the picture of a most horrible tragedy can be imagined.

Luckily nothing did happen, and on the second of August we sighted land. Then for the first time a subdued excitement spread over us. The enemy at last was in sight—that is, we couldn't exactly see him, but he might be hiding anywhere, and we rather expected a stray Mauser bullet to come hissing by our ears for a welcome.

Soon the news was brought to us that Ponce had surrendered, but that we were not to land, but proceed farther down the coast and join General Brooke. "Hurrah! We are in it at last!"—when suddenly the vessel lurches, lunges forward a little and then stops. Awful moment! We were hard and fast on the bar of Ponce harbor!





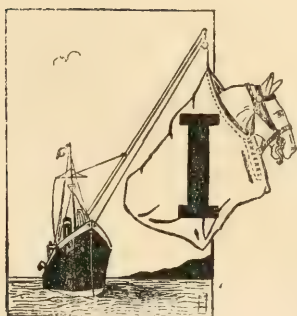
UNLOADING MR. MULE FROM THE "MASSACHUSETTS" IN PONCE HARBOR.

# Unloading Horses

Leonard S. Horner.

"Dip and drink deep,  
Cold water is a feast;  
Good entertainment here  
For man and beast."  
—The Moderation of Transports.

"But down in the depths of the vaults below,  
There's Malvoisie for a world of woe."  
—Molloy.



It was Tuesday afternoon, the day after the "Massachusetts" had come to her forced anchorage.

Near noon on that day the "pipe dream," which had gained more credence every hour, viz., that the troop was to be moved from the ship, became a reality, and we were ordered to pack up our belongings and pile them on the officers' deck preparatory to being lowered on the flat scow, which was to move men, arms and possessions to the "Prairie" for the night. The rolls were made and strapped to the saddles, and these,

with arms and belts, were thrown in one big pile on the deck to await the next move. Orders then came that Sergeant E. M. Ward was to select ten men and stay on the ship to water and feed the horses and guard the commissary stores. The ten were Sergeant Ward, in charge; Saddler Becker, Wag-  
oner Glynn, Farrier Bird and Privates Bradley, Grannis, Hildreth, Horner, Lee and Ledyard. The packs, arms and clothing of the above were ordered to be put in a separate corner, and a guard put over them. At about four the troop lowered their stuff into the scow, and then piled in themselves, to be towed to the "Prairie."

The horse detail went below and started their work of watering the suffering beasts, which had been nearly all day without water, as the ship's pumps had broken some days before. The water had to be dipped from the tank and passed from hand to hand along the line of men who stood in the narrow gangways in front of the horse stalls.

The heat was intense on this deck, cut off from all air. The water basin itself was deep and was situated in the extreme after-part of the ship, down two ladders from the stable; and, due to the opportune suggestion of Laurie Lee, a lariat was used to lower the buckets into the well. The work at the lariat was of the most trying kind, and a man could



stand the strain for only a short time before he had to be relieved.

There were a like number of Troop "C" men left for the same purpose, and these, with the hospital and signal corps, some regulars and the mule skinners and wagoners, distributed themselves about every five feet along the long gangways from the well to the extreme fore-part of the ship.

The horses were nearly wild with thirst, and greedily drank three bucketsful each, all they were allowed. As the horses near the well were watered the line became gradually longer and longer, until nearly the whole ship was encircled by this human chain.

Time passed and night began to fall, and to add to the discomfort the electric lights failed to work, so we were in almost total darkness, save for the lanterns hung at the hatchways. About seven the spirits of the men began to droop; the occasional laughter and talk heard at first stopped, and all settled down to work, with only the sound of "Water," as a full bucket was passed, and "Empty," as the bucket was handed back for a fresh supply. Everyone was stripped to the waist, so intense was the heat, and sweat was streaming from every pore.

Captain Williamson, U.S.A., had charge of this work, and let everybody know it.

As the buckets were passed from hand to hand along the narrow passage the horses tried to grab them with their teeth. One could see as the bucket passed, a man raise it and take a drink, not caring for the dirt and forgetting the fact that any number of horses and mules had rubbed their noses on its sides.

This was finally over with, and after haying down we went on deck to find some air and food. By this time it was nearing nine o'clock, and we had last eaten at noon. A small supper of bread, butter and coffee had been provided, and it did taste very good. All our clothing, blankets and arms had been ordered to be thrown on the scow, so we had only the shirts on our backs. Bird's shirt even had gone with the other stuff.

All this was, however, soon forgotten, and we came to feel that we were by far the luckiest men in the troop. This was the glorious part of the history of Mort's Detail and one that will last forever in the memory of those who participated.

Having no blouses nor blankets we decided it wisest to go down to the "hole," and enjoy the hammocks. With us were those two worthies, Mort Ward and Doc Becker, well acquainted with the contents of all boxes, whether belonging to our command or any other, and their eagle eyes soon



UNLOADING HORSES—PONCÉ HARBOR



espied one marked "Currycombs and Brushes." They dived into it and brought out five quarts of "King William IV.," of unquestionable merit at all times, and especially to the wet and weary. We brightened up. The more we looked the more we found. First, a barrel of crackers; then on prying open the special box of the commissary sergeant, Stowe Phelps, a dozen cans of condensed milk; and last a sack of sugar and coffee mixed. With this layout we started to forget the past, and thought this world was pretty good after all.

Rowe Bradley became official barkeep, with the special function of mixing just enough whiskey and lemon with Apollinaris water. Dear old Phil became the milk-punch shaker, and the rest of us did our part by passing around the flowing bowl (a can acquired by Doc from another command).

An old tar came down in the midst of this banquet and enjoyed his share, sang songs, and said a few things not to be written about "that damned captain."

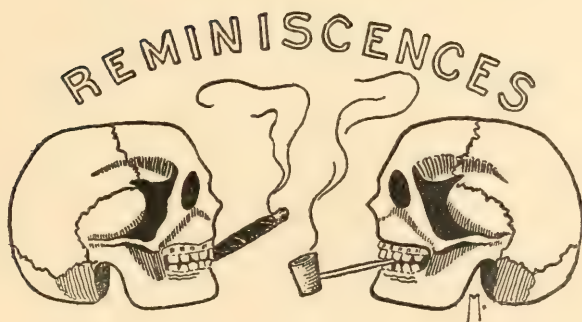
We rolled up in our hammocks in the early morning, only to be aroused at five to get a cup of coffee and a hardtack, when the orders came to start unloading the horses. This was done by swinging a derrick over to the side of the ship, having a rope attached to the end of the arm with a canvas sling

on it, in which the horses and mules were tied, and then lowered to the scow. Doc Becker went down on the first scow and loaded it. It was a unique sensation, standing in the scow, the rise and fall of the heavy ground swell now dashing it against the side of the ship, now carrying it a few yards away; with what looked like an octopus coming down on you from thirty feet above, legs going every way. The man in the scow had the guide rope, and his first attempt, as the horse sprawled on the floor and then scrambled for the side, was to grab the beast by the halter and jerk him back. It took good nerve, but the men stuck to it, and the scows were loaded in good shape and were swung aft to wait for the launch to tow them to shore.

Once as a magnificent dark chestnut was being lowered, and just before it got to the scow, the swing slipped off and at the same instant the scow veered away from the ship; so down into the ocean the horse went, and for an instant was out of sight. Seeing we could not save him we threw the halter strap off and the horse struck out, swimming against the high waves straight out to sea, so bewildered that instinct did not guide him toward land. But soon he turned, and, now nearly exhausted, in some way turned over on his side and seemed to float, so as to get his wind. Then recover-

ing he struck out again, and slowly passed around the stern toward the island off to our right. After what seemed a long time, a joyful shout rang through the air from the other side of the ship, and we knew the animal had landed safely.

We were relieved in the afternoon, and so ends the history of Mort's Detail.











OUR FIRST CAMP AT THE PLAZA, PORT OF PONCÉ

# The Camp at Ponce

Irving Ruland.

"Now hearts are filled with hope and stern resolve;  
Now war becomes a memory and we  
Are left to dodge tarantulas and hunt  
The gay guerilla."

—A Pretty Picnic.

"When a man's occupied, leisure  
Seems to him wonderful pleasure;  
Faith, and at leisure once is he,  
Straightway he wants to be busy;  
Here we're at peace—and aghast I'm  
Caught, thinking war is a pastime."

—The Glove.



It was a fitting conclusion for the voyage of the "Massachusetts" that she should run aground at the very mouth of the harbor where we were expecting to land. If the mishap caused surprise, that emotion was quite swallowed up by the rage that followed it.

Things were said of the captain, mates and men that may not be indicated even in a history of troopers.

We seemed to have run aground so gently that

we hoped the frantic churning of the screw would soon back us off. As the afternoon waned our hopes faded with it; and they were not brightened much by the sight of a wretched side-wheeler, the famous "Gussie," which finally came hesitatingly to help us. The poor red craft looked like a nickel-in-the-slot steamboat. Her crew missed the rope we threw them, and, wheeling in a large circle that took her almost hull down on the horizon, she finally came alongside again. A hawser was made fast from our stern to hers, and she tugged feebly while our wheel tore the water furiously. We did not move an inch. All at once darkness was upon us, and we knew we were doomed to another night on the "Massachusetts." It poured, of course, in the night, but the day dawned brightly, and the arrival of some steamers, sturdier looking than our red friend, made us hopeful again.

Volunteers were asked for the perilous task of rowing officers ashore. Many were called, but few were chosen, and they were the envied of men. The excursion, however, was not all beer and skittles, for the hours were long and the lifeboat of the "Massachusetts" was not a pleasure craft. After a few hours they returned, and we overwhelmed them with questions in our eager curiosity about the island and the people, and the things to eat and

drink. They had eaten mangoes, crackers and guava paste; they had drunk lime and soda with ice in it, and had heard vague tales of a hotel where food was to be had. In a word, the port of Ponce was most friendly—a place of pedlers of food and cigarettes—and the enemy was far away in the hills. “Sergeant Pat” had been seen riding a tiny horse, his feet nearly touching the ground, and it had been learned that we were to have landed down the coast at Arroyo if we had not run aground.

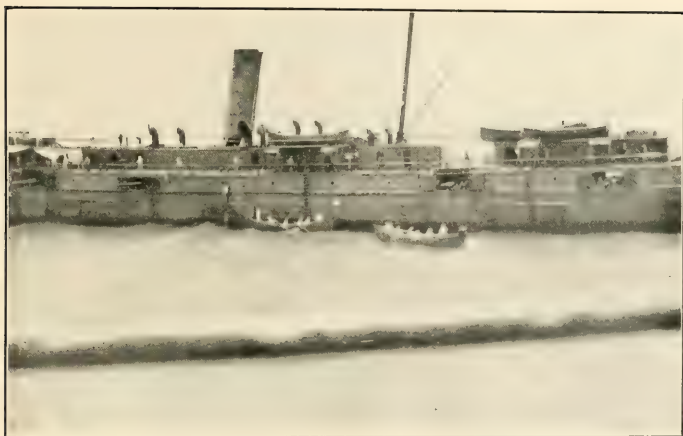
All day, off and on, steamers and tugs made fast now to our bow and now to our stern, trying to budge our beloved ship. Spray flew and heavy steel cables broke; but we moved not. Our hearts sank at the thought of another night on board; but in the afternoon the joyful order came to get saddles, packs and arms on deck. All the belongings of the Troop (except the horses) were piled on the starboard hurricane deck, and we squatted in the midst of our possessions, waiting for the command to load them on the lighters. It came at last, and squad by squad we toiled around to port with our saddles, packs and arms and lowered them by ropes into the lighters alongside. Then we learned that we were not going ashore, but on board the cruiser “Prairie” for the night, our wretched craft having sprung a leak at last. We scrambled down

the side, some into the huge lifeboat of the "Massachusetts," the rest into lighters, and were merrily on our way to the "Prairie." She lay a few hundred yards away, and was said to have been stationed there to guard against the Spanish torpedo boat "Terror," which was still supposed to be at large. We were heartily welcomed on board by the crew (Naval Reserves from Massachusetts); and the good ship "Prairie," with her clean wide decks and spick and span order—what a contrast she made to our lumbered up, foul smelling transport!

The sailors gave us cool, clear water, hot tea, with milk, and hot ship biscuits. The earliest to arrive had mangoes and rice pudding! Our first sergeant exercised some secret influence, so that we had part of a deck to ourselves to sleep on.

In the morning, after a breakfast of hardtack and coffee, we were towed ashore in a big lighter, and were in the enemy's country at last. We did not have to fight for a landing, alas! (as some said). Natives came out to pole us alongside the big pier, and as we scrambled ashore pedlars of mangoes and greasy little corn cakes, and boys with boards piled high with "dulce coca," singing their melancholy song, plied us with their wares. We lingered on the pier for a while, and then marched to the square in front of the church, that was to be our camp until the





U. S. S. "PRAIRIE"—PONCE HARBOR



SATTERLEE

CORP. ERVING

COMING ASHORE FROM THE "PRAIRIE"—PONCE HARBOR



horses were unloaded. The Philadelphians were already ensconced on the shady side of the church; some of them were trying to get picket line posts to hold in the soggy ground. In the afternoon we moved to the opposite side of the square to the corner, where our saddles were piled in cheerful confusion. Here Frank Morse paid us a visit. He had come to Porto Rico to join the "Rough Riders;" finding none there he joined forces with Troop "A," and afterward remained with us until we were mustered out. Some of those who were not on guard or on the detail to unload horses and stores, slept on the narrow piazzas of the houses, or wherever a patch of shade could be found. Others wandered through the little town and brought back stories of endless cheap cigars and cheaper meals of rice and beans and an occasional egg. Bread could be bought at greatly advanced prices—four centavos a small loaf—conscientiously haggling over the price, but ending by paying it. We spent the night lying where we could—under shelter when it was to be found, for rain was certain to fall. Many, however, were content with the pebbly road. The scuttling of land crabs and attack of mosquitoes made the night far from happy.

Milkmen appeared at dawn, and the inevitable boy with his melancholy song of "dulce coca."

The milkmen milked the cows at the doorsteps directly into small necked bottles, a ring of interested urchins and idle ox drivers watching the obviously virtuous process. (The milk we bought at our later camp must have reached the can of the pedler by a more devious and watery way.) Ox carts loaded with commissary stores soon filled the street—a slowly moving, patient procession. Those of the men who could get away invaded the dirty little restaurants for breakfast, as our commissary department was still clinging with patient affection to a combination of hardtack and canned tomatoes.

Our horses began to come ashore as the day dragged along, and were picketed to the fence where the native washerwomen had been hanging their clothes. By nightfall about twenty horses were ashore, and Sergeant Emmet, with a detail of the lucky men whose horses had been landed, was sent to Ponce to make a camp. All turned out to help them root out their saddles, packs and arms from the mass of Troop "A's" belongings piled in utter confusion about the corner house; and, incidentally, each man grasped his own as it came to view and piled it all together, thinking—foolish one!—that when he came to get his things, there they would be. Rain began to trickle as night fell, and all packs were ordered to be heaped under the

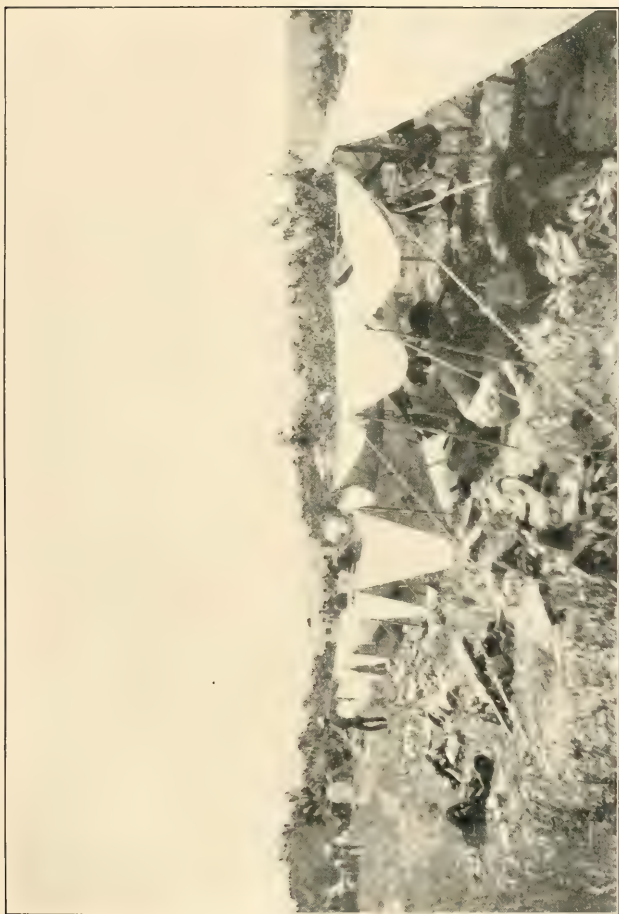
eaves of the friendly house. Confusion reigned again, and swearing was heard in the morning.

Horses came ashore steadily the next day, one lighterful being towed in by toiling horse marines of Troop "A," other boatfuls by launches; so that by afternoon most of our cattle were ashore, and were led to Ponce and turned loose to graze in the inclosure where our camp was pitched. A running stream was near at hand, where horses could have water in plenty, and where we could bathe without stint. This abundance of water was real luxury—somewhat modified, perhaps, by the knowledge that dirty washerwomen, washing dirtier clothes, lined the banks above us. For it will be remembered that, excepting on the short marches we made in Virginia, we had had scanty allowance of water for horse and man since we left New York.

The encampment at Ponce was at first in shelter tents ranged along a barbed wire fence. The fence was soon hung from end to end with haversacks, canteens, blankets and underclothes of every size and color; ponchos and blankets were stretched from the tent-tops to the fence-posts to make larger the area protected from sun and rain. The tents and their additions, however, promised poor shelter from the storm that was always brooding darkly along the mountain-ridges beyond the city.

All the tents were prudently ditched with what seemed sufficient trenches against floods as we had known them. In the first few storms they carried the water off. But one day the deluge came and the deepest ditches were as though they were not. Wide streams poured through the tents, soaking everything, and a saffron pond slowly crept from the picket line to the lowest of the tents. There was not a dry inch in camp. After the storm abated every one turned out to dig trenches that would defy Puerto Rico's worst. Deep into the fibrous soil they chopped and dug, leading wide channels to the ravine beyond the fence. Some even made raised floors of bamboo to make assurance doubly sure—and the next day the camp was moved. Circular tents were raised beyond the picket line, and they, after being well ditched, were proof against whatever came. Only three were needed at first, as the details under Lieutenant Frelinghuysen and Sergeant Cromwell had taken many men to the interior. Some of us clung to the shelter tents, others swung hammocks from trees and posts and protected their beds from rain with various picturesque devices. Squads were no longer kept together—the men slept where they liked.

"B" Troop, Second Cavalry, was camped in the field adjoining, and with it we were made into a



DOG TENT CAMP—PONCÉ





squadron under the command of Captain Hoppin, and were attached to the Headquarters of the Army. A running guard was now established, three privates, each to relieve the other, being enough to guard the camp. There was no corporal of the guard, which arrangement met with the unqualified approval of the non-coms. When "B" Troop left for the interior, the guard was increased to six men, and a corporal, and the heyday of the corporals was over.

Details went each day aboard the "Massachusetts" till the medical, commissary and quartermaster's stores were all ashore and in camp. The men who had this work to do found an hour now and then to sit in the corner store at the Playa and drink lime and soda with ice, or to get dinner—eggs, rice and beans, fried fish, perhaps, sour wine (if they wanted it), a kind of guava paste and coffee—at the little hotel around the corner, whose imperturbable, slowly moving proprietor nor prayers nor profanity could stir beyond his 'customed pace; or to smoke on his little balcony that overlooked the dreamy bay, where the black transports lay in sleepy calm, and natives lazily poled clumsy lighters ashore. The second day in camp we took the horses to the Playa to swim them in the sea. The water, warm as it was, freshened up men and horses wonderfully, and sev-

eral times afterward this excursion to the sea was repeated.

The question that filled our minds these early days was whether we should be sent into action, and when, and where, and how. Attached to General Miles as his body-guard, we speculated upon what chance there would be of our getting on the firing line when Aibonito was stormed. Some said one thing and some said another, till one afternoon the familiar word was given around that "there would be no more passes; no one could leave camp." Smiles were smiled, of course; but rumors of an attack to be made on the morrow (August 13th), though they were listened to lightly, gave a faint shade of seriousness to the familiar prohibition. Marching orders however, had come this time, and at dawn we were in the saddle, packed and equipped for the march to Coamo. Then came the command to loosen girths—we were not to march yet. The day wore along till finally we heard "Unsaddle and place saddles in the rear of your horses and tie up to the picket line!" Then rumor ran swiftly—peace had been declared. Some pooh-poohed; many cried, saying, "I told you so." Later the rumor was confirmed—a Protocol had been signed. The first feeling that swept the camp was one of keen disappointment. To have waited so long and to have come so far and then to

just miss the chance of a fight after all was irony of fate indeed. Cool reflection has since modified that disappointment.

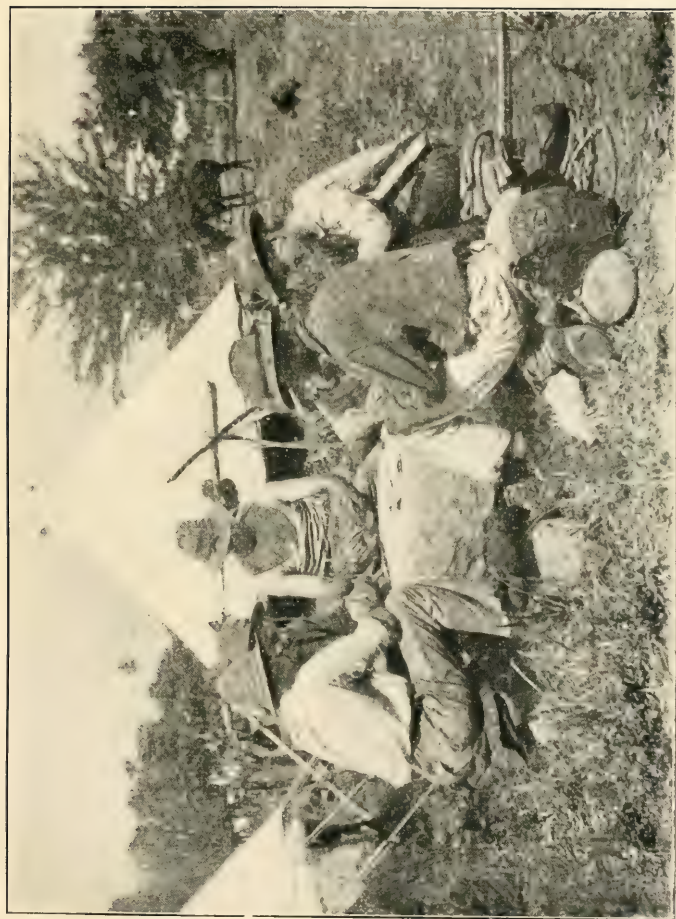
New speculations now seized upon us. What should we do now, and what next after that? Would there be patrol duty? Should we reach home before Thanksgiving? Would not the President send us to New York at once? In fine, the immediate destiny of Troop "A," N.Y.V., absorbed our entire attention.

In the idle hours of waiting that followed, a taste for gaming developed with mushroom rapidity. There were no books or papers to read; without, the sun was desperately hot, but under the friendly shade of the tents the poker games began to go merrily. At first there was a game or two in the morning after stables, then perhaps one or two after midday mess, then all day long they lasted from stables till tattoo, with time out for morning water call and mess, and afternoon water call and mess, and evening parade. A bale of hay covered with a shelter tent for a table, seats of upturned pails (when one could find that luxury), very much used cards, and copper and silver coins of Puerto Rico, completed the outfit. Each contained its own measure of torture, but places in the games were at a premium. Then came the wheel to vary the monotony of the

cards, and Troop "A"—warriors of renown—in the hour of peace returned to commercial pursuits.

The Banos Minerales beyond the town were now filled every day, and the dining-room of the Hotel Francais every evening, with the troopers whose turn it was to go to town—and the turn came very often. We sat calmly at the same table with Brigadiers, Colonels and Commanders in the Navy, and ate before their envious eyes the delicacies that the well-tipped waiter set before us in dyspepsia breeding haste. Madame was very friendly. "A" troopers were steady patrons, and kept the waiters good-natured.

Those whose day it was to stop in camp, the stern-browed Commissary Sergeant Ward fed sumptuously, now on hard kinds of things baked in rice, seasoned to the finest palate with curry; now on eggs scrambled with canned tomatoes, 'arf and 'arf; sometimes with squash and yams and fried bananas; on grand occasions with fried fish and melons (no second helping). Bread he gave us, too, and to those who could not live without them, beans ("meaning me," says Ernie Thomson). Then there were boiled milk and boiled eggs for the sick men and for those a little under the weather—and for anyone else who could wheedle the hard-eyed satrap of the kettles. A dour man was he; but, allow-



"THE COMMERCIAL PURSUITS OF PEACE" AT CAMP IN FONCÉ





ing for circumstances, he fed us well. May he never plead in vain for a second helping! At breakfast we could buy milk, as it was called, from milk venders who came to the border of the camp with their little cans, crying "Leche! Leche!" Nearly every day two women brought baskets of fruit, tiny strawberry bananas, the most delicious product of the island; mangoes, limes and, once, pineapples; and native men came with wooden trays of sweetish, insipid cakes and the same old "dulce coca." In the hot noonday, as we came back from water, a softly smiling but very canny half-breed stood at the gate selling lime ice dipped from an undersized freezer with a funny little scoop—cinque centavos the glass, a large thimble. Always at mess times a row of natives, old men and women, young ones, and children were ranged along the wire fence behind the kitchen, eager for any scrap of food that one might throw them. "Look here!" they cried in their piping voices, "Look here! Look here!" They balked at nothing. Even the hard black things in the rice didn't quench their enthusiasm, and bits of hard-tack were gifts from heaven.

When we had been in Porto Rico about two weeks it was found expedient to hire a small house in Ponce for the use of the sick of the Troop. Here the men were well cared for, receiving more atten-

tion than would have been possible in the general hospital. Chic Childs and Jamie Clark were sent home on the Van Rensselaers' yacht, and Jack Iselin and Rob Barclay on the "Lydia;" H. Barclay, Line, Adee, Leigh, Bird, Cannon, Pinchot and Howard Kerner sailed later on the "Relief."

The days passed, one very like another. Lieutenant Frelinghuysen and Sergeant Cromwell with their men were still in the interior; smaller details were scattered in various directions. Twelve men under Sergeant Phelps had just left camp for Utuado, and the rest of the Troop had hardly finished its world-famed midnight gallop to Santa Isabel, when word came that Troop "A" was ordered home. The various absentees were telegraphed for, and they lost no time in getting into camp, Sergeant Phelps' detail coming all the way from Utuado in twelve hours. But there was no need of such speed. We did not leave Porto Rico until a week later.

Everyone was looking for mementos to take home—sabres, Mausers, machetes, trinkets, buttons; in fact, almost anything. Some got valuable relics—flags, guidons and beautiful decorations—for almost nothing. But the Porto Ricans were beginning to understand the situation, and were soon peddling Spanish officers' hats, chevrons, swords, buttons and what-not at fabulous prices. What

some men paid for buttons would have kept their throats moist at Sergeant Ward's Transport Bar Room and High Class Café all the way to New York. And as for the money paid for swords—it must have been pesos won at the gaming-bale. Cigars and cigarettes by the fifties and hundreds were bought; the factories were running overtime to fill orders. The purchases were packed in saddlebags and rolls. Many boxes were laid in the fine blue commissary chest. Of these some reached their owners, and others didn't. And thereby hangs a tale.

One day a rumor drifted idly into camp that the horses were to be left in Porto Rico. To most of the men (the memory of the "Massachusetts" still rankling) it seemed too good to be true. In the bosoms of others, however, it pricked the core of vanity. To become doughboys, indeed! The gods forbid! As the rumor grew in strength, hot waxed the argument. Finally a vote was polled, to take, or not to take the horses. The nays had it overwhelmingly, and so, of course, the horses were taken, and the "Just-like-the-regulars" had their way after all.

On the night of September 2nd we were told that the next day we were to embark on the "Mississippi," and that a start would be made at the peep o' dawn. At daybreak we were in the saddle, marching

down the familiar Playa road for the last time. We reached the wharf just ahead of "C" Troop, and after a delay loaded our horses on an enormous lighter and our saddles and packs and stores on a smaller one. Most of the men went on board in the afternoon and chose snug places on deck to swing their hammocks. A detail of ten was left to load headquarters horses. Lucky ones—how pleased they were! At midnight, however, they, too, climbed on board, and slept where they fell. The next day they took what was left in the way of hammock room.

Puerto Rico gave us a smiling farewell, as she had a smiling welcome. The sun sparkled as brightly on the water, and made as purple shadows on the lovely green hills; but we saw these things with different eyes. Our eager curiosity about the island, the people, the centipedes, the tarantulas, the rainy season, and all the other horrors enjoyably depicted in the Consular Report, not to mention the Spanish foe, had been more than satisfied. A few fortunate ones had, indeed, seen the swarthy Spaniard in his lair—and the Spaniard had seemed none the worse for the experience. All had learned that to be wet in Porto Rico is to be wet in a new way. And for the rest we watched, without a pang, Monita Island (whose imposing solitude so stirred

our interest a short month since) slowly sinking below the horizon. Nay, the taut hammocks quivered with the shock as we roared the chorus of "Home, Boys, Home!"











MESS—CAMP ALGER

# The Mess—A Mess

James T. Terry.

“Hear humankind responsive groan,  
Man cannot live by beans alone.”

—E. S. Martin (up to date).

“Busy, curious, thirsty fly!  
Drink with me, and drink as I;  
Sip thou freely of my cup,  
Freely of my portion sup.”



It is a glorious thing to fight and die for one's country. The volunteer dashing to enlist thinks only of the valourous deeds to be performed, the reputation for heroism to be won, and the grateful glory of a triumphant return. The prospect of what he must undergo before he becomes fit fighting material does not phase him—he never thinks of it until too late.

When, last spring, with boundless enthusiasm we rushed into the breach, little did we think that in a few short weeks the joys of Delmonico's would seem an almost impossible dream, and even the glazed virtues of Dennett's a lost opportunity.

Our friends have shown many marks of their appreciation of our virtues; but had they seen us day after day battling for our lives with the rations it would certainly have enhanced the fame of our heroism.

At home, as amateurs, we gloried in the skilful use of our sabres, were proud of our proficiency with revolver and carbine—but as real soldiers the arms upon which we most relied were those trusty blades of solid steel fitted with handles of iron and kept, when not in action, in small leathern sheaths. Ye gods, with these simple weapons what prodigies of valor were accomplished! It is needless to say that those silver spoons with which, according to the press, we were all born, were not taken with us upon our glorious campaign. The knives of which I have spoken, forks of rude and simple construction, two oval tin plates, fitting one upon the other, one of them convertible into a miniature saucepan by means of an infolding handle, and a huge tin cup, big enough to serve as a wash basin, constituted the gastronomic weapons by means of which we did our awful execution.

The history of our struggle with the rations may be divided into five periods:—At Camp Black, at Camp Alger, the terrific contest on the "Massachusetts," the campaign in Puerto Rico, and finally on

board the transport "Mississippi." At Camp Black we were under the stewardship of the gallant Sergeant Pellew, of whom it might be said that he floated into popularity on a wave of milk. Things were easy for him when it did not rain, but it rained a large part of the time. As long as we were still under State control our rations were varied and good. They were not, to be sure, served with all the daintiness to which we were accustomed at St. Andrews coffee-stands, but they were palatable to hungry troopers and amply sustaining. How some wives, mothers or sisters would have marvelled had they seen their captious critics at Camp Black lined up in the rain along a flat rail of dirty pine wood about six inches across, eating with relish, from tin plates, greasy codfish cakes, ham and eggs and dear old beans—always beans—and, as final relish, molasses dipped with an iron spoon out of a wooden pail and smeared over a slab of fried rice! With what mingled feelings would they have observed the simple method of washing the dishes!

With the passing of the troop from the service of the State to that of the nation, our rations, like our pay, became less liberal, and we fared as do the regulars. There is a fact not realized by our friends at home who try to supplement the soldier's bill of fare by donations of pies, cakes, candy, and even

ice-cream, and that is that just as prize-fighters and football players must regulate their diet to get into condition for a contest, so must soldiers regulate theirs in order to be fit for the work before them. At home we should prefer crisp, tender wafers to hardtack, but for fitting us to endure soldiering the army biscuit is better; it makes us long for the fray, inspired by the hope that life will soon be over. Under the fostering care of the commissary, Walter Price, a canopy of barbaric splendor was raised over our devoted heads, so that we and the flies might more comfortably enjoy the luxury of the mess. At the conclusion of our feasts slaves, led by one "Peekskill," hastened to cleanse our exhausted dishes. Such was the administration of this department that we flourished like the green bay tree.

At Newport News we were almost too busy to eat, but once embarked on that good old tramp, the "Massachusetts," we realized how far we were from home and mother. Beans, bacon and hardtack—hardtack, bacon and beans; bacon, beans and bacon; hardtack, beans and bacon—such was the splendid variety of our fare. Water was so scarce that as a delicacy Stowe Phelps, that ferocious eater who had now assumed control of the destinies of the mess, gave us soup made of salt water, which was not a

success, though provocative of howls. At Puerto Rico fried plantains and tropical fruits added a dash of variety to our menu. During our stay on this hostile island we were exposed to a deadly peril from an unexpected quarter—we were attacked by canisters of alleged roast beef, more wide-reaching and penetrating in their destructive qualities than the dreaded Mauser bullets. Even the Puerto Ricans in their pilferings respected its character so much that they refused to steal it.

On the return trip on the "Mississippi," profiting by the experience gained on the "Massachusetts," that celebrated "delicatessen" Sergeant Harry Ward, and that notorious forager Corporal Arthur Brown, who had undertaken the enviable task of feeding the grateful troopers, prepared to seize all the laurels that could possibly be gathered in this department. How well they succeeded could be told by a glance at the sleek appearance of Sergeant Ward on his arrival in New York.

In ending my digest of this phase of our experience it is gratifying to reflect that we enlisted with the expectant hope of braving danger—and—were not disappointed.









SECOND LIEUTENANT JOSEPH S. FRELINGHUYSEN

# The Frelinghuysen Lancers

Leland S. Stillman.

"A rough, hard ride and a long, long way.  
And a call to arms at night;  
Patrols and a truce that played the deuce  
With a long-expected fight."

—The Lay of the Lorn Lancer.



THE Troop had barely become settled in camp at Ponce, and the field was still a maze of dog tents, ammunition, canned goods, rapid fire guns and forage, when one evening a "pipe dream" was wafted through camp that a detail was to be sent on a mission to the interior, and would probably get into a scrap. The rumor grew with what it fed upon, and by the time its truth was definitely known imagination had mapped out all sorts of possibilities in the way of military glory. On August 9th, just after mess, it was announced that the men who were to go were Lieutenant Frelinghuysen, Quartermaster Sergeant Bowne, Corporals

Brown and Leigh and Privates Adee, Beales, Bradley, Clark, Dyer, Grannis, Henry, Pinchot, Redington, Slidell, Stillman and Wallace.

The next morning, at 6.45, the detail fell in in heavy marching order. All extra clothing and equipment were left at Ponce in case the detail did not return. A quick march to the Playa to report to Headquarters was followed by a tedious wait; about noon, the cavalcade started guarding a carriage in which was about \$50,000, it was rumored, to pay off the natives engaged in improving the road over the mountains.

The road for several miles, or more than half the distance to Adjuntas, was finely macadamized and graded, and was built years ago by the Spaniards for military purposes. It led in a general northwesterly direction, winding around among the foothills and through sugar and coffee plantations. Presently there was an end of the good road, and from that point on there was no telling at what moment one's horse would stumble over a rock or mire in the treacherous-looking and innumerable mud puddles. It was just before leaving the good road that Henry's saddle slipped back and his horse took to bucking in true Western style, and, having left his rider by the wayside, bucked every step down the hill, nearly kicked all the "slats" out of a native, and

charged into a band at work on a curve in the road. They took to the woods like monkeys, and the horse, leaving a trail of cartridges, hardtack, saddle-bags and other outfit along the road, came to the main body and halted.

Just beyond here Redington rode up and informed the "point" that they were to keep a sharp lookout, as a body of Spanish troops had been through those parts the day before. They loaded their pistols, and for three miles enjoyed the firm expectation of being fired upon at any moment. Suddenly, at a turn in the road, they saw far up on the hill what seemed to be an armed body, and word was promptly sent back to that effect. It turned out to be the Sixth Illinois and Sixth Massachusetts with their stores and ammunition on ox carts. The sight of two troopers looking for trouble in a country over which two thousand American troops had just passed was duly appreciated by the doughboy rear guard, who informed them as soon as they could speak that there hadn't been a Spaniard within thirty miles of the place for two weeks.

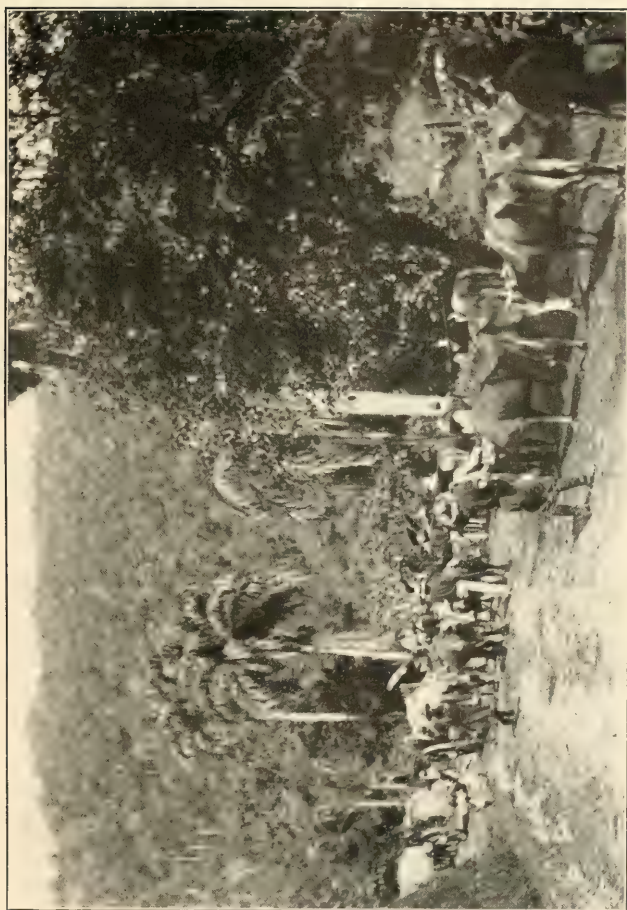
It took an endless amount of time to get Captain Evans' carriage past the ox teams, many of which were stalled in the narrow road. It took them three days to go from Ponce to Adjuntas. Just before sunset the summit of the first range of mountains

was reached, and the road led with many windings down into a valley to the town of Adjuntas, then held by a small force of General Henry's men, Company M, Nineteenth Regular Infantry. The picket line was stretched in the public garden of the town, and the men quartered in an old empty store house. It was alive with cockroaches as big as mice. The place had the virtue of being dry, at all events, for the tropical showers had been frequent from the time the first foothills were reached till late in the afternoon. Except for the cockroaches, glow worms and uncanny noises, the night was uneventful enough. Redington created a diversion by getting up about midnight to swear at a crowd of jabbering natives across the street, and, in order to do it effectively, had unfastened the heavy wooden shutters of a side window. He was found later vainly trying to shut them again, afraid to let go with either hand for fear they would fall from the broken hinges, crash into the street and bring out a call to arms.

One of several instances of the kind treatment shown to the troops occurred at Adjuntas when Lieutenant Helms, Nineteenth Infantry, shared his room with Dyer, who was about used up at the end of the day's ride.

The next morning (August 11th) the detail left Adjuntas, and after an eight hours' march through





INFANTRY BAGGAGE TRAIN ON ROAD TO ADJUNTAS.





more sugar and coffee plantations, relieved by a dip in the stream, arrived in sight of Utuado and the bridge over the Arecibo River just outside the town. Here the column was halted at the instance of Jamie Clark, one of the "point" that day, who came galloping furiously back to inform Captain Evans that the bridge was guarded by Spanish troops. After a brief survey of the situation the order "Forward, March!" was given, and the detail, every man with his hand on his pistol, advanced slowly down the road, only to find the supposed enemy to be two Puerto Rican policemen, with antiquated muskets, guarding the bridge and delirious with excitement and delight at the arrival of more Americanos.

The same pleasure and excitement attended the march through the town, men throwing up their hats and running wildly through the streets shouting "Puerto Rico Americano!" and women holding up their little naked brown babies to take in the sight. A rumor soon started to the effect that a force of Spanish troops were ambushed in the vicinity and intended to attack the town that night. Utuado was held at this time by General Henry with a company of the Nineteenth Infantry under Captain Smith, a detachment of Troop "B," Second Cavalry, and some Signal Corps men, and marked the limit of the American invasion in this part of the island.

On account of the possibility of a night attack the detail was quartered in the old Spanish Civil Guard House, already comfortably filled by a detachment of Troop "B," Second Cavalry, and the picket line was stretched in the narrow street, on which the building faced. Of all the filthy, venomous places to pass a night, that old guard-house was probably the worst encountered by Troop "A" anywhere in the tropics or elsewhere. The stable yard in the rear was a foot deep in a vile smelling compound of mud, manure and stagnant water, the odor from which pervaded the whole region, and must have fairly reeked with germs of all the diseases that flesh is heir to.

The men were allowed to take in the sights for a time after the horses were picketed and fed with the only kind of "long green" seen on the island. After mess, served, by the way, in the above mentioned court yard, the guard was detailed and the rest of the "push" lay down wherever they could find room, which was scarce. Lights were extinguished and snores beginning to be frequent, when Stillman was rudely brought out of the first stages of a heavy sleep by something on his face that seemed to cover it all at once. He made a pass at the thing in the dark, heard a dull, sickening thud against the opposite wall as "it" hit, and rose to in-

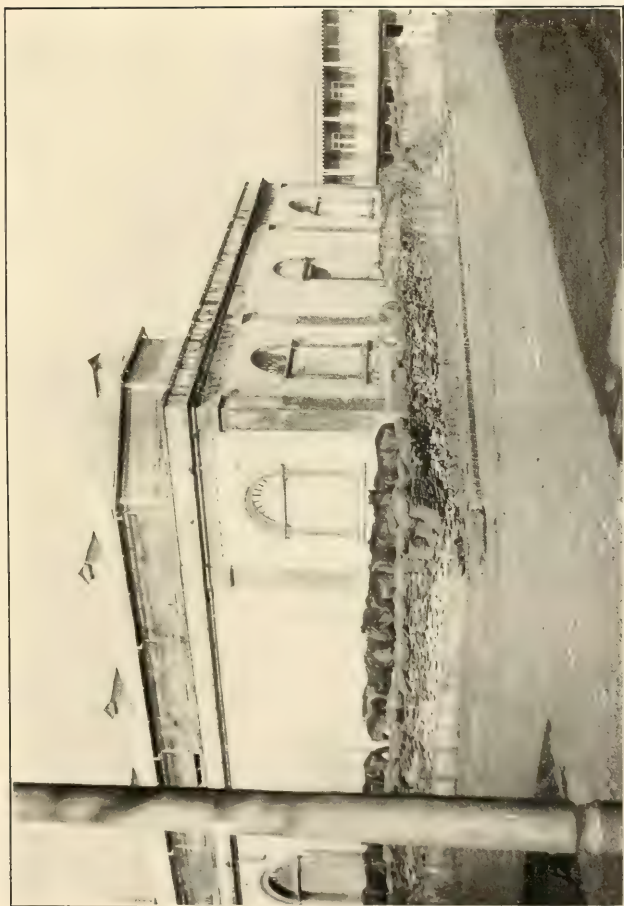
vestigate, only to find the whole floor alive with big, shiny, brown cockroaches fully three inches long.

At twelve a rumble like distant artillery was heard in the hills, accompanied by a severe shaking of the building. Pinchot, who was on guard in the street, rushed in and informed Lieutenant Frelinghuysen that the Spanish had opened fire in the hills. The latter, half dressed and hatless, rushed out into the street yelling "To arms!" In about ten seconds the whole street was alive with men armed to the teeth and looking for all sorts of trouble. The Lieutenant was presently informed that it was only an earthquake, and soon the men were sound asleep again. The incident was sufficiently exciting, however, for it was a midnight call to arms in the enemy's country, on the firing lines, so to speak, and furnished the imagination with plenty of material for the time being.

Excitement began very early next day, for a crowd of patriots had unearthed a number of Spaniards in the hills, and brought them captive into town with the avowed intention of massacring them all. They were so bent on this, and so excited over it, that it was necessary to disarm captors, as well as captives, and put both under guard. While this was going on in the town a nervous individual appeared with a machete on the pasture where the horses were

picketed and vowed that he owned the earth with a fence around it, and that no horse, by "ginger blue," could be picketed on his ranch. After his wrath was spent from sheer fatigue it was gradually learned that a certain part of the field was not to be used for the horses by an agreement with the officers, and that one horse had overstepped the limit, and the error rectified, he at once became extremely affable and wanted to blow the whole crowd off to a drink.

That night was spent in more comfortable quarters at the telegraph station, where the detail fell in with Lieutenant Patterson, or more properly speaking Lieutenant Patterson fell in with the detail, having been sent by General Henry to countermand the order to return to Ponce, which, it seems, Lieutenant Frelinghuysen had received; and August 13th orders came to saddle early and move out of town. Nobody knew our destination; some said home, others San Juan; but it was all guesswork. The detail moved out across the bridge by which the town had been entered and then down a side road, where a halt was ordered. This lasted till afternoon, when orders came to pitch camp. The spot selected, near the banks of a rushing stream, overhung in places by enormous clumps of bamboo, was one of the prettiest on the whole trip. Of course, a bath was



OUR HORSES PICKETED INSIDE THE BARRICADES THROWN UP BY THE SPANIARDS  
AROUND THE CATHEDRAL AT LARES.





in order after the horses were picketed with lariats and the tents were set up in a field of sensitive plant. The path left by a man in walking through it reminded one of that made by a mowing machine in a clover patch.

Much comment on all sides was caused by the appearance that night of twinkling lights far up in the hills, suggesting signal-lights of the enemy, but it turned out afterwards that they came from native huts among the trees. Lieutenant Frelinghuysen had spent the afternoon constructing an elaborate palm leaf and bamboo affair to keep off the night air, and retired in all the state of an African prince, having given up his cot to one of the men who was sick. About midnight the whole edifice collapsed about his ears, and the Lieutenant rushed out in a towering passion and pajamas just in time to see the offender, a white pack mule, disappear in the fog and gloom.

Orders came early on Sunday morning, the 14th, requiring ten men to escort Lieutenant Preston, of the Ninth Cavalry, under a flag of truce to the town of Ciales, situated about fifteen miles north-east of Utuado and then occupied by the Spanish. That meant that four men must be left in camp, and lots were drawn in fear and trembling. It fell to Adee, Clark, Henry and Stillman to hold the

fort at Utuado till the rest returned, and a more disgusted quartette can hardly be imagined. They sat around watching the others pack up and move out, and then retired to the shade of their respective tents, "all wore down" and cursing and sweating profusely.

At about eleven that morning a troop of cavalry arrived on the scene and must have been surprised to see an army camp composed of two dog tents and four troopers. The latter lay and watched the proceedings till a number of familiar gray shirts roused them to a closer inspection. It turned out to be the rest of Captain Hoppin's Troop "B" of the Second Cavalry, with one of the rapid fire gun details from Troop "A." The men were Sergeant Cromwell, Lance Corporal Satterlee and Privates Smith, Crowell and Pierson. The troop had hardly unsaddled when a detail of fourteen men was called for to escort Lieutenant Ervin L. Phillips, Sixth Cavalry, on an expedition to Lares, a town of 18,000 inhabitants, about seventeen miles northwest of Utuado, strongly fortified, and occupied by about eight hundred Spanish regulars. Captain Hoppin very kindly told Cromwell that our nine men could form a part of the detail if they wished. The others were quickly chosen from "B" Troop, and by one o'clock the detail, un-

der the immediate command of Lieutenant Lockridge, was ready to start.

The trail struck off into the hills to the northwest of Utuado, and soon became narrow and stony or else covered with mud and water. In fact, Adee's horse fell, throwing its rider and covering them both from head to foot with a coating of red mud. The horse, that wall-eyed old brute known as "Montana first," got up dead lame, and in consequence Adee was ordered back to Utuado, much to the regret of every one. As he was taken sick with typhoid two days later, his fall may be regarded as a dispensation of Providence, for he could never have been taken out over that trail alive.

About sundown, after several halts to interview passing natives, the detail turned to the left from the trail and made camp in a grassy spot four miles from Lares. A compact had been made with the regulars by which they agreed to do the cooking and to water and feed the horses, while the "A" men were to do the guard duty.

It was thought advisable to send a messenger to the Spanish Commander in Lares stating that under the terms of the Protocol the American troops were to occupy Puerto Rico and requesting him to evacuate. The messenger, a native, mounted his pony and

disappeared in the dusk in the direction of Lares. About nine o'clock, someone with a voice like a fog-horn began to yell from up in the hills "America!" "America!" It turned out to be the messenger, who had not cared to run into the sentries and had taken the precaution of disturbing the peace of the surrounding population before he made his appearance. Shortly after this Sergeant Ford, of Troop "B," told the men that the Lieutenant wanted to see them up by the camp fire. The officer's words were brief and to the point:—"The Spanish Commander refuses to recognize our flag of truce, and has not heard of any Protocol having been signed. I anticipate an attack to-night and wish you to sleep with your pistols and ammunition belts on and your carbines at your sides. In case a shot is fired I want you to join me instantly by that tree near my hammock."

There wasn't much sleep left in the crowd. The Lieutenant posted a vidette guard, composed of Sergeant Cromwell, Smith, Henry and Pierson, in a clump of bushes a few hundred yards down the road, and a sentry posted in camp. Two men, with Sergeant Ford, shortened the horses' lariats and brought them closer to camp. The night was almost pitch dark and cloudy. A crowd of natives, who had followed along, were camped in the rear of the detail, and kept the sentry on the alert. The messenger



G. S. WALLACE    SMITH    SGT. CROMWELL    PIERSON    SGT. E. M. WARD    MULLER    CROWELL

THE GUN DETAILS WITH THE TWO RAPID-FIRE COLT GUNS CARRIED BY THE  
TROOP IN PORTO RICO





had been put under arrest for safe keeping, and slept next to Ford, who was Sergeant of the guard. It was not what might be called a restful night. Satterlee's nerves were so wrought upon by Cromwell when the latter waked him up at one o'clock to go on guard that he went out and challenged one of the pack mules.

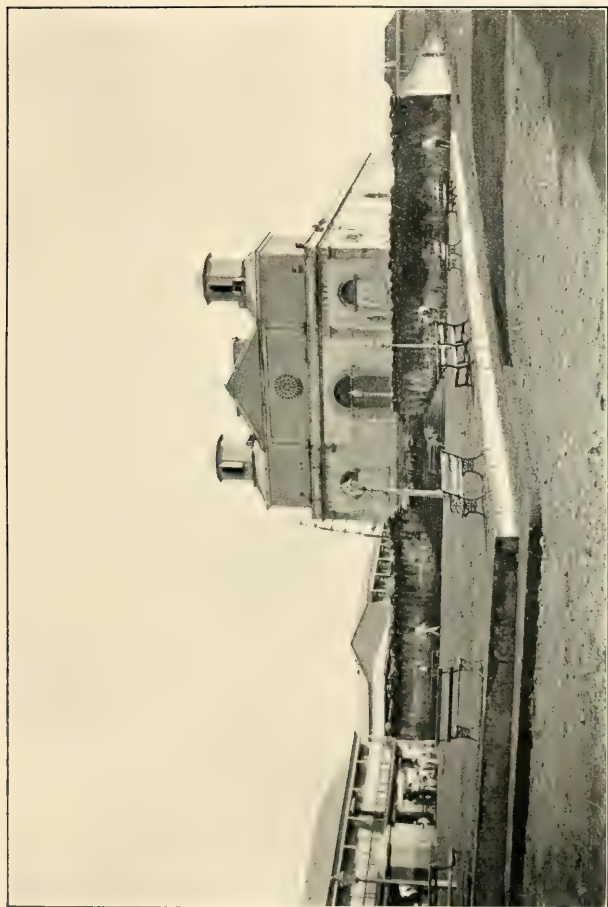
The night passed entirely without incident, and with nothing except the unusual sensations to make it memorable. Soon after dawn orders were given to break camp, and by sunrise the detail was continuing its journey toward Lares. This looked interesting in view of the attitude of the Spanish the night before. The trail, if anything, was worse than on the previous day, and the horses' feet were already in bad shape. Suddenly, through a rift in the foliage, the white buildings of Lares came in view, and, just as the detail arrived at the foot of a steep rock hill and emerged from the woods, something else came into view, namely, the Spanish trenches thrown up on a hill about eight hundred yards on the right. A halt seemed to be in order. The Spanish could be seen distinctly moving around inside their earthworks, some in white helmets and others in little green caps. Presently, a flag of truce was stuck up outside their trenches, and Lieutenant Lockridge and his interpreter, also with a flag of truce, went



ahead. He arrived at an understanding with the Spanish officer, who had received advices during the night from San Juan, and returned in about three hours.

The detail now moved forward into the town. The Spanish had abandoned the trenches in which they had first been seen, and none were visible as the Americans, black and forbidding looking, in dripping ponchos, crossed the bridge at the foot of a steep hill and entered the narrow streets. These for a few minutes were deathly quiet, and then swarmed with natives as soon as the latter became assured of the peaceful character of our intentions. Traces of the Spanish occupation, however, were numerous in the rifle pits and barbed wire fences by which every road and alley leading up to the summit of the hill was blockaded. The only road available was one which the natives had just opened.

The arrival of the first "Americanos" occasioned a wild demonstration, for Lares had been the Spanish stronghold in that part of the island, and the natives had suffered accordingly. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm which greeted the troopers on every side. The public school house, "por ninos," adjoining the Cathedral in the centre of the town, had been cleaned and scrubbed out for the reception of the soldiers, and a private house just below placed



CATHEDRAL AT LARES, SHOWING BARRICADES AND LOOPHOLES PUNCHED IN THE FRONT  
WALL JUST ABOVE THE MAIN CORNICE.



at the disposal of Lieutenant Lockridge. The picket line was laid in the cathedral plaza, or terrace, and the tired beasts were soon knee deep in the long, fresh grass that a string of natives brought up and deposited there. The Cathedral, too, at the highest point and centre of the town, had been fortified as if for a last stand, and reminded one of a picture of Saragossa. The tiles of the plaza about the Cathedral had been torn from their places, piled up along the edge of the terrace and covered with sacks of earth and gravel, between which were left apertures for the Mausers; even the doors were protected by breastworks, and the towers were pierced with loopholes.

The fellows lived on the fat of the land that day. It took some time, however, to get used to the sensation of being regarded as an animal in a cage. The population hung around outside in droves, staring with eyes and mouths wide open. One would think they would tire of it after a while, but those dagos would stand by the hour, some of them in exactly the same position, taking in everything. All the lame, halt and blind from the surrounding boroughs were brought in and deposited on the doorstep of the barracks—horrible cases of elephantiasis, tumor, epilepsy and very likely leprosy—until finally Dr. "Letch" Smith drove them off as a health precau-

tion. It was fully two days before the crowd around the school-house diminished to any appreciable extent. A serenade by the most excruciating native band, which planted itself directly under our windows, was the feature of the first evening; it was well meant, but made night hideous, and the intense enthusiasm excited among the natives by the wild airs made a riot or outbreak of some kind seem probable.

The detail occupied the town for three days. During that time a patrol and sentry ("A" men exclusively) were kept on guard day and night, the former to watch the natives and report any gathering, or put a stop to any demonstration that might be in process of organization. The feelings of the men, as they patrolled the dark, narrow streets at night in a town of that size, miles away from the American army, and not knowing whether or not treachery was at work behind the fast-closed shutters of those rickety old houses, can better be imagined than described. Pierson was accosted one night by an excited individual who stoutly maintained that a Spanish sympathizer was about to start on a tour of rapine and massacre, and demanded that he be taken out and shot. Pierson, with a great show of concern, accompanied the native to his house and put a red chalk mark on his door, assuring him that the

sign would protect him and his household from all troubles, and sent him on his way rejoicing. Several other false alarms of a like nature were given, but nothing serious happened within the patrol limits. Two Spanish sympathizers were killed in the suburbs, however, which tended to increase the apprehension of trouble. The crowds about the barracks gradually diminished, and the people returned to their accustomed routine of life.

A refreshing incident was the appearance in Lares of a Dr. Ascenjo, a Puerto Rican, who had graduated at a medical school in Brooklyn and who was full of interesting information.

The second day was marked by the arrival in town of the former alcalde of the place, who had been exiled by the Spanish. The whole population was at his heels, once more wild with delight. His more intimate friends crowded about, kissing him and vieing with each other for the honor of holding his horse.

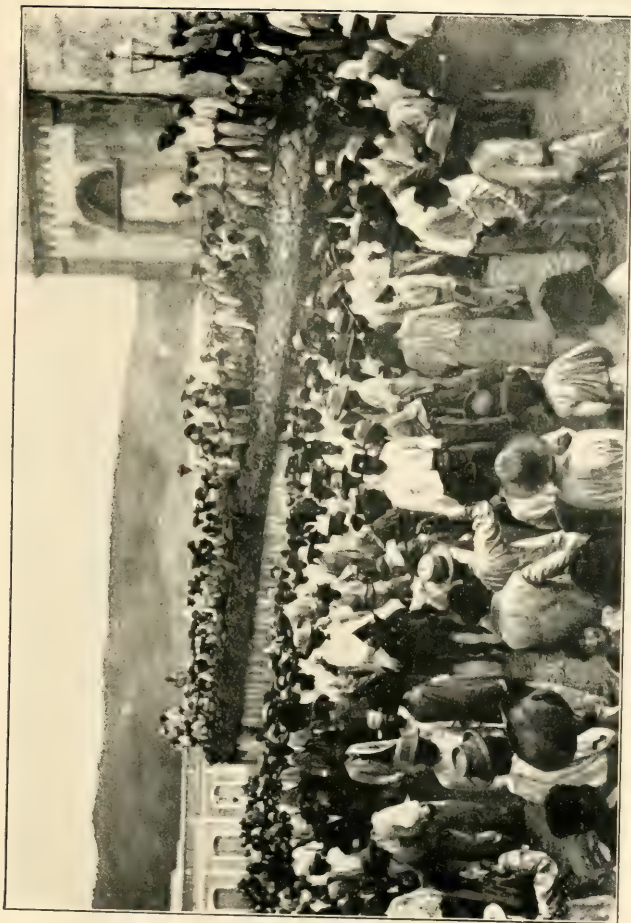
On the afternoon of the third day, Wednesday, August 17th, hurry orders were unexpectedly received to saddle up and to keep all arms close at hand. The latter part of the order lent an air of distinct excitement to the occasion, and was quite a blow, for most of the men had made up their minds to a quiet stay in Lares till reinforcements arrived.

However, in fifteen minutes the detail was ready to move out, and took the trail back in the direction of Utuado. It looked like a night march, but less than a mile outside the town Lieutenant Lockridge turned sharp to the right and entered a grassy lot, where camp was to be made. Before giving orders to unsaddle he called the men to attention and said: "I want you to know that the only reason we are leaving Lares is because I have received peremptory orders to go back to Utuado. I also want you to feel that I appreciate the excellent work you men have done on this trip, under most trying circumstances. No soldiers in the world could have done it any better."

No tents were put up that night, for the time was taken up after supper by a musical seance over the camp-fire till taps. Each man slept where his saddle dropped, and was up bright and early, ready for anything.

The return to Utuado was about half accomplished when at a turn in the road Lieutenant Frelinghuysen and the Ciales crowd rode up. They were on their way to Lares and other towns in the western part of the island as an escort to Lieutenant Preston, of the Ninth Cavalry. After an exchange of greetings and a brief consultation, Lieutenant Lockridge returned to Utuado with his interpreter





STULMAN

LAREN. THE RETURN OF THE ALCALDE AFTER THE EVACUATION OF THE SPANISH TROOPS.  
THE ALCALDE IS ON HORSEBACK AT THE LEFT CENTER.



and the rest faced about and picked their way back to Lares, with the whole "A" detail reunited, except Jamie Clark, who returned to Utuado on account of illness.

The night was spent in Lares, and next morning, Friday, August 19th, the detail departed for Las Marias over the vilest trail yet encountered. It was "by trooper" all the way, and slow at that. At times the coffee-bushes hung so low over the trail that it was a question whether horse or man could make his way through. At one time the report of a gun brought a sharp order to prepare arms for instant service, and a halt was ordered until a reconnaissance revealed that it was some native shooting birds. The four men from "B" Troop had been left in Lares to garrison the town, but departed that morning by order of Lieutenant Preston, who was overtaken by a courier and told that the Spanish were coming back to Lares and refused to enter if any American soldiers remained.

Las Marias was reached toward the middle of the afternoon, after fording a very deep and rapid stream, in which the pack mules had the worst of it. The banks of the stream on the farther side were strewn with band music, old helmets and other paraphernalia which the Spanish had abandoned on

their retreat after the fight at Las Marias, and the battle-field, too, was suggestive of disaster, though it was several days after General Schwan's victory.

Just outside of Las Marias the detail was halted by a provost guard of the Eleventh Infantry posted on a hill commanding the road, but the answer to the challenge, "U. S. Troops, Lieutenant Preston and a scouting party," was satisfactory. No stop was made in the town, which differed, externally, in no respect from all the others, and the detail halted at an abandoned camp, about four miles farther on, where the mud was deep and sticky from the tramp of men and horses, and the grass had become a memory. It rained nearly all night, and the whole place was afloat. The entire time of the sentries was occupied in keeping the camp fire lit. Altogether the morning dawned on as wet, dirty, cold and disgruntled a crowd as one would care to meet, and not till some hot coffee, served at a wayside inn, had gotten in its work and the sun had dried things up a little, did the spirits of the men begin to rise. The meeting with a battery of the Fifth Artillery struggling up a hill through six or eight inches of mud helped to make everybody feel things might be worse.

Soon the muddy road ended; from that point to Mayaguez it was like the first part of the road out of

Ponce. It was not an unmixed blessing, however, for it meant a steady trot for five miles down hill and through the town. Once there, troubles were at an end for the time being. The horses enjoyed their liberty in the back yard of an old warehouse, which the men shared with a guard detail of the First Kentucky. Horses and property were put in charge of one man, the rest being left to their own devices. That meant a bath in the old-fashioned cement bathtubs at the Hôtel de Paris, or in the dilapidated showers at the Spanish barracks, and a dinner and long smoke on the front porch, where officers and men mingled freely without distinction of rank. "Madame," who kept the hotel and spoke any language but English, showed an extraordinary amount of interest in the new arrivals and did much for their comfort. An informal banquet on Saturday night, with speeches and much rude harmony, was a pleasant incident of the stay at Mayaguez. Lieutenant Preston, on being toasted, made a few happy remarks in regard to the spirit of discipline, which, to his surprise, seemed to pervade Troop "A." A long loaf on Sunday, spent by some in quizzing the fair ones, bedecked in lace, who ventured out without their duennas, and by others in visiting the Spanish barracks, where the First Kentucky had a lot of prisoners under guard, was

brought to a hasty close by orders to saddle up about five P. M., and the seven mile trot that followed, the halt for a cup of coffee in a country store, and the night ride till two A. M. through darkness, rain and mud will remain long in the memory of those who had to go through it. The village of San German was passed about midnight. Two hours later the detail arrived at Sabana Grande, where the local police station had to serve again as shelter, and the horses had the whole corral behind to themselves. It was weary work dragging one's wet heavy equipment up those stairs and making a bed afterward at two A. M., but in fifteen minutes at most, every man was dead to the world, the guard duty being left to a couple of Puerto Rican policemen.

Up again at eight o'clock, a hasty breakfast, saddle up and forward, march! This time the trail struck up into the mountains from Sabana Grande, and the scenery was equal to any on the whole trip. As the top of the ridge was reached Playa de Ponce could be seen dimly, with the fleet of transports at anchor in the bay. On the summit the detail halted and interviewed a couple of Frenchmen who lived there in a hut, for God knows what reason, and whose sole offering in the way of refreshment on a hot day was some anisette strong enough to walk alone. They had not heard of the Protocol, knew





CATHEDRAL AND STATUE OF COLUMBUS IN PLAZA OF MAYAGUEZ.





only vaguely that there had been a war and apparently did not care. From the summit the trail wound down hill in frightful grades that used up the horses' feet fearfully. There will be horseshoes on that trail to arouse the wonder of the natives probably till the end of time, for it could not have been used more than twice a year. Getting the horses shod had caused no end of trouble during the whole trip, for few native blacksmiths had anything but small shoes for their own horses, and when they had, were so afraid of the cavalry horses on account of their size that it took about six men to accomplish it. This was so marked at Mayaguez that Pierson turned the owner of the shop out of house and home and spent all Sunday shoeing up the whole fifteen, and he did it well, too, considering the limited facilities.

Lieutenant Preston was anxious to reach Adjuntas that night, but we did not make it, and were forced to camp. The tents were pitched in a beautiful grassy field adjoining an old hacienda, and the tiredest crowd that ever lived slept the sleep of the weary that night. They had covered in the twenty-four hours since leaving Mayaguez what would be equivalent on the plains to a sixty mile march. An early start brought the detail in sight of Adjuntas about ten o'clock, August 23rd, when the officers

left at the junction of the road from Sabana Grande and Utuado and went to Adjuntas for orders.

They came back about noon, and we went on to Adjuntas, arriving there at one o'clock. Shortly afterward a detachment of fifteen men from Troop "A," under Sergeant Phelps arrived. They were escorting Lieutenant Langhorne and guarding a large sum of money, which was being carried through to Utuado. It had been two weeks since we had seen any Troop "A" men, and it seemed like a meeting of long lost brothers. The night was spent in the old plaza in Adjuntas, where those who had enough energy left put up their dog-tents in the "card-board garden."

The next morning, August 24th, at about seven, our detachment left Adjuntas bound for Utuado. It was rather a disgusted crowd, for most of us had visions of Ponce and an occasional rest, but about half way over, a native overtook the detail with a message to Lieutenant Frelinghuysen. It contained orders to return to Ponce to take the transport home. After three cheers for Lieutenant Preston, who kept on to Utuado, the crowd set up a howl of delight that must have startled the natives, and there was no lagging the rest of the day. A short distance back on the trail we met Lieutenant Langhorne and Sergeant Phelps' detail, and notified them

of our orders to return at once to Ponce. Lieutenant Langhorne's instructions were to proceed to Utuado and it was, therefore, decided that his escort should go on with him. We said "Au revoir" to our comrades and wished them good luck, and then a long, fast march, trotting most of the way, up hill and down, brought the wanderers back to the fold at Ponce, which was a haven of refuge and rest from that time until we boarded the transport.









HORSE CAR IN MAYAGUEZ THE ONLY ONE WE SAW ON THE ISLAND.



# Special Delivery

Thomas Slidell.

"And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight  
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate."

—Robert Browning.



T a very early hour the day after the Frelinghuysen Lancers had left Ponce I was awakened by someone speaking my name. I sat up, rubbed my eyes, and recognized my Lieutenant.

"Get on your clothes," he said. "I have something for you to do."

Little time was lost in obeying his order, and in a few moments I was out of the barracks, trudging behind him, carbine and sabre in hand. The lieutenant left me at a small frame house, saying as he went away that I was wanted inside.

I pulled down my blouse in the back, took off my hat, ran my fingers over my hair (more from habit than from any idea of improving its appearance), mounted the steps and entered a small room. It was quite dark, but at first glance I took in a

small table in one corner at which sat a general officer busily engaged in writing by the aid of a candle stuck in a bottle. Stretched out on a sofa near him was a man sleeping, whom I surmised was one of the staff.

It was several minutes before General Stone (for it was he) looked up from his work. When he did so I saluted, saying at the same time in a low tone, "Orderly, sir."

"Step outside," he said, "I will be ready for you in a minute."

He soon appeared carrying in his hand several large envelopes, which he instructed me to carefully put away on my person and convey to General Miles with all haste.

It was entirely too early to expect anything from the commissary, so I did the best I could in the way of breakfast by going over what was left from the night before, mounted my horse and headed for Headquarters.

Several months had passed since I had been my own master, and to be once more free, so to speak, did not go unappreciated by me. When I got well into the country, however, an entirely new sensation began to come over me. It seemed very wild and lonely, and several times I caught myself looking back over my shoulder with more than common

interest when a twig snapped, or a bird suddenly flew up from the roadside. This very uncomfortable feeling soon passed away, however, and gave place to a much more happy condition of mind. I began to whistle and hum bits of song and, in fact, enjoyed life immensely.

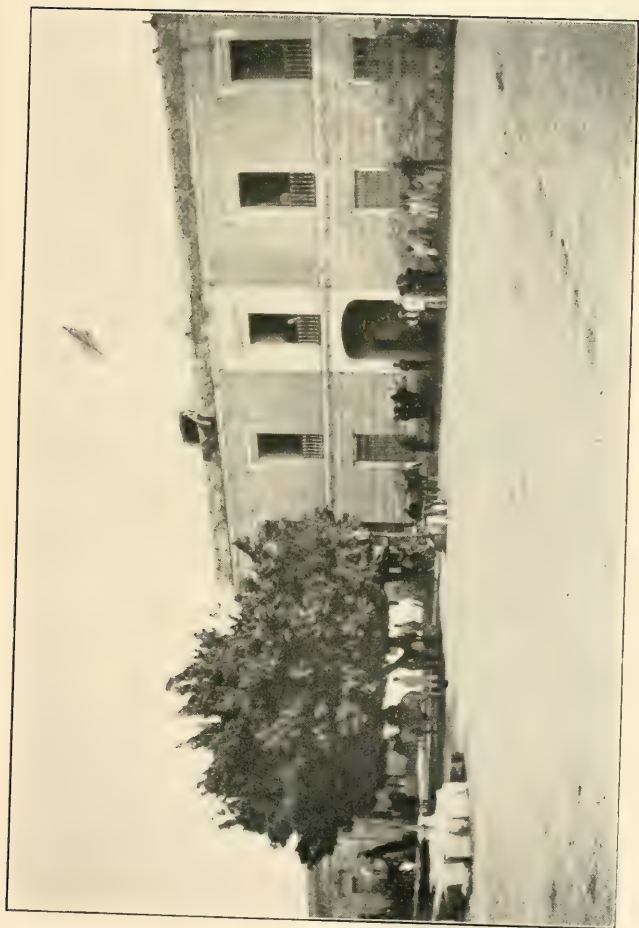
Since leaving Adjuntas I had been going on a fast trot and by noon had covered probably fourteen miles and was well into the mountains. Up to this time I had not seen anyone. Making a sharp turn in the road, however, I suddenly came upon two natives who were engaged in wood chopping, using, in place of axes, long, heavy machetes. I drew rein as I saw them, they being about one hundred feet from me. They seemed quite as interested in me as I was in them, and a spirited conversation sprang up between them, interspersed with many gestures. Finally, one dropped his knife and, jumping the low log fence that separated us, approached me, making as he came wild gestures down the road and apparently much excited. To this day I have been unable to form any idea as to just what the trouble was, but the native's extraordinary behavior had a very apparent effect on me, for soon I discovered myself indulging in the most frantic gesticulations and facial motions, first pointing down the road, then at my carbine and finally at myself, ending up with

the most furious noddings of my head—all of which the natives seemed to agree with perfectly.

It soon occurred to me that nothing very definite could be gained by conversing with my newly made acquaintances, so I decided to ride on. Just before rounding a turn in the road I looked back and saw the men still gazing intently after me. The condition of affairs did not strike me as particularly pleasing, but I could think of no way to improve them.

After having gone about five hundred yards I decided that something ought to be done; moreover, I was approaching a particularly gloomy turn in the road. So, dismounting, I tied my horse to a tree, took my carbine from the boot, and began climbing an almost perpendicular slope which rose above me. Finally, I reached a place, probably two hundred feet above the road, which offered an excellent view of the surrounding country, particularly in the direction in which I was most interested; but, being unable to see anything, I again resumed my journey with very much the same feeling that one has when preparing for an ice-cold bath, and arrived without incident at Headquarters late that evening.

The next morning found me again in the saddle heading northward, for Headquarters had given me despatches for the Sixth Massachusetts and Sixth Illinois, which I knew to be somewhere about Ad-



CUSTOM HOUSE—PORT OF PONCÉ. THE UPPER RIGHT-HAND WINDOW IS THAT OF GENERAL  
MILES' HEADQUARTERS DURING THE CAMPAIGN



juntas. That night I slept by the roadside in a heavy rainstorm, having missed my way, and the following night I spent with General Henry's body-guard of regular troops.

It was lonely work, and very glad was I to be able, by a lucky stroke,\* to get safely out of the business and once more join the old camp and again hear the bugle-call which only a few days before I had so willingly left behind.

\*[Slidell (having decided that courier work was monotonous and wearing) was told by General Gilmore that when he went back he was to take certain despatches with him. Saluting, said Slidell, "Oh, but, General, I'm not going back." "Ah! In that case," replied the General, "I'll get someone else." And Slidell went to camp and rested, rejoicing.—Eds.]









SWITH

CROWELL

HALT OF DETAIL JUST OUTSIDE OF LARES AND IN SIGHT OF SPANISH INTRENCHMENTS.

# The Ciales Expedition

George O. Redington.

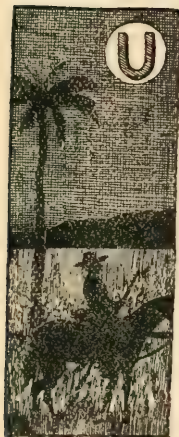
" Says the Don, ' Go back; you're off the track.'

Says Preston, ' Do not jolly!

'Neath this white flag don't chew the rag,

You must have slipped your trolley.' "

—Freely Translated.



TUADO was not attacked by the Spaniards the night of August 11th, 1898, notwithstanding the supposed direct and accurate information received by the American officers, and despite the false alarm during the "wee sma' hours" occasioned by a slight earthquake; and it did not become necessary for seventy men, half a company of the Nineteenth Infantry, fifteen men from Troop "B," Second Cavalry, and fifteen men from Troop "A," to force back overwhelming numbers of the enemy.

The following day our quarters were moved from the Guardia Civile barracks, where we had slept on our arms during the night, to the telegraph office. Three companies from the Nineteenth Infantry ar-

rived and camped near the Arecibo River on the outskirts of the town. There were increased rumors of an attack, but nothing occurred. Lieutenant Patterson, our own "Pat," of General Henry's staff, came through with orders to await the General's arrival, and later, to the intense satisfaction of every man, due to the prospect of immediate active service, we were transferred from General Miles's body-guard to General Henry's headquarters.

General Henry reached Utuado the next day, leaving the balance of his brigade strung out a number of miles back over the mountain road, and established his headquarters. It was said he issued orders for the Troop "A" detachment to leave the following morning to reconnoitre the Spaniards' position at the town of Lares, and it seemed that a few hours only would intervene before the Krag-Jørgensen carbines would have a chance at their outposts. That very afternoon, however, news of the protocol was received, and consequently the Lares scouting trip was abandoned. About the same time the natives brought in stories to the effect that the Spaniards at Ciales had shot down in the streets of that town a number of men, women and children upon almost no provocation whatever. General Henry immediately ordered that ten men from our detail proceed to Ciales under a flag of truce to notify the

Spaniards of the protocol, present to them a copy of the proclamation which had been promulgated by General Henry and investigate as far as possible what foundation, if any, there was for these rumors.

As at this time there were fourteen men in the detachment it became necessary to draw lots to see which four should remain. This was done, and "Pete" Stillman, George Adee, "Jamie" Clark and Horace Henry drew the short straws. The trip was to last three days, and the two "mule skimmers," Jim Ross and Ed Anderson, were to go along with six pack mules to carry the tent-rolls, provisions for the men and feed for the horses.

On the morning of August 14th the expedition got under way, consisting of First Lieutenant Preston, Ninth Cavalry, representing General Henry, Second Lieutenant Frelinghuysen, Sergeant Frank Bowne, Corporal "Foxy" Leigh, Corporal Arthur Brown and Privates Rowe Bradley, Gus Wallace, Amos Pinchot, Jack Grannis, "Jimmie" Beales, Lyman Dyer and George Redington. In addition to these were Ross and Anderson with the pack mules.

We had proceeded about half way through Utuado when there came dashing up, mounted on fiery little native horses, eight or ten Puerto Ricans, one of whom was to act as our guide and interpreter. They immediately demanded a supply of arms that

they might assist in annihilating the large force of Spaniards holding Ciales. The interpreter looked at the handful of men behind Lieutenant Preston and asked if they were all he intended bringing, saying they were insufficient for the purpose, but the interpreter was assured that no more men were needed, and was also informed that he and his comrades would not be furnished with arms. After a short confab the expedition finally got under way.

Just outside of the town a halt was made, while a suitable pole was cut, to which was attached a large white towel belonging to "Foxy" Leigh; this served as a flag of truce. The march throughout the day was very severe on the horses, as we proceeded along a mere mountain trail, which was very rough and steep most of the time. It often became absolutely necessary to dismount and assist the horses in scrambling up the more difficult places.

During the afternoon the detachment passed through the town of Jayuya. Our reception was tremendous in its enthusiasm, and every step of the way was like that of a triumphant march. The people crowded up to the sides of our horses yelling at every other breath "Viva los Americanos!" "Puerto Rico Americano!" It was as though we had come to deliver them from slavery and the most oppressive bondage. The Alcalde and other authorities of the



town urged that we remain and accept of their hospitality, but Lieutenant Preston said that we must press on, and we did so. This town had but a few hundred population, but its people created a demonstration never to be forgotten. All along the trail it was the same story to a greater or less degree. We were the first Americans to pass through that region, and the natives' admiration and welcome appeared unlimited. They seemed to think that our few men were going to drive the Spaniards to the north coast and into the sea with but a single effort, and that thereafter they were to be free from the hated Spanish. All through the mountains are scattered squalid huts, in which live one or more families. The huts themselves are small thatched affairs, generally having one room, and only two or three at the most. They are furnished with barely more than a wooden table and a few rough chairs. Several generations seem to be represented in each hut, and what they do for a living and how they exist is almost beyond comprehension; it would be hard to conceive of human beings in these modern times existing in a more primitive condition. Occasionally a profitable appearing coffee plantation or fruit farm will be seen, but these are few and far between, especially in this section of the island.

Finally, just as it was growing dark, we camped

on the top of a high mountain, and, after a welcome mess of hardtack, bacon, coffee and fried green bananas, we crawled into our "dog" tents, leaving one sentinel posted, with special instructions to see that the flag of truce did not blow down. In the morning as soon as it was light, all were up preparing to get an early start.

The forenoon of the second day was practically a repetition of the first day's march. We were joined by a couple of hundred native men, women and children, who had fled from Ciales, and, as we proceeded, this number constantly increased. These people were anxious to return to their homes under our protection, and they all told incredible stories of killing and looting by the Spaniards. The trail was even worse than the day before, and on one occasion Lieutenant Preston, who has been all through the West, and who was on the recent government relief expedition to the Klondike, remarked, "I have been on a great many trails in my day, but this beats anything I have ever seen."

We approached Ciales about one o'clock. By this time there were three or four hundred natives accompanying us on every side, some on the little horses, but the great majority on foot. They were constantly chattering with one another, cheering us from time to time, and making a great hubbub in



LOADING A PACK MULE—PONCÉ



general. As we neared the town, Lieutenant Preston ordered the natives to maintain absolute silence, and he took the further precaution, which subsequent events proved to have been most fortunate, to send on a messenger to notify the Spaniards that we were coming under a flag of truce, and at the same time to deliver to them a copy of General Henry's proclamation. This also gave the Spaniards an abundance of time in which to prepare to meet us in any manner they might choose, an opportunity of which they took immediate advantage.

At last, while descending a long, gradual hill, the sides of which rose up almost perpendicularly on either hand to a height of eight or ten feet, and just as we were within about a hundred yards of a curve in the road, we came upon two Spanish sentinels, who ordered us to halt and started running in our direction. We halted. Lieutenant Preston, who was in advance, called back, "Get ready, boys; I think we are in for it!" at the same time reaching for his pistol. However, he told the interpreter to inform them that we were under a flag of truce and were there to consult the Spanish officer. The men stopped, removed the bayonets from their rifles and put them in their belts, but their pieces were allowed to remain cocked. The soldiers then came up to within a convenient speaking distance. They were

very much excited. Lieutenant Preston, talking at all times through the interpreter, asked them who their officer was. One pointed to the sergeant's chevrons on his arm and said that their officer was not at hand. Lieutenant Preston said that he could not talk to the Sergeant, that he must go back and tell his commander to come and meet the American officer half way between the lines. This the man did, and shortly afterward Lieutenant Pedro Ladesma came riding around the curve in the road, accompanied by two civilians.

Lieutenant Preston, with the interpreter at his side, and with Corporal Leigh directly behind him holding the flag of truce, rode forward and met the Spaniard about one hundred feet in front of our detachment, and there held a consultation. The two civilians, who we afterward learned were soldiers in disguise, stood on either side of the road but a few feet away with cocked Remington rifles in their hands. Ladesma himself had drawn his pistol from its holster and had it cocked and thrust in the pommel roll near where his right hand rested. In addition to these men there were four soldiers, who advanced and stood near by. All had their pieces cocked. Back at the head of the road a half dozen others, fully armed, took position facing us.



After shaking hands with Ladesma, Lieutenant Preston delivered to him a copy of the proclamation and said that he was sent to inform them of the protocol and that hostilities had ceased. Ladesma stated that he had heard nothing of the protocol from his government, and could take no notice of it until he did. Lieutenant Preston asked if we could enter the town, and he said "No." Lieutenant Preston also asked suddenly what had happened two days before. At this question both the civilians, Ladesma and one of the men began talking very volubly and excitedly, during which the interpreter gathered that there had been some trouble between the Spaniards and the natives upon the re-entry of the former, they having left Ciales several days before and returned, and that a few inhabitants and soldiers had been hurt. Lieutenant Preston was finally informed that there had been some trouble, but nothing serious.

When asked if anyone had been killed, they all shook their heads vehemently and said "No." Lieutenant Preston then wanted to know if the residents who had followed us back could be allowed to enter the town and return to their homes unmolested. The Spanish officer said "Certainly," and the interpreter informed the crowd that they could go in without us. None of the crowd, however,



showed any desire to take advantage of this permission and none of them went.

As a strange coincidence, while the consultation was taking place an orderly galloped up to the Spanish officer and handed him certain papers. Ladesma read them and shrugged his shoulders. In response to a question, he said they were nothing. Nevertheless a copy was given to Lieutenant Preston and the interpreter attempted to read them, but he did not seem able to make them out readily, and it was not until night by the camp-fire that they were read. They proved to be notice of the protocol and instructions to the Spaniards to turn in their arms within a certain time. Lieutenant Preston again requested that we be allowed to enter the town. Ladesma said that if we wanted to wait for five or six hours he would send to his superior officer and find out whether or not it could be allowed, but he could not take the responsibility personally. This ended the interview, Ladesma shaking hands with Lieutenants Preston and Frelinghuysen, the latter having ridden up meanwhile. The Spanish officer was a very disagreeable and treacherous looking man. The interpreter and others said that he had a very bad reputation throughout the island.

During the conference our detachment was standing in column of twos, and we had been instructed

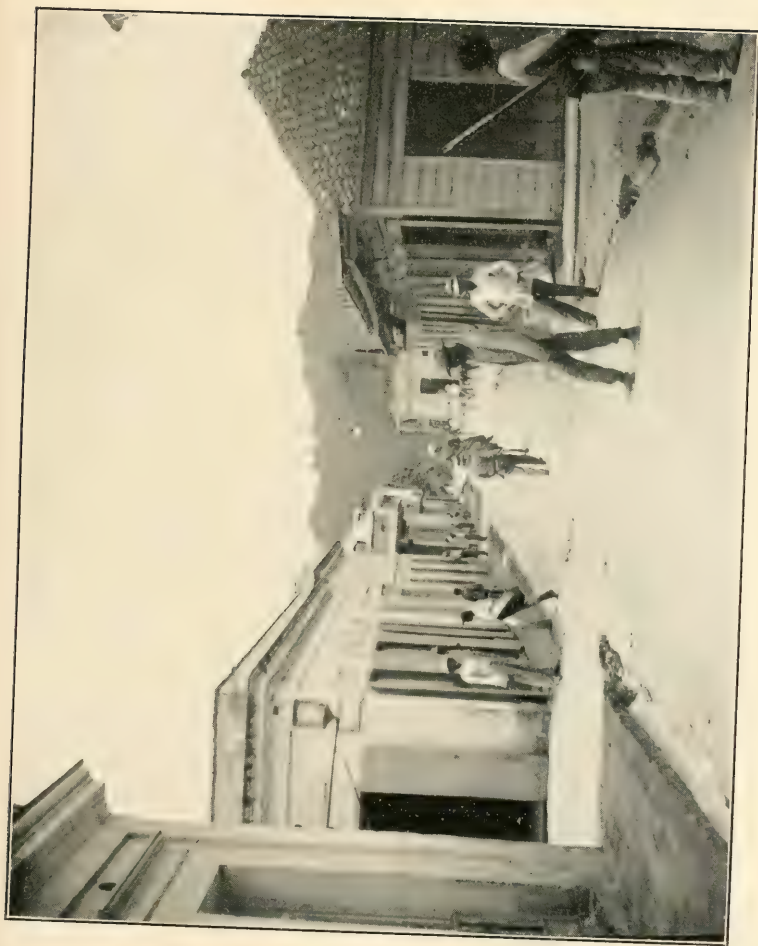
what to do in case of an emergency. Lieutenant Frelinghuysen had ordered Ed Anderson to hold all the horses in the event of an order to dismount and fight on foot or deploy as skirmishers. This did not appeal to Anderson's fighting blood, and Jim Ross, his companion, came forward and said in a respectful manner, "Ed wants to know if the natives can't hold the horses, as if there is going to be any amusement he would like to be in it." These two "mule skimmers" were true Western cowboys; they had served in the United States Cavalry against the Indians, had been "cow-punchers" a greater part of their lives and had been to the Klondike. Ross, in addition, was a good deal of a pugilist, having encountered nearly every one of note in the West, and at one time holding the championship of the Navy for several years.

After Lieutenants Preston and Frelinghuysen had shaken hands with the Spanish officer the order was given, "Twos, left about, march!" and the return trip was begun. Sergeant Bowne and Private Beales acted as rear guard. At this point it was developed that during all this time the little detachment had been thoroughly ambushed, for as we started back, and after the main body had gotten beyond a curve three or four hundred feet from the halting-place, the rear guard, in looking around, as

they did continually for fear of treachery, saw a large number of Spaniards coming down from positions where they had been concealed on either side of the road. There had been ample time to arrange this ambushade, as the messenger sent on ahead had preceded us by a full half hour.

The holding up of the detail in a place that could not have been better adapted for an ambush, and the secret concealment of men where, at one volley, they could have completely wiped it out, were planned with sagacious cunning. There is no doubt that the least hostile move, or any other possible excuse, would have caused serious trouble for those few men a day and a half's march from the nearest American soldier. The whole treatment of the flag of truce was outrageous, and had there been a less cool and experienced officer than Lieutenant Preston to deal with the situation the outcome might have been very different.

Nothing occurred throughout the balance of the day, and so far as we know the Spaniards did not follow us. The number of natives began to increase still more, as a great many along the road packed up what few possessions they could and proceeded to get farther away from the Spaniards. They were in great fear, despite our assurances that the war was over.



A STREET IN UTUADO



We arrived that night at half-past six on top of the same mountain where we had broken camp in the morning. The men had been in the saddle continuously for eleven hours and a half without dismounting, except occasionally to rest the horses and to help them over the especially difficult parts of the trail.

August 16th we returned to Utuado, arriving there early in the afternoon. Several miles out from the town we met Lieutenant Patterson and a detail of four regulars from Troop "B" on their way to Jayuya, General Henry having received reports that brigands were terrorizing the whole neighborhood. "Pat" was sent to investigate. He found that two such bands had been through a short time before, but that the Alcalde and residents had treated them with so much tact and hospitality that the outlaws had gone on to other fields. While this detail was at Jayuya news came in that the Spaniards were on the way there from Ciales. "Pat" thereupon, after sagely advising the Alcalde to protest against the Spaniards' advance as a violation of the protocol, gathered his men around him and retired in good order to report to his General. The rumor, by the way, proved unfounded.

At Utuado we found that the men whom we had left there three days before with the exception of

Adee, together with Seymour Cromwell's gun detail of five men and a few from Troop "B," all in command of First Lieutenant Lockridge, Troop "B," had gone to Lares.

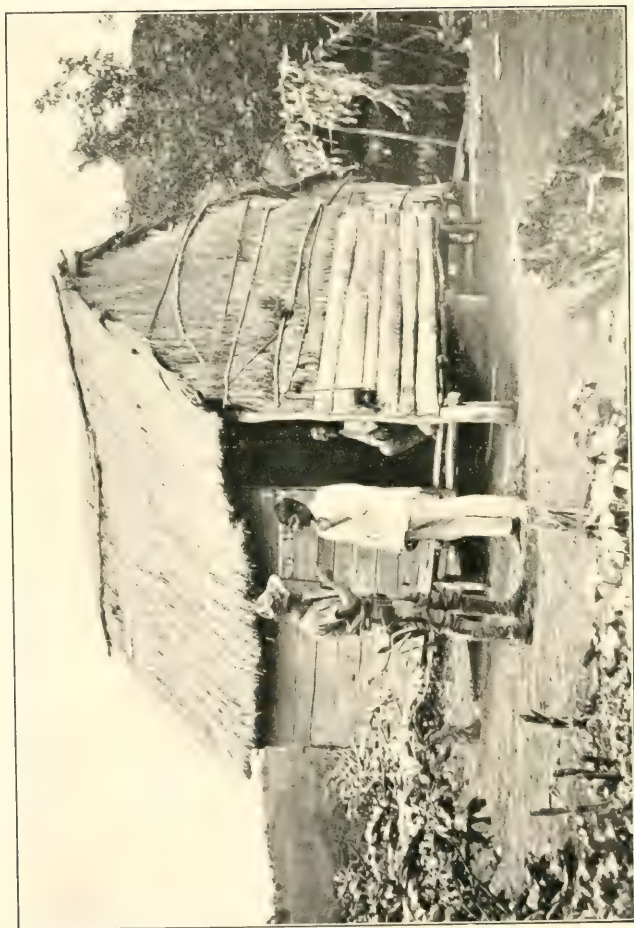
We remained in Utuado the next day, and then General Henry ordered that we start out on a seven days' expedition, going first to Lares and then to the western coast of the island. This would bring us in contact with General Schwan's brigade, for whom we had despatches. His command was working eastward from Mayaguez.

August 18th an early start was made. We left George Adee ill with fever at the hotel in Utuado in care of Amos Pinchot; Amos' father, as soon as the protocol was signed, had obtained his discharge through the War Department, and on our return from Ciales notice was received of it.

The first day out, when about half way between Utuado and Lares, we met Lieutenant Lockridge's detail returning. The Troop "A" men joined our detachment, with the exception of "Jamie" Clark, who was quite ill, and returned to Ponce by way of Utuado; and the subsequent trip was taken together.







COYNE

NATIVE HUT—PORTO RICO

# Detail to Guayama

Fritz W. Hoeninghaus.

"Take a hen to her chickens;  
Take an officer to his men;  
Take a soldier to the front."

—Proverb.



ON the night of August 11th, about midnight, McGusty and I were notified by the first sergeant to report at his tent at half-past six A. M. in heavy marching order, with one hundred and fifty rounds of carbine and fifty rounds of pistol ammunition, besides five days' rations. This sounded interesting, and, of course, I hazarded all sorts of conjectures as to what was up, all of them being wide of the mark. Promptly on time Sergeant Moën, after inspecting us, told us to report to Sergeant Dyon, of Troop "B," Second Cavalry. This we did, and found that our detail (Mac and myself and two men

from Troop "B") was to go down to the Playa first and meet Captain Scott. We were to escort him to Guayama, where Troop "H," Sixth Cavalry, to which he had been assigned, was stationed. We started from Playa about ten A. M., with Captain Scott travelling on the mule wagon, which contained the rations and hay, as he had been unable to get a horse. We lost our way several times in trying to get on the main road, but struck it right at last. About five miles outside of Ponce we picked up a native who was bound for Guayama. Captain Scott thought he would make a good guide, but he turned out to be densely ignorant, and even when he did know anything he did not seem to have sense enough to tell it. On this day's march we passed through Santa Isabel and Salinas, and pitched camp on a sugar plantation, some distance beyond the latter village, with a good twenty-five miles to our credit. Captain Scott worked the deal so as to get a bed in the planter's house, and was very considerate of us (as most regular army officers are of their men), having coffee made in the house and buying milk, sugar, eggs, bread, &c., for us. The natives here were numerous and dirty, and manifested a great deal of interest in all we did. I remember my amazement at seeing a girl baby, not more than three years old, pick up the butt of a cigar I had thrown away and

calmly smoke it like a connoisseur, her mother sitting by with never a word of protest.

Next morning we made an early start and reached Guayama shortly after one o'clock. About half an hour afterward we saw the troops coming in that had been out to give battle to the Spaniards. Among them were the City Troop of Philadelphia and those dashing young lieutenants, Jim Darrach and Winnie Hoyt. They had not had a fight that day, for just as the American artillery was about to open fire an aide galloped up and announced the signing of the Peace Protocol. We pitched our dog-tents over with the Sixth Cavalry, and rested there until Monday morning. The members of the City Troop were most kind and hospitable, and we were indebted to them for several very good meals during our stay. While strolling around the town on Sunday we met that erstwhile gallant trooper, Ervin Wardman, and obtained some valuable information from him regarding the location of the leading hotel. I forgot to mention that the native whom we picked up the first day stayed with us till the end, and made a most valuable body servant and valet to Mac and me. Early Monday we set out on our homeward journey, and returned as we had come, in two days, camping over night at the same sugar plantation. That night we had the only scare of the trip. The natives

warned us that the proprietor was a Spaniard, and had a house full of that breed with him, and that they might harm us. We kept a strict watch, and nothing more alarming than a stray cow now and then came along to shake our nerves. I cannot speak too highly of the sand shown by McGusty on this trip. Though he was very sick much of the time he insisted on doing all his share of the work and taking his turn on guard with those of us who were well. More than that, he kept our spirits up by his cheerfulness and made a very pleasant trip out of our uneventful ride.









CAFÉ AT THE PLAYA



SPANISH PRISONERS TAKING THEIR DAILY WALK UNDER  
GUARD OF AMERICAN SOLDIERS—PONCE, P. R.

# The Capture of Coamo

John C. Breckenridge.

"Now, who will stand on either hand  
And cross the bridge with me?"  
Then spake the Quartermaster,  
Of Blue-grass stock was he:  
"Lo! I will ride on thy right side,  
And take the town with thee."

—Horatius at Coamo.



OAMO, a sleepy old Spanish town of about five thousand inhabitants, lies on the great military road, which runs from the coast on the south to the coast on the north, just at the southern side of the chain of mountains which run across the island from east to west. It is the intersecting point of the military road, which runs in a northeasterly direction with another road which runs in a northwesterly direction, the two gradually converging toward the pass through which it is necessary to go to reach the summit of Assomanti Mountain, where the Spaniards were

strongly intrenched. These two roads form an acute angle of about eighty degrees, the military road skirting certain foot-hills on its western side, the other road bordering certain hills on its eastern side, the intervening territory for several miles south of Coamo being a comparatively open plain.

On the morning of August 11th, 1898, Major General James H. Wilson, commanding the First Division of the First Army Corps, was encamped with 3,000 infantry, a battery of artillery and a troop of cavalry, on the military road, about four miles south of Coamo. His general orders were to advance straight along this road, and, doubling up the Spaniards in front of him, to continue until the grand objective point, San Juan, should be reached. The Spaniards occupied Coamo and had outposts thrown along the military road for several miles to the south, which was protected by hastily thrown up breastworks. The other road was commanded by a block-house, about a mile to the southeast of the town, and the two roads together effectually commanded the intervening plain.

About two o'clock in the morning Colonel Biddle, of General Wilson's staff, following a carefully reconnoitred route, led the Sixteenth Pennsylvania, by a wide detour, to the northwest, for the purpose of striking this military road a short distance to the

north of Coamo and preventing any retreat from that place to the Spanish fortifications established on Assomanti Mountain. This move was made successfully, and without giving warning to the Spaniards encamped in and near Coamo.

Several hours later the Second and Third Wisconsin regiments, supported by the artillery, moved directly up the centre of the valley to a point about two miles south of Coamo. The plan was to force the Spaniards through the town of Coamo and under the guns of the Pennsylvanians, who were waiting above. The artillery, from a position on the right of the line, opened fire on the blockhouse on their right, which was only feebly returned, and after a few minutes the blockhouse was in flames, and the Spaniards were seen to be retreating hastily into the town. The infantry was then deployed substantially across the plain, and, preceded by a strong line of skirmishers, advanced cautiously toward the apex of the triangle, where the town itself is situated.

Two members of the staff of General Wilson, of whom the writer was one, were riding with the skirmish line, and accompanied it as far as the southern bank of the creek, which crossed the plain from east to west. The bridge crossing this had been destroyed by the Spaniards as they retreated, and as the sides were very deep and precipitous, the skir-

mishers paused for a few moments. We finally found a place where we could lead our horses across, and then remounting we turned into the road again. There we were joined by Captain Paget, of the English navy; Richard Harding Davis, and one or two other correspondents. Forming in column of twos, we left the American lines and started toward the city on a fast trot. The road at this place wound like a snake round about the foot-hills, so that it was impossible to get a long view ahead. Suddenly we came full upon an abandoned Spanish breastwork. By this time we were far in advance of the American lines, and yet had not seen any retreating Spaniards.

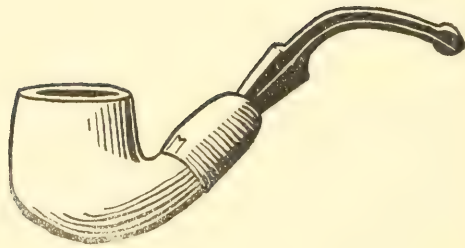
Shoving our horses over this, we became enthused with the excitement of the moment and broke into a gallop, until, suddenly, we rounded a curve and, jumping another breastwork, found ourselves on the very outskirts of the town. It presented the appearance of being totally abandoned. The streets were torn up in several places, and great pipes were thrown across, as if hastily devised means of resistance had been attempted and abandoned. The houses were closed, not a head was to be seen anywhere, and suddenly realizing that we were the first Americans to reach this objective point we let our horses out at full speed, and had a joyous race

from one end of the town to the other. There we were immediately surrounded by a clamoring lot of obsequious and insincere natives, who tried to surrender the town to us, to force us to drink all sorts of strange Porto Rican liquors, and even produced, with the greatest pride, one or two brands of American beer.

Mr. Davis jokingly claims that WE captured the town, though he says he is willing to admit, owing to his great candor, that perhaps some credit should be given the several thousand American troops that participated more or less directly in the movement. Within fifteen minutes the Sixteenth Pennsylvania appeared on the brow of a hill three hundred yards away and, not knowing that we were Americans, jumped for cover and prepared to fire. We improvised a wigwag and, finally reassuring them, they came into town, bringing with them substantially all the Spaniards who had a short time before been occupying the town and the two roads. The Pennsylvania fellows had suddenly met the Spaniards within a few minutes in full retreat toward the pass. There was a lively exchange of volleys for a few moments, but the Spanish commander, having invited death, met it, and the result being beyond doubt, those remaining very wisely surrendered.

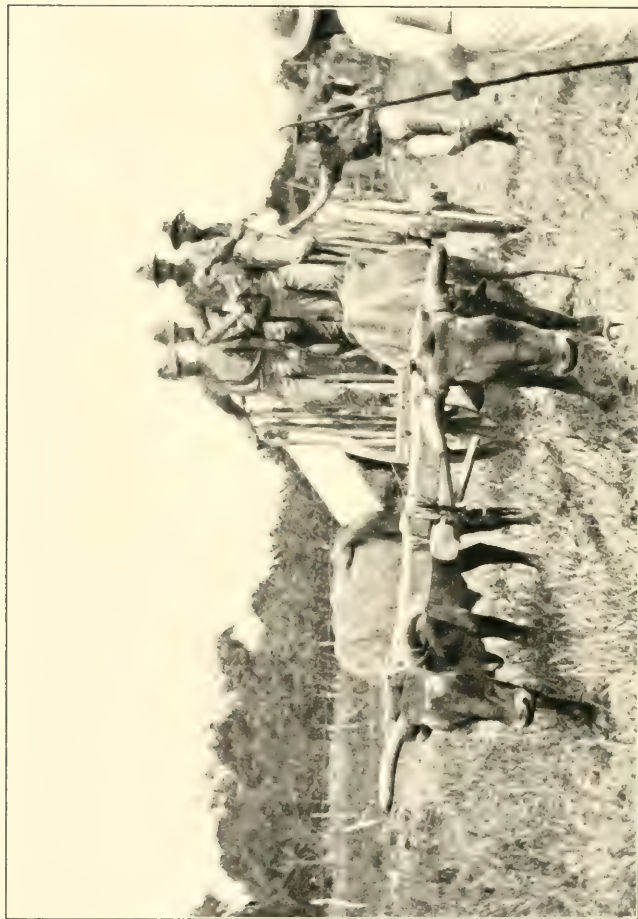


About the same time General Wilson and the Wisconsin regiments came up from the south, thus completing a movement which was executed literally as planned, and with perfect success.









TERRY LINE Q. M. SGT. BOWNE LANNON SGT. WARD

ON CART AND QUARTER-MASTER'S DETAIL—PONCÉ

# Baggage Detail to Coamo

Robert Emmet.

"Yes, I know the war is over,  
And you know the war is over;  
But does the dog know it?"

—Hurly Burly.



ON Saturday, August 13th, I was put in command of the following detail: Privates Conrow, Chapman, Coyne, Drake, Emmet, Hall, Heaton, Lee, Pierce and Quinby, given ten days' forage and rations, ammunition galore and ordered to report at once at General Miles's headquarters for further instructions. About four in the afternoon we were set to loading headquarters wagons with commissary stores, tents, etc., and at 5:30, with a United States artilleryman added to the detail, we received orders to march. Colonel Michler, of General Miles's staff, who was in charge, preceded the party at a rapid gait in an army ambulance, leaving us to manage as best we could.

Where to march, how far to march, where to halt

for supper, etc., we did not know, but we were all impressed with the idea that a very short distance would bring us into the enemy's country and that we might be exposed to an attack from Spanish irregulars at any moment. To add to our interest it became rapidly dark and the mule drivers tried to work the young sergeant and get drunk at the first halt—they remained sober, though far from graciously. We thought we kept the Coamo road, or Camino real, by calling out "Coamo! Coamo!" to every dusky shape that flittered by in the darkness, little suspecting at the time that the road was almost without forks or crossings and that to have left it, without being aware of the fact, was an impossibility.

Ten o'clock came and no word from Colonel Michler; half-past and the mules were getting very leg-weary. About this time we reached the crest of a steep hill with a sharp turn at the bottom; the first wagon was already on the descent when the "point" reported the bridge at the bottom had been partly destroyed. The wagon leading, its six mules too tired to hold back, came down the hill on the run, swinging out of the shadow of the overhanging trees into the starlight, it rattled over the bridge, without parapets and little over a foot to spare on either side of the hubs between them and a

drop of nearly a hundred feet to a rocky stream-bed below. It speaks well for the army drivers and the government mules that all four wagons got over in safety at the same break-neck speed, for many a crack four-in-hand driver and thoroughbred leader might have lost his nerve, and with it his life, at that turn.

Suddenly, at eleven o'clock, a challenge rang out from the darkness, startling us all and bringing the party to a halt. It proved to be a United States sentry with directions from Colonel Michler for us to camp there for the night. The post was at a Spanish section house, used originally by laborers working on the road, and here it was we first learned of the Protocol which had that day put a stop to hostilities. Very tired and hungry we parked the wagons on the side of the road, watered, fed and turned out our horses, then after a delicious Delmonicoesque supper, cooked on the road-side, we rolled up in our blankets on the brick porch of the section house and slept the sleep of the tired soldier. Except for the new sentry, called every hour, I doubt if a man of the squad rolled over till aroused at five-thirty by the heartless sergeant.

About seven-thirty we broke camp and began our six mile march to Coamo, perched high on its hill-top, then down the steep slope to the river beyond

and across it to the enclosure occupied by General Wilson, where we were assigned to a camp.

Coamo was in great excitement over the recent Spanish evacuation and people were coming in from the outlying districts to re-open their houses and stores. Business was being resumed, though the streets were still barricaded in places with iron sewer pipe, where the Spanish had perhaps persuaded themselves they would offer determined resistance.

General Wilson's camp was delightful, superb hills rising all around us except on one side, where below threaded the silvery Coamo River, beyond which could be seen the white tents and guns of the artillery camp, while still farther on stood picturesque Coamo itself. By the side of the lane leading into the enclosure were two interesting native huts, primitive in the extreme, perhaps ten by twenty feet, built of bamboo, upon piles above the ground, the roofs thatched with cocoanut leaves and composed of one or at most two rooms. To a casual observer a Puertorican might appear to have a strain of Irish blood in his veins, for pigs of all sizes, ditto goats, roam unrestrained all over the house. This relationship, however, I am inclined to doubt, for I could discover in the national character no trace of affection whatever for a "bit of a scrap."

Immediately after our arrival we had to unload



the wagons, put up tents for General Miles's staff and get that portion of the enclosure assigned to us into proper military shape. Our duties after that were not onerous, though for a time one of them galled us sadly. This was work we had to do for the mule drivers. It would have amused, perhaps, some of our gentle society girls to have seen us slaving in the sun, perspiration running from every pore, while those lazy blackguards, the mule skimmers, were lying in their hammocks in the shade, perhaps reading the only United States papers we had received in two weeks—one of them a big, burly negro, too. Three times a day we would scour the country for wood, which was very scarce and generally green when obtained, then by hard blowing and great persistence coax up a fire, haul water up the steep bank from the river, the muleteers the while looking lazily on. When we had cooked the meal, from our own supply of rations too, then, and not till then, would these lazy gentlemen move and exert themselves only enough to get their share of the meal, retiring again to their hammocks to dispose of it and dreamily watch us clean up the cooking utensils. We fell back on the soldiers' prerogative and, by a well directed kick, threw the disgusted and disconsolate skimmers back upon their own resources.



The river just below our camp was very picturesque and proved most attractive to the soldier boys. So much so that during the greater part of the day it was literally choked by a mass of laughing, chaffing, splashing, jolly fellows refreshing themselves or washing their clothes in the few inches of cool, clear water of the brook. The washing, moreover, of the whole town, as well as of the camp, was done here in a truly primitive style, and many were the pretty, little, naked native children that splashed in the pools while their mothers pounded the dirt out of the clothes on the stony bottom, with a delightful disregard for the future use of the articles being washed.

We fared very well during our stay at Coamo, being treated with great courtesy by the officers with whom we came in contact. General Miles's own tent was turned over to us for our use until his arrival, and all of his private commissary stores were put at our disposal, with permission to take whatever we wished. Our work was very light, having little to do but attend to our own horses. These needed grass badly and we had to picket them out twice daily, with a detail on guard, as the field was only partially enclosed. One rainy afternoon, thinking nothing would be expected of us for the rest of the day, we were deep in the intricacies of an inter-

esting little game when, to our chagrin, we were ordered to turn out the horses. Excitement ran too high to stop just then, so we had recourse to the rather novel expedient of playing the rest of the afternoon on a poncho stretched upon the grass in the open field, only stopping now and again to round up some contrary horse. It was cold and wet, we were stiff and uncomfortable, the cards were sticky and damp, the horses were "cussed" and perverse, but such were the subtleties of "the same old game" that even under these adverse conditions it was far from devoid of interest and amusement.

In addition to many other liberties and in spite of the very strict provost regulations, we were allowed to ride about the country, the only requirement being that the squad should be in charge of the sergeant of the detail. Hearing of some famous baths, four or five miles off, we made up our minds to visit them. The bath-house, so called, was of pink stucco and resembled a large hotel, though differing very much in arrangement from any I have ever seen elsewhere. It was two stories high, each having its own piazza completely encircling the building. On to these piazzas opened all the bedrooms, the doors being of lattice, with air-spaces above and below, and through these were admitted the light as well as air, for there were no other win-

dows in the building. A short hall, which was only a continuation of the piazza, ran through from front to rear, dividing the house in the middle; in these passages were placed the staircase, they apparently serving the additional duty of conventional public rooms, having rocking chairs, tables and horsehair sofas placed stiffly about. In the rear the view was most extended, the ground falling rapidly in steep terraces to a little river threading its way through a miniature canyon, while beyond this it rolled gently off to the great mountain-chain miles away.

From the rear of the lower piazza we went along a covered brick runway, down, down, twisting and turning till I could not but recall "Alice in Wonderland" and her encounter with the white rabbit in the subterranean passage.

Inside the bath, however, one received a shock, for the first room one entered, a sort of entresol, was of white and black marble with black bent-wood furniture, closely resembling the reception-room of a crematory, often euphoniously spoken of as "a burial parlor." The bathrooms themselves, however, were more attractive, each room containing two huge marble tubs, set in the floor. The faucets were nearly two inches in diameter, and so arranged that one could let a stream of water fall from a considerable height upon the body, thus obtaining a de-

lightful massage, most grateful and refreshing to our tired muscles.

After the bath we repaired to the restaurant, and with keen appetites regaled ourselves sumptuously on the best of the land for seventy-five cents apiece.

On August 17th, at 9:30 A. M., Captain Foltz, First United States Cavalry, directed the sergeant in command of the detail to report with two mounted troopers in half an hour, to carry a flag of truce into the Spanish lines. There was great commotion when this order was reported to the detail, and immediately there began a complicated system of matching, to decide who were to be the lucky troopers. Lee and Hall were the fortunate ones. Captain Clayton, of Troop "C," with a trumpeter, joined the party as we were starting out, bent apparently upon getting a view of the Spanish position. This party of six rode along the San Juan road some six miles to our outposts, passing several bridges which had been, more or less, demolished by the Spanish in their recent rapid retreat from Coamo. At our pickets, in order to avoid too large a party, Lee, Hall and the Troop "C" trumpeter were left behind, two captains and I advancing toward the Spanish lines, at a walk, under a flag of truce.

Though the road to our outposts was very attrac-

tive, from this point about two and a half miles to the Spanish lines, it was simply superb. Smooth as a billiard-table, flanked on both sides with rows of locust-trees, gorgeous with their load of red blossoms, the military road gradually rose higher and higher as it twisted and turned and wound, in almost redundant folds around the beautiful hills. Throughout almost the whole distance one could see the road miles ahead shining white against the green slopes and apparently gliding like some gigantic serpent across the country, disappearing beyond the great central mountain ridge just at the left of the Spanish position. These two miles and a half of road were in full view of the Spanish works, and a single file could hardly have covered the distance without being detected from the rifle pits. Though nearly three miles by road, it was scarcely three thousand yards as the crow flies. A well directed charge of dynamite could have made the road impassable, while an advance across country in such a contingency through the tangled underbrush would have been almost equally impossible.

It was not, however, till we got to the Spanish outposts that we realized how strong their position was. Looking backward, almost every foot of the road for miles back was distinctly visible and, in fact, so was the greater part of its course, the whole

distance from Ponce; clear and blue we could see the sea in Ponce harbor and for miles up and down the coast; with a glass the number and character of ships in that harbor could also easily have been distinguished. In fact, if watchful, nothing of importance could have taken place between the Spanish position and the sea without their knowledge.

Soon we were halted by a Spanish picket, who, immediately on challenging, took to his heels up the road to join a second sentry holding their two scrubby ponies. Both immediately mounted, one galloping on up the double S, appearing, disappearing and reappearing again, each time a little higher up the mountain, ludicrously recalling to mind Siegfried's climb on the operatic stage to free Brunhilde. Very soon down he came again on the gallop, joined his companion and both rode at full speed down upon us, pulling up short only a few feet away. With a most exaggerated show of friendship, they greeted and all but embraced Captains Foltz and Clayton, shaking hands with all the effusion and manner possible to the Latin race.

They were dirty, insignificant, little rats, in filthy, white uniforms. They wore long white trousers, strapped under shoes which were of a cheap Bowery pattern of the Congress gaiter variety; the elastic sides were worn out, allowing the tugs and a part



of the shoe to stick out fore and aft beyond wrinkled trousers, giving the soldier anything but a heroic and martial appearance. Their hats were the ordinary panamas of straw with a red and yellow cockade on the side. They wore cross-belts of russet leather, one a carbine sling, hanging almost to the knee, and the other a support for the waist-belt, which held a row of little leather boxes closely packed with Mauser clips and cartridges. Their chargers were of the starved, half-dead variety so much used and abused on the island; the saddles were of a mongrel English type, both they and the bridles being of the cheapest possible make. The carbines were in wretched condition and covered with rust. They were swung to the saddles, the muzzles stuck in small leather sockets, hanging low by the ponies' off elbow, while pommel straps were wrapped several times about the small of the stocks. This exposed the locks to dust and rain, and the sights to the danger of many knocks; with the further disadvantage that it would have taken nearly a minute to extricate the carbines from these clumsy contrivances. Machetes of English make completed this equipment—no, I forgot! One had an old spur tied to his heel with a string.

Shortly a little officer came galloping down to us. Unlike the men, he was personally clean and of very dignified manner, but, in common with them, his



pony showed no signs of ever having been groomed. After dignified salutations were exchanged, Captain Foltz explained to him that the firing which would be heard on that afternoon, would be salvos to General Miles, who was to visit our lines and outposts, and that the Spanish were not to interpret it as a breach of faith on our part and a violation of the truce. Then, with many graceful waves of the hand and profound bows, we withdrew, riding back to camp without further incident.

Next day I again had the pleasure of meeting the same Spanish soldiers, and was amused at their method of approaching an enemy's outpost. The day before the two United States Captains had ridden in front; I followed, carrying a small stick (pulled from a sapling by the roadside), with Captain Foltz's silk handkerchief knotted to it. The Spaniards observed a different formality—one trooper rode some fifty yards ahead of their party of six, vigorously waving a huge white flag on a ten foot staff, the flag most closely resembling a cotton sheet. As they withdrew he fell in fifty yards in the rear, keeping his flag flying free by an occasional wave.

Shortly after we reached camp General Miles rode in, followed by his escort, composed of the rest of our troop. We then immediately reported to Lieutenant Coudert, and, as the troop had ridden so hard

that their wagons were miles in the rear and it was well past noon, we volunteered to cook dinner for the whole troop. The way they enjoyed it amply repaid us for the additional work, events proving that they were ravenous after their hard ride.

Thus ended a very pleasant little trip. Throughout we were treated with the greatest consideration and kindness by the regular officers with whom we came in contact. This was carried to such a degree, and by men who knew nothing about any of us, nor perhaps ever expected to see us again, that it would have been an excellent object lesson to many volunteer officers in the service, who, being somewhat uncertain of their ability to command the respect of their men, considered boorishness and insolence necessary to make them appear the officer and the gentleman.





PACKING SADDLES FOR THE MARCH--CAMP ALGER.



# A Little Journey in the World

Harry J. Fisher.

"Then all the fleas in Jewry  
Jumped up and bit like fury."  
—The White Squall.

"Private in charge of the escort,  
And escort under my own command,  
Where will you see another like me,  
Compact, and expansive, and grand?"  
—A Versatile Genius.



THE life of an humble private is essentially a mechanical one, with not even a vote as to the manipulation of the machine. The abundant gray matter of our gallant band was sorely threatened with fatty degeneration while in the Isle of the Mango. It was therefore with a throb of joy which even the mess-call could not inspire that I was approached by Surgeon-Major Daly, of General Miles's staff, with a most attractive proposition, I being at the time detailed orderly at headquarters.

The Major had received instructions to inspect all hospitals where any of our sick and wounded were quartered between Ponce and General Schwan's headquarters, at Mayaguez, on the west coast. He was furthermore to take two hospital wagons of medicines and supplies to the headquarters hospital, and to report fully on the situation and condition of affairs both there and along the route. The newspaper story that our detail included an undertaker to investigate the condition of the meat is erroneous.

The writer was assigned as armed orderly to the expedition and put in charge of the wagons, skinners and mules. After receiving instructions to take the Major's horse as far as Yauco, whither he would journey by train, I corralled five days' rations from our bounteous commissary tent and rode proudly forth with my retinue, on Sergeant Emmet's broken-down sorrel. Time, half-past two P. M., August 16th.

It was the work of a moment when, out of the town, to dump all my equipment into one of the wagons, gayly mount the Major's thoroughbred and allow Emmet's "heirloom" to shamble along unburdened and fancy free. That night we camped at the roadside, and around our modest bivouac one of the skinners—a dried-up old fellow, who

would weigh about one hundred pounds—regaled us with stories of his prowess as a mule driver in the Civil War. He thoroughly convinced us that he could drive anything with four legs over any road that was passable for a mountain goat.

We pulled into Yauco about noon the next day, where we hung around for the five o'clock train. About fifteen minutes before that time every man, woman and pickaninny in the town solemnly marched down to the station to witness the event of the day. The Major, with a vast amount of "field equipment," and a body servant who answered to the name of Thomas, was quite the warmest thing on the train. The aforementioned Thomas had a command of both languages, but of the truth in neither. He might have held, with the advertising department of Pears' soap, that cleanliness is next to godliness, but if such was the case he was maturely advanced on the broad highway of the ungodly.

That night we camped near the station, the Major occupying the top, and I the lower berth of one of the wagons, of which the cargo was safely stowed on the ground under rubber blankets. The drivers slept on top of the supplies in the other wagons, while the faithful Thomas reposed beneath our wagon. We turned in with the sky studded with



stars. The deluge came about midnight and I was aroused by the Major's inquiry:

"Thomas, is it damp down there?"

Upon learning that it was quite so he modestly suggested that I share my quarters with the faithful henchman. Through lack of nerve or a tenderness of heart I acquiesced and spent the remainder of the night alongside of the dirtiest nigger the health officer ever winked at.

Wall Street wasn't a circumstance to the transference of stock that occurred during those few hours, only my acquired wealth was purely live stock.

Upon starting out the next morning, August 18th, in the steady downpour the Major relaxed discipline and made me a sort of travelling companion. Thus we jogged on ahead of the wagons, until it suddenly struck us that they had been out of sight for some time.

What a doleful sight met our eyes as we retraced our steps to the first turn in the road! There was the hero of a hundred campaigns mournfully wringing his hands on a slippery bank, while his mules were floundering in a ten foot ditch, and the wagon was helplessly reclining upside down. It is needless to enlarge upon the sad tale of how we righted the wrong after hours of vulgar labor. We finally

reached St. Germain after dark and went into camp on the edge of a graveyard, a most cheerful location.

The next morning, August 19th, as we were cooking breakfast, a mournful little party wended its way down the hill and laid to rest one of our poor boys from Wisconsin, who had given himself, like so many others, to his country—given up his life, not in the heat of battle, where blood is hot and death is easy, but in the lingering agony of fever, with no hand or voice to satisfy the longings for home and country.

Our little cavalcade rolled into Mayaguez that day and turned over our precious cargo to General Schwan. After spending a day in regaling the inner man, for the most part at the French café, we set forth on the return trip, and it was with untold joy that I saw again the good old camp of Troop "A" cosily nestled among the barbed-wire fences on Sunday evening, August 22d.

# Les Invalides

John H. Iselin.

"Turn out and help the Provost,  
Sick men and halt and blind;  
For the Troop is away at Coamo,  
And few there be left behind."  
—Charge of the Hospitallers.



IT falls to my lot to write about a side of soldier life that is little considered by the laity in general, and yet which to some of us—thank heaven, but few!—is as real as the more exciting and be-paraphrased scenes of the service. With those of us who had to face it, it remains as the last to be forgotten of the many momentous incidents that befell Troop "A" during the memorable spring and summer of 1898.

When each stride of his horse makes the trooper flinch, when he crawls from under his dog tent at reveille more tired than when he sought its shelter the night before, when sentry duty becomes a nervous misery and pork and beans a nauseous impossibility, when the aching head is too busy following



FIRST LIEUTENANT AND ACTING ASSISTANT SURGEON MEDWIN LEALE



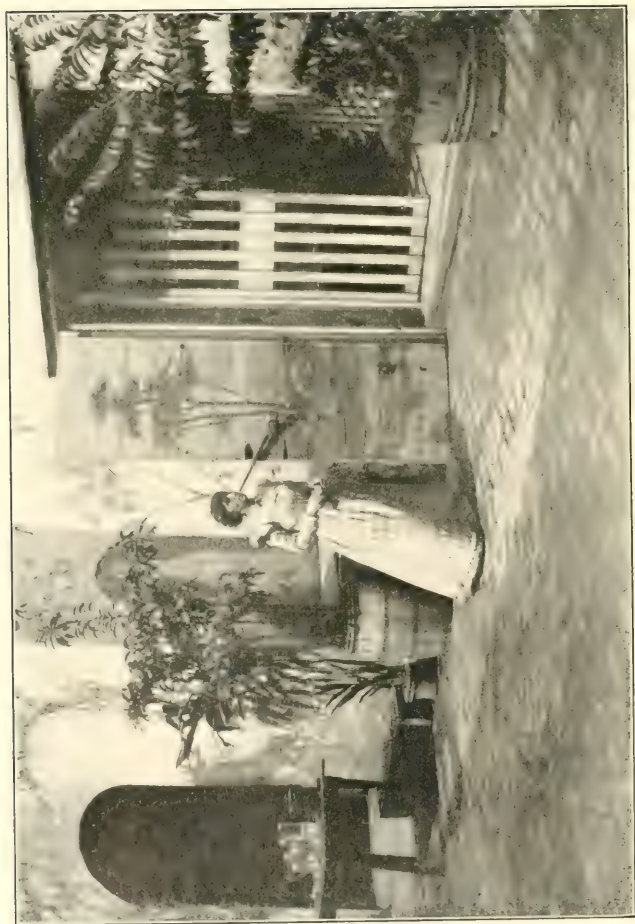
“specks” in the circumambient air to direct the weary, shaking hands, then it is time for “sick report,” and, however reluctantly, the unfortunate must see himself fall from a more or less useful place in the troop machinery to the level of a clog on his comrades, a pauper in the asylum of the hospital corps. It is hardly necessary to say that every effort was made to avoid this final catastrophe. First a day off duty or a luxurious (?) meal at one of the hotels in Ponce would be tried. Frank Huntington and I went together one day, both feeling particularly wretched, on a quest for the latter description of relief. The Hôtel Francais, the Delmonico’s of Ponce, was crowded with its usual mob of unwashed officers, much-washed troopers, batterymen and motley war correspondents; so we determined to try our luck at the Inglaterra, a neighboring and rival hostelry that happened to be less popular with the “Americanos” at that time. We entered through a narrow passage connecting the street with what, in New York, would be the back yard, climbed a winding stone staircase brilliantly painted in blue and white after the native fashion, and found ourselves in a long bare dining-room. A group of men, apparently merchants, chatting volubly and, to our delight, in French, were the only occupants of this room. We seated ourselves at a table near them;

a coffee-colored individual in a sad-looking apron poked his head through an adjacent doorway and surveyed us doubtfully; it evidently pierced his consciousness after awhile that we were not "caballeros" (gentlemen officers), but only enlisted men. Notwithstanding our stripes, he retreated in contemptuous silence. We were determined, however, to get what passes in Puerto Rico for a decent meal, and had no intention of allowing any such triviality as the snobbishness of a half-breed waiter to thwart our plans. As was the custom with many of us in the troop, we each had a few American gold pieces, which pass current anywhere in the world.

When the waiter next protruded his woolly head, one of these caught his eye as it lay on the table cloth and he at once came toward us. Gold, and yet only "serjentes!" Stolen or not, he evidently decided that the gold was worth having and he promptly brought us a bill of fare. But now another complication arose; he could not read and our Spanish, although limited in quantity, was of course too pure Castilian to be very comprehensible to any dialect-speaking native. For awhile it looked as if we had only the alternative of leaving the choice of what we should eat to him, or going without. But in this extremity our French-speaking neighbors came to our rescue; a few words from them







"MADAME" OF THE HOTEL FRANÇAIS, PONCÉ

and our wants were in a fair way to be satisfied. We even secured a bottle of very fair champagne; so that the end made all well. Of course, I understood the waiter's hesitation at first—in fact, I sympathized with him. When he first looked at us, Frank had not yet removed his hat. To men who have seen that hat, I feel I need say no more.

After much suffering in camp, where the excellent and self-sacrificing care the sick received at the hands of their comrades could not entirely compensate for the lack of proper accommodation and food, a great change for the better took place, due to our discovery of the little hospital which Miss Chanler and Miss Boulogny had then just started in one of the side streets of Ponce.

More dead than alive, I found myself at the Hôtel Français one evening with Harry Ward. Somewhat perplexed at my condition, the good Sergeant suggested that the ladies might be able to give me a shelter, and he promptly went to look for them, hearing that they were then dining in the hotel. In a few minutes he called to me to come into the corridor. I found him talking with a woman in the blue and white uniform of a trained nurse, with the Red Cross badge on her left arm and a half merry, half pitying, wholly capable and sympathetic expression on her face, that at once inspired a feeling

of confidence and hope. That night for the first time in many months I enjoyed the luxury of a real bed, and the conviction that whether it were necessary for me to live or die I could now do either decently. Although intended only for officers, the little hospital stretched the mantle of its hospitality over such members of our troop, of the City Troop and of Battery "A" of Philadelphia, as were in serious need of nursing; and let me say here, in the name of the men of those different commands who profited by that generous hospitality, and who, perhaps, in many instances owe their lives to it, that mere words cannot in anywise express our gratitude for, and our deep appreciation of, the constant, tender care we received from those two noble women, when we were so ill in a hostile, half-barbarous country, far from those to whom we had a right to look for aid. Those alone who knew Ponce at the time of which I am writing will be able fully to understand what difficulties and dangers the only two American women in Puerto Rico had to face in the course of their errand of mercy.

An incident occurred one day, when some patients were being transferred from the hospital to the hospital-ship, which illustrates well Miss Chanler's cool-headedness and force. All of the patients, but one, had been put in the ambulances, when the surgeon

in charge gave the order to start. Miss Chanler told him there was one more man to go.

"Can't help it," said the surgeon; "can't wait."

"But, doctor, he must go," she said. "He is all ready, has been dressed and given stimulants to help him stand the trip, and he must go."

"Can't wait," replied the surgeon again. (There was no earthly reason why he shouldn't wait.) "He isn't here, and I can't wait."

After a few more useless appeals, Miss Chanler turned to Sergeant Phelps, who was standing with her and the doctor, and said, in a voice which was distinctly audible to the latter, "Sergeant, will you bring the man down, please; the doctor seems a trifle excited." The ambulance waited.

The day after I was taken to the hospital, Rob Barclay and Chick Childs were brought there with varying degrees of fever and other ills at that time prevalent among us. The building that served as our shelter was an ordinary house, larger than the majority of its neighbors, single-storied and raised some feet from the ground on brick pillars; it was built of clapboards, painted a bluish gray, with white trimmings, and had a spacious yard or garden behind it in which convalescent patients could enjoy the fresh air. The interior was arranged as well as might be for hospital purposes. With some trouble

Miss Chanler had secured a number of cots, each with a mosquito-bar, and these were distributed through the three available rooms. In the "ward" with me there were a captain of artillery in the regular army and the medical officer of Battery "A," ill respectively with sunstroke and typhoid fever. Chick and Rob had a room to themselves, into which, as the available space became more limited, I was afterwards transferred.

No description of the hospital would be complete without some mention of its bogie or familiar imp. About twenty-five years old, of a light chocolate brown, tall, spare, and indescribably unneat in her negligée native costume, Saturnina was as uncanny a presiding genius as ever seconded the God of healing. Like many women of her race on the island, she had lost her two upper front teeth; the aperture thus formed she alternately used as the socket for her cigar or as a cleverly managed channel for expectoration. A dark skirt, a loose white shirt open at the throat, and a shawl of various colors around her shoulders, constituted her usual apparel. Her woolly hair was arranged in two stiff, hornlike excrescences over either ear, and covered with a cloth or handkerchief secured by fancy pins, in guise of mantilla. This nightmare, bending over our cots with a steaming bowl of rice, gruel or milk, will fol-



low us for many a day through uneasy dreams. Yet Saturnina was kind of heart and would often tempt some ravenous convalescent, whom she liked, to stuff himself with forbidden food, against the strict orders of her mistress and to the subsequent despair of the unfortunate wretch himself. Her sense of the proprieties was entirely minus. Often did I curse my scanty knowledge of Spanish when Saturnina would come into our room and irrepressibly entertain us with remarks that would have made a Comanche blush. Not that there was any guile in her; her conversation was perpetrated with the ignorant carelessness of a two-year-old child; and all the lectures the ladies gave her on this head produced only blank non-understanding. Poor, black, hideous, kind-hearted Saturnina! I trust she has prospered and has long since been able to afford a "church marriage" to that sneaky-eyed little "husband" of whom she was so proud.

As the men became convalescent, or in their comparatively well intervals between attacks of fever, Miss Chanler would allow them to assist her with such small jobs as were suited to their strength—washing dishes, watching the cooking rice that it should not burn, sweeping the rooms, acting as orderly, and what not. Some of us she adorned with a regular Red Cross badge on the left arm, which



made a display against our yellow chevrons that we all agreed was unique, and it certainly served a practical purpose by securing us prompt attention when we had to execute various small commissions about the town, where the badge met with general respect. Soon after I was invested with these insignia, an incident happened that is perhaps worth recording. For some days previous there had been small riots in various parts of the town, caused by the native animosity against the Spanish residents who had remained within our lines. Notwithstanding the strong military patrols that were stationed in every quarter, there had been some looting and violence. On the afternoon of which I write, Harold Barclay, our hospital steward, had come up from camp to see his brother. He was already suffering from the fever which later gave him so much trouble, and his face looked flushed and drawn as he stopped at the yard gate to speak to me before returning "home." As we stood there chatting a great hubbub arose in the street outside. Hastily opening the gate we saw a throng of Puerto Ricans surging back and forth around the corner of a nearby thoroughfare. Afterwards we learned that they had broken into a neighboring store, the property of a Spaniard, and after sacking it, had fallen out over the division of their spoil. Loud yells and oaths came from the

maddened crowd as they struck at each other with machetes and long-naked branches of a species of palm that furnishes most efficient clubs. Apparently they had no firearms; at least they did not use them.

"Come on!" cried Harold, and off he went on a run. I "came on" as fast as I could; being very weak, my course was somewhat erratic, and had anyone unacquainted with my condition followed up my tracks, he could have formed but a poor opinion of my sobriety. When I arrived on the actual scene of the conflict Harold was already shouldering his way through the mob, knocking the men out of his way with the ease of a bulldog walking over a litter of mongrel pups. The fighting ceased almost entirely, as if by magic; some slunk away; others, as if from curiosity, stood shamefacedly watching to see what we would do. The two leaders of the opposing factions, however, too frenzied with rage to notice our approach, plied their blows with little skill but great determination, armed the one with a long knife, the other with a cudgel. Each was covered with blood, the loss of which seemed in nowise to have impaired his strength. Harold made straight for them. Perhaps it was the sight of the uniforms, perhaps it was the very "cheek" of our unarmed interference that cowed them. At

any rate, the moment Barclay's hand fell on the shoulder of the fellow with the club, the battle ceased. Both men dropped their weapons at our order, and we led them, unresisting, down the street toward the jail, while their comrades disappeared in all directions. Our little bluff had worked; a bluff it certainly was, however. We had hardly gone a block when we were overtaken by a corporal of one of the regular batteries, mounted and cantering along at a lively pace. Coming up with us and our blood-stained prisoners he reined in to inquire the trouble, and to him we turned over the men, he promising, with a twinkle in his eye as he drew his revolver, to deliver them, safely or the contrary, at the calaboose.—“Move on, yez spalpeens!” said he, and we went back to the hospital.





LIEUT. COUDERT

SGT. WARD, H.M.

SGT. PHELPS

SGT. CARMAN

MEETING UNDER FLAG OF TRUCE AT THE AMERICAN OUTPOSTS BEYOND COAMO,  
SPANISH SOLDIERS IN WHITE UNIFORMS.

# With General Miles to Coamo

William C. Cammann.

"Fast spurred we on, but cursed by cruel fate  
The war is done; we're just a week too late."  
—What Might Have Been.



ON the 18th of August, when the troop finally went to Coamo, it was on a very different errand than we had at first expected. Only a few days before, hostilities were still on, and at the Hôtel Francais—the centre of all news and the rendezvous of all celebrities—we heard from correspondents and others just back from the front that things were waxing pretty warm up the military road, where, a few miles beyond Coamo, Wilson's Division, after two or three skirmishes, had found the enemy well entrenched. Brooke's Division had started from

Guayama to flank them on the east, the commands under Generals Schwan and Henry were to proceed from Adjuntas and Mayaguez against Areceibo, and General Miles was to start the next morning to join Wilson and there take command of the main attack; and we were going with him.

The orders came late in the afternoon, and at sundown, as we lined up for a general inspection of arms and equipment, something unusual was in the air—we were going to the front. How well we all slept that night history may never tell, but the dreams of those who did sleep and the thoughts of those who didn't vanished alike in the morning air; shortly after "boots and saddles," came the news that hostilities had ceased, and so our first and only chance of a fight dropped in its tracks.

The next few days were the most disheartening of the whole campaign. What it all meant and how long it was to last nobody knew; for news from home, our only real source of information, came but seldom and told us little. Some letters, indeed, came with the sun, but they, I think, contained more of love than war. Even rumors, generally so fertile, failed us now in our need. We only knew that things had come to an indefinite standstill, and we began to speculate whether we should hang our Christmas stockings on the Ponce palms.



It was therefore welcome news when a few days after we again got word that General Miles would start in the morning for Coamo to visit the outposts there. It was a different proposition from the one of a week ago, but, under the present conditions, quite attractive. We were only astonished when Lieutenant Coudert told the first sergeant that, in answer to his question as to how many men he would want, the General replied, "As many as are able to stand the hardships of the march." But the General had a reputation for being death on cavalry, which, it was concluded, was the reason for this considerate precaution.

We started the next morning about eight. It was a rather unique cavalcade to march to an enemy's outposts. A sergeant and three men were directed to ride ahead, apparently for the purpose of setting the pace, and perhaps with an idea of receiving the floral offerings and such other things as, judging from the past experience of our troops in Porto Rico, one of the General's exalted position might well expect would obstruct his passage. Following this advance guard came Mr. and Mrs. Van Rensselaer and Miss Fell, guests of the General, in a covered wagon drawn by two of the very best of army mules; then the General himself, in a very blue shirt and a very big hat, followed by

his staff, in many shades and varieties of khaki; and the Troop, in a column of fours, brought up the rear.

As we rode through the town the natives came out to look at us and seemed much impressed, but as yet there were no bouquets. After crossing a ford on the outskirts of the town, where we struck the military road, an aide rode up and instructed the sergeant ahead that the General wanted to make time, so, when the road was good, to proceed at a good pace. The road was as good as any in Central Park, so, excepting when we waded through the frequent fords, sometimes to our stirrups, the advance guard hit up so good a pace that before ten o'clock we arrived at Juana Dias, about eight miles from Ponce, and there made a halt. The road so far ran through the sugar fields and plantations that cover the stretch of lowland between the sea and the foothills of the mountains, which begin to rise about three miles from the coast. It is a picturesque and most fertile part of the island, and a great source of its agricultural wealth.

Like all Porto Rican towns, Juana Dias is built "on the square," with a church at the head of it, two-storied houses about the other sides and a band stand in the middle. When he arrived, the General with his staff and guests, repaired to the ho-

tel—the only hotel—for refreshment, and we stood in the sun and waited, taking the precaution, however, to unload our saddle-packs and leave them in a pile to be taken up by the wagons when they came along, for ten miles an hour in the tropics in August is a hot pace under any circumstances, and we did not want to disappoint the General in his anxiety to make time.

On leaving Juana Dias the road, in a winding way, beautiful at every turn, rises into the hills, and you soon look down on the green sea of the cane fields fading away into the blue sea beyond. Still obedient to orders, the sergeant ahead struck out again at a good pace, and the rest of the cavalcade for a time kept well up, but after a mile or two the General, seeming less anxious to make time, now and then dropped conspicuously to the rear, only the mules and covered wagon keeping in touch.

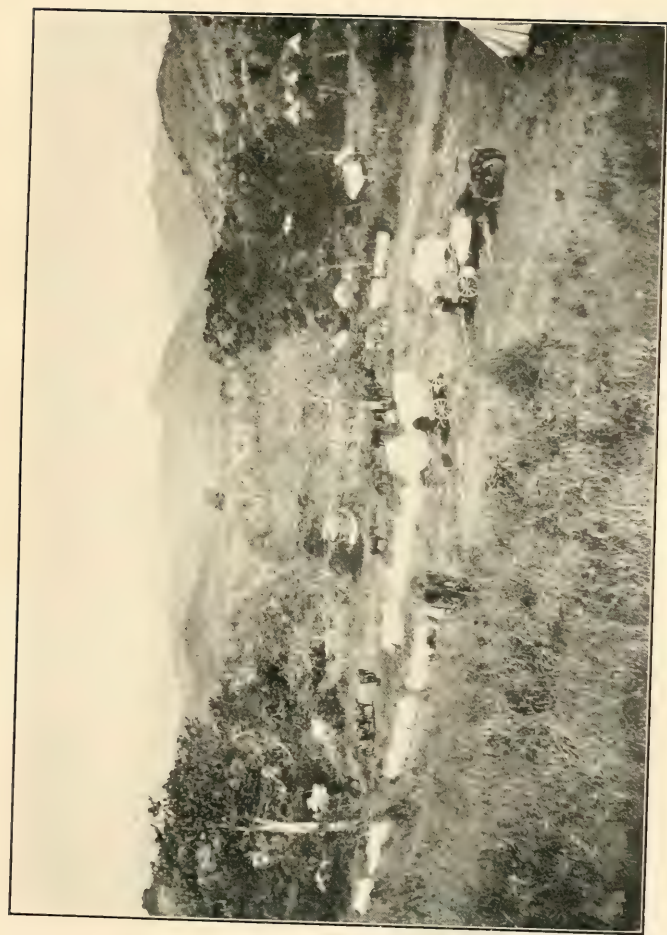
About one o'clock we approached Coamo, where we were met by General Wilson and his staff, with an escort of Troop "C." Compliments were exchanged and they then turned back to lead us into the town. It was triumphal in a sense, this approach of the commander of the conquering army into the conquered town—about a week late. It had an atmosphere of real war about it, and the surroundings carried out the picture. Some three

miles this side of Coamo we passed over a temporary structure put up in the place of a stone bridge which had been blown up a few days before and for some time had stopped the advance of our army, and as we rode into the town there were still the remains of trenches in the streets, and here and there the mark of a well directed shot.

Wilson's headquarters were situated about half a mile the other side of the city and a few hundred yards beyond the camp of B, of the Fourth, and F. of the Third Artillery, which, as we passed, gave the Major-General's salute of thirteen guns that echoed uproariously through the hills and for a moment disturbed the formation of the cavalcade and not a few military seats.

Upon reaching the headquarters, situated very picturesquely in a little opening to the right of the highway, the troop was dismissed and directed to its camp, a few hundred yards beyond. During the afternoon we lay about the dog-tents when it didn't rain, and crept into them when it did, and enjoyed the surroundings. We realized we were really at the front.

Just where we camped and on the road a few feet away the battle of Coamo had been fought a week before and it was here that the Sixteenth Pennsylvania, having marched at four in the morning, had



CAMP AT COAMO





flanked the Spaniards in the position behind a mound alongside the road and made hot work for them, killing a number of their officers and taking most of them prisoners. It was one of the few real fights on the island and about the last engagement before hostilities ceased. One of the Pennsylvania boys who came to see us, and who was in the fight pointed out in a whisper the very spot where he or some one else had shot a Spanish officer, and he offered to show me the carcass of the officer's horse, but unfortunately when we went to look the horse was gone.

Here also we heard from themselves the stories of Troop "C's" good work. One of them told us that in a fight in which he was, the bullets flew so thick that he could catch them in his hands!

The wagons arrived before long, and after mess and evening stables we sat around the fire until nine o'clock, when we took the hint of a rather rusty "taps" (for Braith, having been left behind on account of a kick in the leg, the "Baron" and "Vallie" were taking turns at the horn) and were soon asleep. It rained all night, but with the sun the weather cleared up sufficiently to promise a good day. The rumor of the night before that we would proceed to Guayama proved to be unfounded, and the order came that the General would



rest for the day. The outposts were then about four miles beyond Coamo, in the hills; the white flags were plainly visible on every point, and with the aid of a glass you could distinguish the sentries at their posts. After stable and breakfast Lieutenant Couderd and Dr. Leale, with four of us who were fortunate enough to be asked to go along, rode out to visit the outposts.

After a three mile ride we came to our pickets, encamped alongside the road in shelter tents, which afforded little or no protection from the constant showers; they told us that they suffered greatly for food, being able to cook but very little on account of the rain. A little farther up the road we met a volunteer officer in a blue shirt, with his shoulderstraps pinned on it. Seeming to be somewhat excited, he told us that two Spanish officers with a detail of soldiers were at our extreme outpost, about a hundred yards ahead, under a flag of truce, anxious to deliver a message; that an interpreter had been sent for, but had not arrived, and he asked if any of us spoke Spanish. The temptation was too strong for one of us, who very modestly asserted that he did, and the credulous officer then requested that we accompany him back to interview the Spaniards. We found them dismounted around a bend in the road, six in all, two officers and four men.

They were small and not very imposing from a military point of view. They wore the typical white straw hats and linen uniforms, the latter of a very poor quality and in a shameful state of repair. The soldiers had crossbelts and machetes; the officers carried sabres and Smith & Wessons. They were all mounted on Porto Rican ponies not much bigger than Rocky Mountain goats, and their horse equipment would not have paid for its weight in a junk shop. Their arms, however, were beyond criticism, for the Mauser is a good thing wherever you find it.

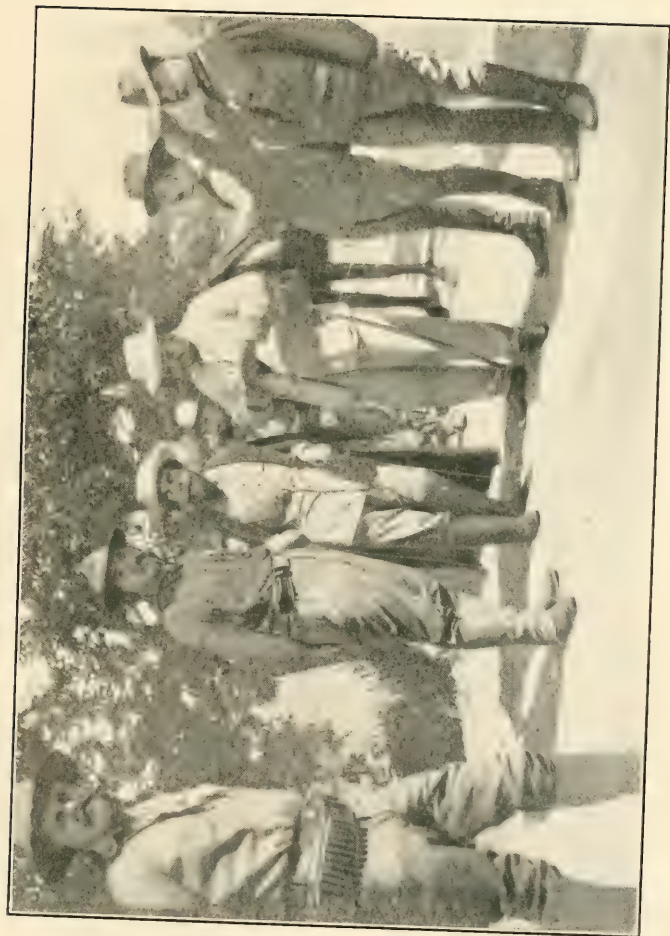
After considerable saluting and bowing the member of our party who had boasted of his Spanish was called on to open the conversation. Fortunately, however, one of the Spaniards, who afterward turned out to be a captain, apparently anticipating that he would now be understood, himself opened up with a long speech imparting, no doubt, a very important and secret message, but which was perfectly safe in our hands. But, whatever it was, it apparently required an answer, and when none was forthcoming the Spaniards, awaking to the fact that they had made a mistake, engaged in a heated conversation among themselves, and then shut up like clams, and eyed us with an expression not at all encouraging. It was an awkward moment for both sides, and we were begin-

ning to guess what would happen next when, fortunately, one of us, who had his camera, was struck with the happy idea of taking a photograph of the Spanish gentlemen.

The photograph idea is apparently very close to the Castilian heart, for at the sight of the camera the Spaniards immediately became friendly and voluble, and, after understanding the proposition

Capitán del 2º Carabineros Catúa  
 D. Felipe Barrera Bana  
 Abanderado del mismo  
 D. Julio Velloz Varela  
 suplicamos los nombres de los  
 que se retrataron con nosotros  
 19 ago.

and being carefully grouped, stood like statues until the sun appeared sufficiently for an exposure. They seemed disappointed that the negatives could not be developed immediately, and when we explained that it was not possible the captain very handsomely wrote on a leaf of his notebook his name and that of his lieutenant, and at the bottom a graceful request, and handed it to us. They then offered us cigarettes, which we all took, and pretty soon, with true Amer-



SPANISH OFFICERS AND LIEUTS. COUDERT AND LEALE AT THE OUTPOSTS BEYOND  
COAMO—OFFICER IN CENTRE IS WRITING NOTE REPRODUCED ON PAGE 234



ican cheek, we swapped cartridges with the soldiers, we examined their equipment very minutely, and they ours (which they conceded was better than theirs), and we in turn conceded that the Mauser was superior to our Krag; and very soon Stowe Phelps was trying to buy the machete, and, in fact, all the arms of one of the poor soldiers, into whose face he flashed a peso, the size of which the soldier had not seen for a month; Harry Ward was trying to lift one of the ponies from the ground to see how much it weighed; somebody else had put greedy eyes on the lieutenant's revolver, and everybody was jingling pesos in his pockets. I really think if we had stayed there another half hour we would have left those Spaniards in a condition indecent to describe.

Fortunately the interpreter just then arrived, and we received again the important message, after which the Spaniards, with demonstrations of great regard, prepared to mount their little ponies and depart. Being all in gray shirts, so that it was impossible to tell our rank, I believe they took us all for generals, for as the captain was about to put his foot in his stirrup and I saluted him, he came back and shook me by the hand, and, I think, asked me to dine with him in Madrid.

Considering we were at war and all of us armed



to the teeth, it was the most friendly meeting of enemies imaginable. It was a striking instance of what has been often reported during the war—the lack of animosity between the Spanish and American soldiers; for even after the fight at Santiago, they say, the men mixed together and traded souvenirs without the least sign of unfriendliness.

From where we stood the Spaniards' position was easily seen. They were heavily intrenched on the highest of a range of hills across a valley about two thousand yards wide, every inch of which was covered by their guns, and from our present position, as had been demonstrated a few days before, when an attempt was made to dislodge them, we were at the mercy of their artillery and quick-firing pieces. Had the plan of attack as contemplated been carried out it is difficult to say what the outcome would have been.

During the afternoon we lazed about our camp, and those who wished to, got passes to ride around and see the sights of the place, the most important of which are the baths. These are common in all the principal towns on the island, but here particularly they are built on an elaborate scale in connection with a most attractive hotel, formerly frequented by wealthy Spaniards as a watering-place. This being the chief attraction, the General him-



self very naturally had desired to visit it, and had sent word to the proprietor that afternoon to be prepared to receive him, with a number of guests, for dinner. Since the war broke out the hotel had practically gone out of business, so when the message came the happy proprietor, being all unprepared, flurried about to concoct a suitable meal. Soon after, when a number of horsemen arrived, and, making themselves very much at home, gave him to understand they had come to dine, he received them with great delight and respect, and so completely outdid himself in hospitality and good things to eat that they responded with a vim, and literally cleaned him out. When, an hour later, the General and his party arrived there was not an egg in the house.

Whether the General appreciated this delicate attention of his body-guard of young gentlemen troopers in eating his dinner history does not tell.

We returned to Ponce the next morning. Mrs. Van Rensselaer the day before, while riding through a ford, had met with an accident, which prevented her party's return with us. The advance guard of pace setters was also omitted, the General taking the lead himself, and we jogged along at an easy rate. Once, when the troop had just watered the horses and was galloping to catch the General,

as we thundered along we passed a pathetic little party bearing a child's coffin. Off went the hats of the cavalrymen, and the white clad natives broke from their order and cheered us in their gratification.

Just before reaching the outskirts of Ponce it looked for the moment as if we might see a scrap. The natives came running out of their huts to meet us, talking and gesticulating and pointing toward something in the hills about half a mile away, across the river to the left. We finally gathered that a body of Spaniards were in the hills and had been up there for two or three days, coming down occasionally to water their horses and steal sheep and stock from the people around. Upon looking carefully we saw two white objects, which, with the glass, were unmistakably horsemen, in white uniforms and straw hats, coming down the trail on the side of the hill. The troop was immediately brought to attention and turned off the road in the direction of the stream, whence the General sent an aide with an orderly, to reconnoitre.

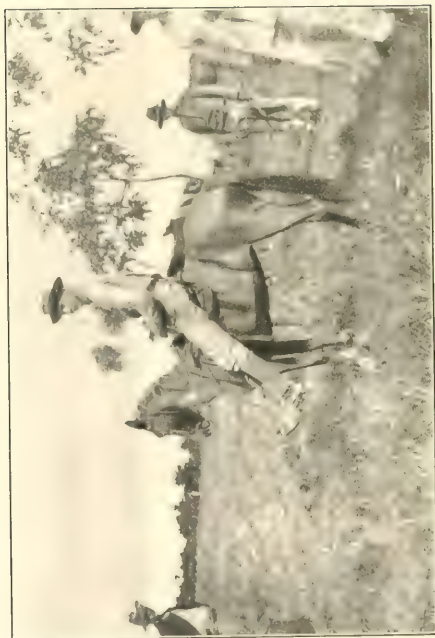
The horsemen could now be plainly seen without the glass. We dismounted, and the General sat on the side of the stream, apparently enjoying the situation, while we loosened our carbines a little in their boots and felt very much as one does be-

fore a football game—nothing very serious, but just a little of the tingling in the ends of the fingers, just a little of the “Let me at them.” But it was soon over. After a few minutes the aide returned and reported that he had met and interviewed the enemy, who appeared to be only mounted herds-men camping for a few days in the hills. The natives seemed as much disappointed as we were, and apparently were not yet convinced.

It was an interesting trip, and gave us the satisfaction of feeling that we had at least been as near the front as any of our troops had reached, and, besides, that we had had the honor of going there in the very good company of the Commander-in-Chief of the army.







"PAT" AND THE PONY

# An Errand of Mercy

Charles F. Carusi.

"On such a blessed mission were we sent,  
Two errant cavaliers, the skies dropped tears;  
The sun beamed warmly on us as we went;  
Even the ice was melted."

—Arctic and Tropic.



IN the morning of August 15, Blake and Carusi, high privates of Troop "A," U. S. V., were ordered to proceed at once to Utuado in charge of, and as military escort to, a pack-train conveying ice to certain of Ours reported to be then lying stricken with the prevalent fevers at that town. Under our protection also were to travel the three athletic Texan cowboys, accompanying the mule-train as packers. Mounted upon sure-footed little burros, lariats coiled upon the horns of their Mexican saddles, and armed (contrary, I think, to regulations for non-combatants) with Winchester repeaters, supplemented by the inevitable though concealed bowie, they presented an appearance at once picturesque and formidable.



Private Blake was chief of the military escort, Private Carusi composing the main body under his command.

The ice, artificially manufactured in Ponce, in blocks about thirty inches long by eight wide and a thickness of four, adapted itself readily for carriage upon the pack saddles, each animal carrying with comfort about two hundred pounds.

All things having been made ready, the chief of the expedition in front, sleeves carefully rolled up to display the artistic tattooing on his arms, pack mules obediently following in column of files, mule skimmers hovering on the flanks and the main body, in difficulties with a hospital man's brevet horse, borrowed for the occasion, bringing up the rear, the cortege, amid the excusable admiration of all the young hopeful Puerto-Rico-Americanos in the vicinity, took up with enthusiasm the line of march for Adjuntas, distant from Ponce about nineteen miles.

Traversing the broad macadamized road, well kept for three hours out of Ponce, our party had just proceeded far enough up the foothills leading to the mountain trails above to convince us of the inferiority of our big, grain-fed Eastern horses for the sort of work before them, when we spied our old Sergeant "Pat," then Lieutenant Patterson, scat-

tering the echoes as he thundered down the pass. In his uplifted right hand a large silver mounted flask winked and blinked in the sifted sunlight, like a heliograph flashing a message of hope.

Knowing our needs of old, this genial and kind-hearted officer did not wish us to remain in suspense an unnecessary moment. These circumstances, though trivial, made a lasting impression.

Lieutenant Patterson would have been welcome without that flask—any man with it would have been cordially greeted—but the combination was so strong that in his emotion my companion left me something less than a fair-sized drink. Soon we parted, we with sufficiently specific instructions in regard to the road to enable us to lose it with ease; our gallant lieutenant on his way to his celebrated adventure with the highwayman, full particulars of which remain still to be disclosed.

As we mounted higher along the winding road, cut into the sides of the tree-covered mountains and stretching in broad, sweeping curves toward the higher ridges, two Red Cross ambulances, drawn by mules driven four-in-hand, came tumbling down on us.

The rapid trot maintained in defiance of the precipices flanking the road on the right soon brought them to where we waited. In the ambulances lay

Adee, Clark and Pinchot, worn, sallow and with the fever dancing in their eyes. After greetings were exchanged with our boys then en route for the sea, the hospital ship and the United States, we explained our errand to the surgeon in charge, Major Cole, and coaxed him to permit us to turn over to him a hundred pounds of ice for our own boys' use and thence proceed with the remainder to the hospitals in Adjuntas, which place we desired very greatly to visit. This he kindly acceded to, and even agreed to square matters with our officer.

Onward gleefully, the load of responsibility on our minds gone, and that on the mules, responsive to the genial smile of the August sun, rapidly following suit, we had again advanced but a few hundred yards when the fine road became broken and uneven, soon to degenerate into a mere mountain trail, and that none of the best, while the steep incline began to tell on our cattle, which soon showed such signs of distress that we were frequently compelled to halt.

For miles along the ridges the trail from a scenic point of view is unsurpassed, but is of little use for military purposes. Often the grades were so steep, and the red clay, softened by weeks of tropical rain, so yielding, that to have dragged heavy ordnance

or supply-trains up there would have been to emulate the historic passage of the Alps. Many positions offering advantages for a stubborn resistance had been entirely neglected. Two or three machine guns supported by a battalion of infantry on a par with our own regulars at any of these points could have checked successfully the advance of an army corps, the more so as both flanks were in many cases protected by precipices and the positions too high to be commanded from adjacent peaks. The enemy, by permitting our lines to be advanced right across the island from Ponce to Arecibo, without taking advantage of the nature of the country to hinder and harass our troops, again demonstrated that scientific aggressive campaigning is not the forte of the Spanish army.

The rest of our day's march to Adjuntas revealed nothing of interest except one instance of the wonderful memory of pack mules. The latter, to our astonishment, suddenly turned out of the trail and attempted to take a side path up an adjacent peak. The mule whackers explained that several weeks before, these very mules had stopped there for the night and had been allowed to graze on that particular slope.

About five P. M. our party drew up to the hotel, which we made our temporary headquarters. We

found later that General Stone had conceived the same brilliant idea.

I omitted to say that previously we had turned over to the surgeon in charge of the typhoid fever hospital all the ice except the small portion we persuaded ourselves to retain for its well known cooling influence upon the claret we anticipated with our dinner.

Finding upon inquiry in the various languages at our command that the hotel bedroom had been reserved for General Stone, it was only by showing Private Blake's tattoo marks and the proofs of his identity carried conspicuously upon his person that we convinced the proprietress and her good-looking daughter that "General" Blake was really Stone's superior officer, thus acquiring the bedroom. After regaling ourselves with a bath in the only bathtub in Puerto Rico (we didn't learn that it had been used to wash typhoid patients in until afterward), and having been duly operated upon by the village barber, we sent, with General Blake's compliments, to the regular army colonel and captain also stopping at the hotel enough ice to insure the invitation to dine with them, which we gladly accepted.

The only thing of real interest occurring that night, except our sleeping in beds, was the capture of a Spanish spy. This was accomplished with great





GATE TO THE PLAZA, ADJUNTAS.





ease by less than twenty of the local police, the man being small in stature and unarmed. Never have I seen but one man who could assume the Napoleonic attitude of the little corporal of volunteers that guarded the captive while the colonel (holding a temporary court in the hotel dining-room) divided his attention between a big cigar and the prisoner's examination. The balance of the evening we put in strolling around the town, sticking out our chests and looking contemptuously at the undersized natives. The burning and slaughter of the village by the guerillas being again confidently looked forward to by all the natives, including the village priest and the alcalde, we strolled about looking for trouble and hoping not to find it. We didn't.

That priest, by the way, although a Spaniard, had been doing most of the nursing of the typhoid men in the little provisional hospital established in Adjuntas.

Rising next morning from a refreshing sleep we spent some hours exploring the church, outside of which, in the road, a poor little village girl lay dead. Inside all the female saints in plaster had on red flannel petticoats and gilt paper crowns of much magnificence; the former struck us as inappropriate in so warm a climate. The school next claimed our attention, and from what we saw the scholars were

attentive and disciplined, though ranging in color from the yellow pine of Castile to the mahogany of Africa. Our chargers having been brought during the interim to the door, we turned back to Ponce amid no more interest on the part of the populace than was entirely agreeable to us.

But two other incidents remain to be related. One tended to illustrate the characteristic cruelty and thoughtlessness of the natives, as much, perhaps, engendered by the reception of a similar treatment inflicted upon themselves by their oppressors, as inherent in a low caste type. It consisted in the abandonment upon the blazing hot, sunbaked road of an ox, whose head was twisted two-thirds of the way around by the weight of the ponderous wooden collar used to yoke them in pairs, from the thrall of which his happier fellow had been released. Had the man guilty of this wanton barbarity been at hand Blake would have killed him—he even admitted as much to me.

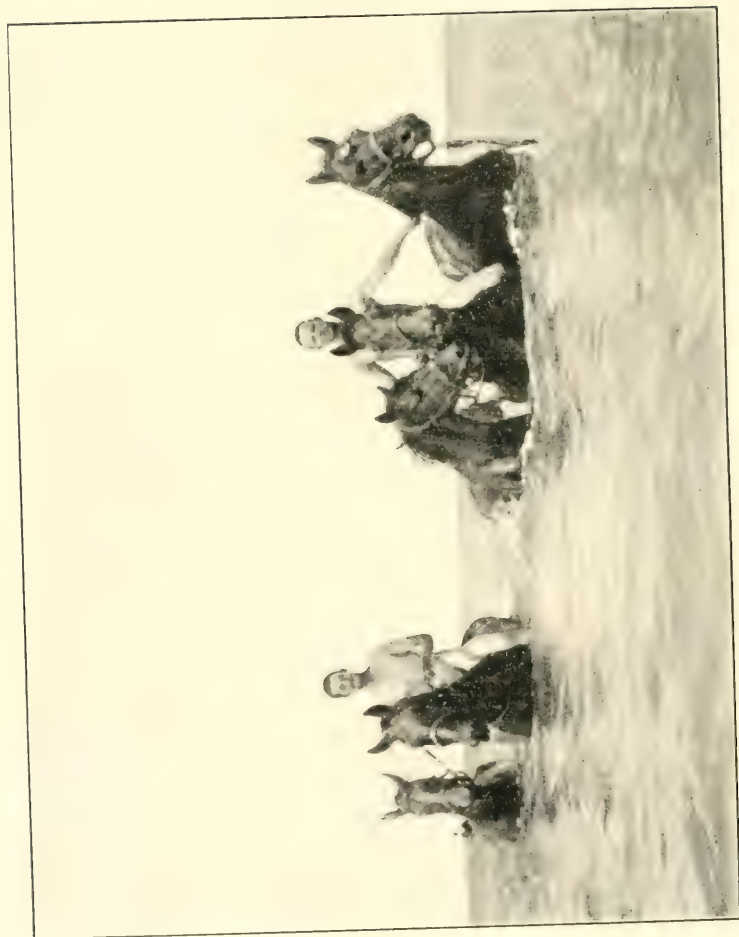
The other incident was very exciting. About four miles out from Adjuntas and while we were alone and unprotected, the three mule-skinners being far in the rear, there appeared upon the road four men clad all in white and of dark and sinister appearance. In their hands, held behind their backs, lurked doubtless the keen-edged machete. We ap-

proached them warily, whereupon their manner became even more suspicious, and it was not until we caught sight of the umbrella that each carried in his hand, that the tension upon our nerves was relaxed. Afterward, upon comparing notes, we realized the immense value of four months of military experience and the lectures upon the art of war as she is waged in books, that we had listened to with such interest at the mess tent in Alger. We had each, in the half minute it took the supposed enemy to approach, formulated a plan so daringly brilliant in conception that either, even without the other's aid, could have annihilated the common foe.

That night we arrived in Ponce in time to participate in the glorious rescue of the town of Santa Isabel, which was being burned and ravaged by spooks.







HOENINGHAUS

STILLMAN

SWIMMING HORSES IN THE SEA AT THE PORT OF PONCE

# Santa Isabel

Henry I. Riker.

"The clarions blared, the beacons flared,  
'They come!' the wardour cried;  
Keene at the calle, ycleppit alle,  
Our menne at armes replied;  
Through gates wide-swunge out poured our throng;  
No foemanne met our ken—  
With fantome hostes of formelesse ghostes  
We foughte, and nott with menne."

—The Gobblynnnes' Foray.

"In the midnight rings the trumpet,  
'Boots and Saddles' sings it loudly;  
Forth we gallop through the darkness,  
Forth to save Sant' Isabella."

—Long after Longfellow.



**A** FEW minutes after midnight, August 22, the trumpet blew "Boots and Saddles," and at a quarter-past twelve all troopers not on guard or details rode out of camp fully armed to find the trouble.

The night was clear, but moonless, and it required only a moment to find our road that ran east beside the ocean. In getting clear of Ponce Lieutenant Coudert threw out the point under Sergeant Cammann with orders to trot out—and it did.



Once well settled down to the gait, Rumor announced that Santa Isabel was our objective, a furious mob of Spanish guerillas being then happily engaged in killing, burning and ravishing.

Three hours were passed at the trot, our pace gradually increasing with the impatience of the men, the point never relaxing its efforts to maintain the proper distance from the column, while some of the more poorly mounted troopers tailed out behind, until, having passed a long causeway with swamps on both sides, lights were seen ahead and, advancing more cautiously, the point well scattered and with pistols raised, slowly stalked the approaching light—bah! It was nothing but a wagon team conducted by a lot of startled natives. On again, faster than before, on account of the slight check, and soon several lights ahead were sighted—at last we had reached the outskirts of Santa Isabel. Then the troop closed up and, riding as silently as horsemen can, we entered the sleeping town.

A solitary policeman was held up and, after the manner of his kind, swore he knew of no disturbance, but Salinas was only two miles away. Moreover, Salinas was a very bad place; the trouble might have occurred there. So a small party was pushed out to look up Salinas' moral character. In

the meantime all the roads leading into the town were occupied by Cossack posts, and the two Signal Corps officers who accompanied us shinned up the telegraph poles to tell General Wilson that some one had played a joke on him and there was no trouble in sight. The General kept his temper admirably for one wakened at three in the morning, and in a few honeyed words thanked us back over the wire for our speed and good work, and ordered us to return when we felt like it.

About five the Salinas party returned, having ridden toward the east for an hour without discovering any sign of a town, and the horses growing so tired they could not be forced into a trot.

When reveille sounded we found a long table covered with heaps of bread, bowls of coffee and baskets of eggs, placed in the beautiful public square, surrounded by all kinds of lovely tropical flowers and palms. We owed this to the forethought of our lieutenant in selecting the Alien as commissary. After five minutes' conversation the Alcalde family believed the Alien to be his long lost brother, and it took little longer to establish his relationship as brother-in-law to the rest of the troop.

After breakfast, "Lobster" and some of the other swell horses were taken out to graze by their kind masters, while all the wise and wicked troopers

stuck close to the trumpeter and listened to the "Robber's" delightful narration of a hanging in New Mexico. You all remember the one that began with "When I was in the Fourth Cavalry," and ended "I didn't sleep for weeks afterward."

About eight o'clock the return trip started, and, with the wind behind us, it was fierce indeed. After about two hours the road ran very close to the ocean, and on our commander's remarking how nice it would be to have a swim, our smiles of approval suddenly darkened the heavens. Then we bathed—my, how we did bathe! It was about this time that a very long-legged crane came mighty near being hit by a stray shot—he outgeneralled us by flying straight inland, and we didn't dare fire for fear of hitting some Spanish General in San Juan, thus putting an end to the truce.

Two o'clock saw us in camp—horses in good condition, although forty-eight miles in fourteen hours is not bad going for the midsummer tropics.





NATIVE CROSSING A RIVER—PORTO RICO



SWIMMING THE HORSES—PLAYA DE PONCE

# Detail to Utuado

Frank Outerbridge.

"This way has been traversed by more than one,  
But we shall find, before this chapter's done,  
That the same scenes, when seen by different eyes,  
Cause new and pleasing pictures to arise."

—The Troubadour.



URING the first weeks in Ponce we had lived in hopes of getting onto a firing-line somewhere, but when the Protocol was signed all prospects of a scrap seemed to have vanished. Our spirits of excitement were replaced by longings to get back where we belonged—"Home"—and the least change was welcomed by all.

The trip to Coamo and one or two short rides braced us up for the time being, but on returning to the pasture at Ponce it did not take long for us all to fall back into the old restless spirit of controlled discontent. Finally orders came for fifteen men to escort funds into the interior.

We had not been paid since June, but there were

large amounts of "good will" going to the natives, and I fancy Uncle Sam paid well and promptly for all damage, rental and just debts contracted with them. It was this that we were to see safely over the mountains.

At retreat (August 22nd) the roster of the detail, headed by Sergeant Stowe Phelps, was read off, and we turned in shortly afterward, full of expectations for another move.

About one o'clock in the morning I was awakened by a few scurrying footsteps and the flicker of a lantern. Subdued voices in hurried conversation were soon entirely drowned by "boots and saddles." I could not find out anything definite as to who was wanted, but there was a fire somewhere and a native riot which we were supposed to subdue. This was all very vague, and I was extremely sleepy, so, with the excuse of previous orders to satisfy my conscience, I turned in once more to sleep out the remainder of the night.

Dawn came at last, with all the warmth and clearness of the tropics, but there was only a small handful of men to answer roll call, most of our force having left shortly after one, among them some of those just detailed for the trip to the interior. However, we had the required number and a few to leave behind, so we filed out of our lot by half-past seven



A.M., the detail consisting of Sergeant Phelps, Sergeant E. M. Ward, Corporal Ruland, Farrier Muller and Privates Brown, Drake, Littell, Little, Lockett, McKinlay, Outerbridge, Troescher, Valentine and Wharton.

Going a few blocks into town we were halted in front of the Hôtel Francais and left to swelter, the approaching noonday sun beating down upon us as we were seated on the curbs of that narrow street, well protected from every breeze.

It was eleven o'clock when the money was finally packed in two small boxes, loaded into an army wagon, and General Garretson and an aide, Lieutenant Langhorne, of the First United States Cavalry, settled themselves in their carriage.

We had soon left the alley-like streets of Ponce behind us, and took up a good trot on a fine broad macadamized road running directly north, and by a gradual ascent reached the first mountain range of the interior of Porto Rico. The good road did not continue far beyond the foot hills, and when fairly on the mountain side it became a mere trail, upward and tortuous. We had no shelter, and the sun was scorching. Our lunch was eaten in the saddle, and consisted of a sandwich, half warmed through, having been carried in our saddle bags. Others had some chocolate, and a few cans of sardines were

shared by the epicures. We were fortunate in being able to assuage our thirst at cool, crystal threads of water, which flowed from the rocks over a banana leaf for a spigot. By four o'clock we reached the first crest, from which we could see a plateau, like a great arena, in the centre of which was Adjuntas, and thither we descended.

So far the road had been quite free from habitations, but beyond the crest we came to scattered huts and small settlements, from which we received a curious and rather happy welcome. After a day in the sun and frequent showers, and a march of about twenty-two miles over the mountains, we delivered our charge to the store-room of Adjuntas at half-past five, and were glad to picket our horses alongside another detail from our troop, the Frelinghuysen Lancers and B Troop of the Second. Our camp was made on the gravel walks of a small public square filled with many flowering plants, and about which the poor town was built. Bacon and beans were served hot, and after that welcome repast few of us lingered longer than to smoke a cigar and take a cooling drink in one or other of two hotels facing the square, before turning in, some under canvas, others on the porches of nearby buildings.

The second day of our trip dawned very hot. The regulars and Lieutenant Frelinghuysen and Ser-

geant Cromwell, with their men, left us early, and our morning was spent counting over the money and hunting in the pawn-shops for souvenirs. Just as we were about to start for Utuado a telegram arrived ordering us back to Ponce at once to embark for home. This was joyful news, but nevertheless we did not want to give up our trip. Lieutenant Langhorne was told the situation, and so said he would "order" us to proceed with him, which took the responsibility off our hands. In the meantime the telegram had been sent ahead by messenger to Lieutenant Frelinghuysen, and we shortly met him returning. He suggested our immediate return, but Lieutenant Langhorne knew his part and replied that we were ordered to Utuado, and we went.

Later General Guy Henry, and still later his assistant adjutant-general, passed and inquired why we had not returned to Ponce; but they made no objection to our lieutenant's explanation, and we proceeded through the same sort of bold country as we had come through the day before. Early in the afternoon we were led off the main road to Senor Rivera's coffee "hacienda." The house was a large wooden building, with cool verandas commanding an extensive panoramic view. Not only the entire menage, but the members of the family, set to work and served us coffee, cocoanuts and cake. We

helped ourselves to most delicious oranges from the trees about the place, and while having a quiet smoke in easy-chairs Stowe Phelps and Senorita Carmencita enlivened our spirits by playing duets on a splendid tin-panny upright. Really, Stowe made quite an impression, not to speak of sundry pretty speeches translated into Spanish by means of his phrase book. The time was short and we made a start, but the ubiquitous camera fiend in the person of Irving Ruland held us up. I must confess the Senorita's blushes, when Stowe insisted on her standing beside him in the foreground, were well worth the delay.

It was four o'clock when we rode through the outskirts of Utuado in as hard a tropical rain as we had yet seen, and crowded for shelter under the shed of one of the many abandoned sugar mills alongside the General's headquarters. The shower over, we looked about for a camping-ground, and finally decided to go into town and join Captain Hoppin's troop.

Our horses were tethered a mile out of the town, and we settled ourselves on the bare floor of an empty storehouse, which had been put at our disposal by the owner. The regulars had their horses on a line in the court-yard of a large stone edifice, in which they were quartered, and which was also used

as a guard-house. Finding ourselves in good company, we posted a strong guard (?) and searched the town.

The buildings were very pretentious, and the inhabitants quite prosperous. The Cathedral was the finest we had yet seen, and was raised ten or fifteen steps above a large open park, laid out in extensive flower gardens.

Most of us came to an early conclusion that the conditions were not quite identical with sight-seeing during a summer's vacation in Europe, and, after a hearty meal in the swell hotel we spent a short and quiet evening. Lieutenant Langhorne honored us with a call, and a small crowd, accompanied by Captain Hoppin's interpreter, a Cuban refugee, called on the swells of the town. The parlor doors opened directly on to the sidewalk, and into one we walked, drew out our phrase books, said "Buenos tardes," and made ourselves comfortable.

There were the father, mother and two daughters, and they seemed pleased to have such distinguished visitors. At all events, the youngest daughter, a really charming muchacha, sang to her own accompaniment on her guitar, until we felt the idea of an early start next morning resting upon our eyelids.

We left the slaughter-house, bedecked with souvenirs, the next morning at seven. The cool, clear

atmosphere of that high altitude had braced us, and our horses were game for the hardest ride they had yet been over. At the outskirts of the city we passed a cemetery on our left enclosed by a stone wall, which was completely loopholed, and on our right was a steep spur some fifty feet high. The cemetery had been converted into a fort, and the spur was mounted with a couple of Spanish guns, so as to completely cover an iron bridge and all roads from the north, west and south leading into Utuado. This was the last sight we had to remind us of the war, and from here our road was to retrace our steps of the past few days. Up one mountain, down into the arena of Adjuntas, up and out on the other side and the long road down to Ponce. That day's ride was not far from forty miles, and we covered it in ten hours' riding, arriving in our old field at six o'clock.







A PORTO RICAN FUNERAL



THE REMAINS OF A SPANISH RESIDENCE AFTER THE FIRE AT COTO

# Detail to Coto

John D. Lannon.

"We were sent to Coto, for Coto had been burnt,  
But not by any human being, so far as could be learnt."  
—The Brigand's Farewell.



CIVILIANS don't quite understand the first beginnings of things in the army; that's why there were so many surprised citizens in the United States in the summer of 1898.

That also is the reason why so many Troop "A" men learned useful lessons; therefore when there is talk of selecting a "detail" it is well to tell what detail means. In a few words, a detail means a small body of men under a lieutenant or a non-commissioned officer, picked either because of fitness for the particular work or because of being next in rotation on the roster, for some detached duty out of the regular routine of camp.

We had been camping near that dream of a semi-tropical city, Ponce, for a long, long time. We had

heard of the signing of the Peace Protocol and were silently awaiting the orders for home.

At parade on the evening of August 23rd we were told that three details were to be sent out on the following day. One of these was under command of Sergeant Cammann and was made up of the following men: Corporal Huntington, Privates Hill, Hildreth, Horner, Holt, Hoeninghaus, Knudsen, Lannon, Ledyard, Mills and Stevens.

This was welcome news to the men, as camp routine had gotten wearisome, and something was needed to drag them from the lethargy that comes of idleness.

The orders were for an early start in the morning. In such cases your wise trooper makes all his preparations the evening before—getting his stuff in readiness, packing loose articles and stowing away what grub can be found or stolen for that rainy day which is always imminent in the army. These precautions also insure one's being on time and not being "severely dealt with."

Up at "reveille," "mess," then "boots and saddles," and we are off up the military road. The orders to the sergeant in charge were to proceed to the headquarters of General Wilson for further instructions. We rode along through the streets of Ponce, by that time thoroughly familiar with their

quaint, romantic looking houses and exceptionally bad odors, to General Wilson's headquarters, which were about half a mile beyond Ponce in a field on the right of the road, where the First regiment of New York Volunteer Engineers were camping, and at that particular time being initiated into the mysteries of the Krag-Jørgensen rifle. Incidentally they didn't seem to be enjoying it particularly.

Here we were halted and ordered to wait—waiting takes up the greater part of one's time in the army. We waited for orders to take the field; we waited for a long time at Camp Black for orders to leave; we waited for orders at Camp Alger, and we waited for orders to go to the front; we waited for the train at Dunn Loring, and for the transport at Newport News. To add to our misery we ran aground outside of Ponce, and waited to be pulled off. Then we grew sick waiting at Ponce for the orders to the front which never came, and when we heard that the Protocol was signed we commenced the hardest wait of all—the long wait for orders for home. It's good discipline, but hard to acquire as a habit.

The orders were to go under command of Captain Latrobe, of General Wilson's staff, to Coto, a small town about five miles from Ponce. This town had been burned by some renegades, either Spanish or

native, out of pure maliciousness, or to bring the Americans into bad repute. We had passed it a few days before on one of our marches; it was a pretty little place, and seemed from the road to be quite the cleanest village we had seen on the island.

Our further instructions were to discover, if possible, the incendiaries and arrest them, and to publish through the different plantations a proclamation regarding the protection of property by the United States forces, and stating that the people would be held responsible for the maintenance of order.

After receiving instructions we started, taking up again our march over the military road. The scenery along this road is beautiful. Now and then the sea can be seen two or three miles away to the right, and far out a huge rock, which rises majestically from the ocean like a grim sentinel.

The peculiar charm of the tropics lies in its contrasts; everything runs to violent colors—nature and man—and everything is more accentuated than in other regions.

Through such country we rode for six miles before we reached Coto. We camped in the yard of one of the burned buildings, an admirable camping place, or at least a very comfortable one, and we were not particularly fastidious at that stage of the game.

The burned building was immediately on the road, while in the yard behind it there were the remains of what had been a fountain, very well built, and behind this at some little distance was an old tumble down shed which had been used as a stable, not lately, I am very glad to say. Some troughs ran along the rear of this shed and, as we afterward found out, made, when half filled with hay, excellent beds, much better than the ground. We brought the mule team into the yard, put up our conical tent near the fountain, stretched a picket line, made a fire and camp was ready.

Behind the shed there was a large field, which we used as a grazing ground for our horses.

We arrived early in the forenoon, and immediately after making camp a few men were selected to go around to the different plantations and through the town to publish the proclamation.\*

Sergeant Cammann went first to a plantation called Hacienda Saurel and there explained to the major domo (the overseer) the nature of his mission. The major domo was well pleased with the proclamation, and in Spanish, with which some of the men had become slightly familiar, praised a government that looked after its people and their prop-

\* See following page.



CUARTEL GENERAL DEL ESTADO MAYOR

DEL MAYOR GENERAL WILSON.

Agosto 24 de 1898.

Habiendo llegado noticias á este Cuartel General de ciertos desmanes  
y amenazas en la Provincia de Ponce,

SE HACE SABER AL PUBLICO .

Que los Estados Unidos de América prestarán la debida protección  
á la propiedad y las personas de todos los residentes de esta Provincia  
contra todo ataque, ya sea de parte de los Americanos, como los Españo-  
les ó Puerto-Riqueños; y castigará á los culpables con todo el rigor  
de la ley y además, si se diese cuenta de robos, fuegos á la pro-  
piedad ó cualquiera otro desafuero, los habitantes serán responsa-  
bles por no haberlo impedido, y si no han arrestado y detenido á  
los malhechores serán severamente castigados.

Capitan del Estado Mayor  
del General Wilson.

*Osman Latrobe*  
Capt. 4<sup>th</sup> U. S. V. Inf

\*

[TRANSLATION]

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS OF  
MAJOR-GENERAL WILSON'S STAFF.

AUGUST 24, 1899.

Advices having reached these Headquarters of certain calamities  
and threats in the Province of Ponce, we

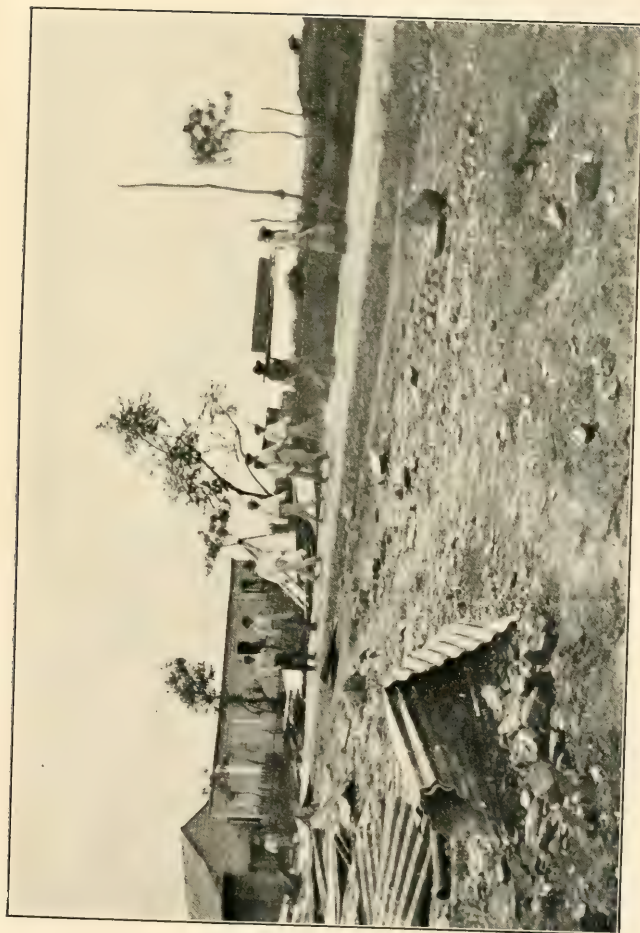
MAKE IT KNOWN TO THE PUBLIC

That the United States of America lends due protection to personal  
property to all the residents of this Province from attacks on the part  
either of Americans, Spaniards, or Puerto Ricans; and all culpable  
parties will be punished with the full force of the law, and besides if  
any notice is given as to robberies, setting fire to property, or any  
other outrage, the inhabitants will be responsible for not having im-  
peded same, and if they have not arrested and detained the offenders  
they will be severely punished.

(Signed)

OSMAN LATROBE,  
Captain Fourth U. S. V. Infantry,  
Of General Wilson's Staff.





PORTO RICAN FUNERAL AT COTO, PORTO RICO



erty so well. He then gave orders to assemble the people. This was done by ringing a huge bell or gong, and they came trooping in from the fields. When they were assembled, the major domo himself read the proclamation, and we could gather from the expressions of their faces that it was as unusual as it was pleasant to hear that they—the sovereign people—would “be held responsible for the preservation of order.”

The people on these plantations live most simply. Their food, consisting chiefly of bananas, cocoanuts and other fruits, comes from the untilled earth. Their clothes are a few rags; they live in huts, simple to a degree—a box raised on four piles, with an opening or two for doors and windows. The few necessities used which are not raised on the island are bought at the store at the refinery, run by the owner of the plantation, where he probably gets back all the money paid out in wages.

We stayed at this plantation for a short time only, and incidentally had the pleasure of declining a drink of rum, which is the chief intoxicant of the island.

That afternoon we witnessed a native funeral. Four men were carrying on their shoulders what seemed like a stretcher, and on this a small coffin, with a few wild flowers on top. The men evidently

were dressed in their best clothes and came down the road chatting and laughing away and all but roystering as they carried their friend to his last resting place.

Later on we raced the little native ponies, to the great delight of the islanders, though one had to hold one's feet up to keep them from hitting the ground. These ponies, though small, are remarkable for their endurance. Their usual gait is what is known in "Ole Kentucky" as a "rack," or "single foot." The motion is exactly like that of a rocking chair, and to see a big Dago sitting calmly smoking a cigar on one of these rats is rather a ludicrous sight.

That evening we had our mess at the usual hour, but it was not the usual mess. Our new chefs, Knudsen and Hoeninghaus, covered themselves with glory, and gave us the best meal we had on the island, not even excepting those of Madame of the Hôtel Français in Ponce. Bacon that before had been unpalatable, beans that no one would eat, became under their magic touch the most tempting and delicious of morsels, and when they had used up the army rations they went out into the highways and byways and procured delicacies of which we had never heard. They turned that sturdy article of diet—the hardtack—into a most palatable dainty by

frying it in bacon grease and serving it under the regular army name.

Just before mess Corporal Huntington, who had been through the different plantations reading the proclamation, returned. He had had some curious experiences, but none more unique than that at a plantation where no one could be found who could read except a small child of ten or eleven years. The big bell rang out the summons calling the people together, who came to hear from the lips of this child of ten or eleven, the words of the representative of the greatest nation in the world; and two dusty, tired troopers looked on, while the mother of the infant prodigy fairly glowed with delight.

After evening mess we sat around smoking and chatting, and just after night had fallen—there is no twilight in Puerto Rico—we were suddenly startled by firing, down the road; it seemed about half a mile away. We began to wonder if we were going to have a scrap, or if this was another of the many false alarms that we had been following for two months in the hope of a fight. Two of the men in their excitement jumped for their saddles and commenced saddling up, but the sergeant in command promptly called them down, inquiring in a very mild way if any orders had been given. He then took one of the men and went off down the road to find out the

trouble. Diligent inquiry among the natives elicited no information, but by and by a man came along on horseback from that direction and said it was only a drunken wagon driver, shooting his pistol for fun.

We turned in soon afterward, some in the tent and others in the trough. To do guard duty on such a night was a pleasure. The full moon shedding its light on the mountains behind us, the burned village at our feet, the horses picketed, and the men sleeping made a very pretty picture, and in the silence of the night an impressive one.

Too soon for the tired men the day came. A few more plantations were visited, and that part of our work was done. As to the first part of it, the discovery of the incendiaries, nothing could be found out about them, and, judging from the stories of the people who were interviewed, the entire population of Coto, men, women and children, had spent the night of the fire away from home, mostly at Ponce.

Captain Latrobe came back about ten o'clock and, after hearing the report of the sergeant, ordered us to go back to our main camp at our convenience during the day.

The little natives were most interesting. They would talk to us in Spanish and in the few words of English they had picked up, and seemed to enjoy themselves immensely. One bright-eyed little fel-



low in particular was interested in everything; he would sing out "Viva Americanos!" and then he acted a little farce by ridiculous comparison of the Spanish and American soldiers. "Soldado Espanol," raising his hands about five feet three inches to show the height of the Spanish soldier. "Soldado Americano," measuring as high as he could and puffing out his chest. "Soldado Espanol mucho malo" (no good), with a contemptuous shrug of his shoulders. "Soldados Americanos mucho bueno (very fine). Soldados Americanos bing! bing! (the sound of a gun); Solda Espanoles fueran," and then he would make gestures to imitate Spanish soldiers running away as hard as they could.

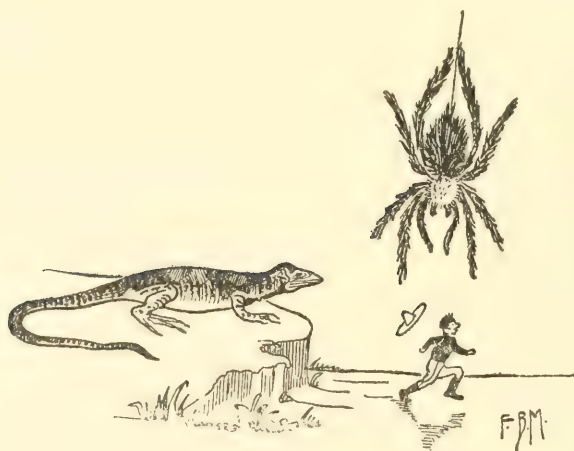
In many ways these urchins showed their contempt for the Spaniards, but the thought kept recurring that perhaps they would make as much fun of the Americans to the Spaniards if the morrow had brought a Spanish detail to the burned town.

They have probably changed by now, having learned the ways of the Americans, but the ways of the half-breed Puerto Rican natives will take a good deal of improving before they become model citizens of the United States.

About noon Troop "C," of Brooklyn, passed us, bound for Ponce, with orders for "Home." Up to that time we had not received our orders, and a blue



lot we were while contemplating the possibility of seeing them get away before us. Finally, about three o'clock, we saddled up and took the road back to Ponce. We rode quietly, enjoying, in spite of the heat, the mere being alive and out of doors, while our imaginations gave us bright glimpses of the streets of New York.







PORTO RICAN NATIVES

# The Second Invasion of Santa Isabel

William R. Wright.

"Here's a first-rate opportunity  
To get married with impunity."

—The Pirates of Penzance.



ATE on Tuesday, August 23rd, notice had been given that three details were to be sent out on the morrow to harry the country, and the usual pipe dreams were rife. Reports were circulated of a band of bloodthirsty brigands abiding in the mountains, who were keeping the entire force of regular cavalry in the island at bay, and who refused to surrender in the approved Spanish fashion; and more looted villages were mentioned by the dreamers than could be accommodated in an island three times the size of Porto Rico. Indeed, no one could tell but that we might again have to pull the sleeping Puerto Rico Americano from his humble bed,

and inform him that we had been told that his village was a mass of smoking ruins, and that he was therefore requested to step out into the public square and shiver in his robe de nuit, or its Spanish equivalent, until we were convinced that he had no intention of shooting us through his front door and could assure ourselves that his village still stood.

However, all was settled the next morning, when we rode out of camp bristling with cartridges after the most approved form of bristle, and proceeded to General Wilson's headquarters, where our leaders left us to give that eminent officer the benefit of their opinions on war as such, while we smaller fry lined up and had our photographs taken in various artistic positions, according to the latest army methods, thereby showing that same thoughtful consideration for the girls we left behind us that, judging from the number of photographs taken under similar circumstances now in existence, has characterized the American volunteer throughout the whole of the late unpleasantness.

In a few minutes the greater lights of our military world reappeared and informed us that the brigands had got wind of our proposed campaign, and chosen capture by the regulars rather than photography at the hands of Troop "A," but that the sanguinary aspirations of two out of the three details

were to be gratified by the congenial and oft-practised task of bearing another load of proclamations to the inoffensive and unsuspecting natives. We were also joined by Captain Latrobe, of the Second United States Immunes, who wished to study the methods of the troop in their celebrated olive branch act; and so, bidding a fond farewell to the unfortunates who remained behind, and who, to their credit be it said, would have been only too glad to share our dangers and escape for a few days from the enervating luxury of the liver pies at Ponce, we set forth upon our perilous mission.

Proceeding by the military road over which we had recently chased General Miles's elusive figure for so many weary leagues, we came to the burned village of Coto, where we picked out those whose blood was most sluggish and least inclined to ferocious deeds, that the sight of its blackened walls might stir up and keep alive the necessary fire in their breasts. Leaving them with Sergeant Cammann, the men who were destined to perform the glorious deeds of which this is the humble record pushed on toward San Juan. They were First Sergeant Moën, Corporals Erving and Wright and Privates Batcheller, Bayne, Benjamin, Coyne, Crombie, Fisher, Gillespie, Goadby and Hall, together with a wagon and four mules.

At Juana Diaz Captain Latrobe showed his appreciation of the fact that an army always moves on its stomach by halting his forces for lunch, which we partook of with much relish at the little inn and with but fleeting thoughts of the tomato omelets that we had left behind. We then took up the march again in the most cheerful frame of mind, it being announced that Santa Isabel was again to figure in history, and all of us cherishing pleasant memories of the pretty little village, with its flowery plaza, unfinished cathedral and hospitable Mayor and townspeople. On our way we proceeded to spread news of our arrival by sending out details to visit the plantations we passed with a proclamation from General Wilson assuring all that they must at once become peace-at-any-price men; otherwise they would either be shot or hung, according to their style of architecture and the time at the disposal of the troop. This polite language seemed to please the readers so much that they always pressed us to step in and dine, whether from hospitality or a desire to sandbag us we cannot say.

Arriving at Santa Isabel late in the afternoon, we pitched our camp in the shadow of the cathedral, where it was at once surrounded by a dense crowd, who thereafter superintended our every op-



eration, from putting on our shoes to tying our neckerchiefs, and when Fisher calmly appropriated the village druggist's best pony and rode down to the shore for a swim he rivalled Captain Good, of blessed memory, in the admiration excited by his "beautiful white legs." Our reputation from that time on was firmly established.

After supper the Alcalde and his interpreter visited our camp to give us a more impressive welcome than the hasty one accorded us on our arrival and to talk with our leader as to the reasons and purposes of our visit. He found the military district of Santa Isabel in full working order, with Sergeant Moën as Military Governor, Corporal Wright as his Secretary of War (with particular instructions to protect Arthur Goadby and Crombie from the wiles of the fair muchachas to the best of his ability), and Sherman Hall in the onerous position of Commissary General, with Coyne and Benjamin as assistants.

About this time Corporal Erving was taken ill, slung his hammock under the bell-tower and retired to it for the balance of our stay, to his own great discomfort, but to the eternal admiration of the natives, who gazed open-mouthed upon his majestic reclining figure. He still contributed greatly to our comfort, since he allowed no choir-boy to

climb the tower and ring the bell for vespers or any other service unless they previously promised to cut it short.

At nightfall we established what we have since discovered from the "Manual of Guard Duty" was a running guard, but which in our ignorance at that time we hailed as a striking manifestation of genius on the part of Ren Moën, and the corporal of the guard having instructed his men how to challenge in the Spanish language any unexpected and improbable sight, from a guerilla to a trolley-car, we all retired to rest, or, rather, to the duty of giving the mosquitoes their daily nourishment, which takes the place of rest in Puerto Rico.

The succeeding day passed most pleasantly, yet not uneventfully, the affair of the greatest moment being the receipt by Sergeant Moën, through the interpreter, of an offer of marriage from one of the fair dames of the town. She also expressed herself as much taken by Ross Bayne's beard, Louis Gillespie's whiskers and Harry Batcheller's tout ensemble, but it was evident that she considered Ren as head and shoulders above all. As he protested that he was unworthy of the honor, the match fell through.

The Alcalde called again in the morning and found the official photographers busily engaged in per-



"WAR IS HELL"



petuating historical localities. Being a picturesque old gentleman, he was at once seized by these zealous officials, and will go down to posterity seated in the plaza between Sergeant Moën and the interpreter, with a decidedly anxious expression on his face, as though uncertain how painful the operation might be. It however turned out so pleasantly that he besought the artist to come down to his residence that afternoon and initiate the balance of a numerous family into its mysteries.

To keep in with the authorities our leader made this courteous and long-suffering gentleman an eloquent speech before his departure in the morning, which was listened to with rapt attention by half the population of Santa Isabel and apparently lost none of its effect by being entirely unintelligible to them. At its conclusion he produced a tin of corned beef and a can of tomatoes, which he bestowed upon the delighted Mayor amid the cheers of the enthusiastic populace. For some time it seemed as if the old gentleman was completely overpowered by the magnificence and munificence of the gift, but he rallied and reciprocated with a cheese and a pot of jam, which will cause his name to be ever blessed among the recipients.

About noon we moved our headquarters, the Secretary of War being dissatisfied with the defences

of his camp, and on inspecting the unfinished cathedral decided that both for habitation and defence it was unsurpassed. So we at once transferred ourselves and our baggage, and subsequently passed therein one of the most comfortable nights since our departure from New York.

Captain Latrobe had left camp early in the morning, taking with him Privates Benjamin and Goadby, for the purpose of capturing a notorious brigand who had made his lair on the Ponce road. The brave little party carefully reconnoitred the place, and after an advance conducted after the most approved styles of modern warfare charged and captured it, only to find that their reputation had again preceded them and their quarry had sailed away the previous day to a neighboring island, whereupon, realizing the truth of the axiom that "Cavalry can fight anywhere except on the sea," Captain Latrobe departed for Ponce and sent his army back to Santa Isabel, where they arrived unharmed and reported that he had been unstinted in his praise of their bravery and efficiency.

During the afternoon of this day details were sent out in various directions to favor the natives with a sight of General Wilson's proclamation. All returned safely, reporting the most flattering attention on the part of their hearers, but with their ardor

considerably dampened by a tropical thunder-shower.

On their arrival at the camp they were surprised to see the little temporary chapel surrounded by a dense crowd, while strains of "The Pilgrim's Chorus," "Spanish Cavalier," &c., as played on an organ, floated out upon the still afternoon air. Wondering, they dismounted, to find the village priest listening in rapt attention to the performances of the musicians of our number. Later he also was persuaded to favor us, with the result that one after another of his hearers discovered that they had business elsewhere and silently stole away.

The evening brought another evidence of the impression that we had made. Sergeant Moën had been making inquiries as to where he could purchase a handsome machete as a souvenir of his war experiences, and about dusk the Alcalde waited upon us again, accompanied by a friend and the usual joyous villagers. After a long and flowery oration he produced a machete, which he handed to our gallant commander with a profound bow. The latter personage, supposing that it was offered for his inspection with a view to being purchased, examined it dubiously and handed it back again, explaining through the interpreter that it was not good enough. His answer appeared to produce



great consternation among the delegation, and the interpreter was hastily instructed to announce that it was the finest in the town and was presented free of charge as an evidence of eternal friendship. Rumor says that our noble leader, upon learning the true state of affairs, at once rose to the situation and explained that the interpreter was to blame, and what he had intended to convey was that he himself was not good enough to receive such a priceless present from his loving friends, whereupon, assuring him that he was a good thing in every sense of the word, the deputation smilingly departed.

Early the next morning, August 25th, we broke camp, and with a hearty cheer for our friend O. Colon, the Alcalde, departed for Ponce, spreading abroad our proclamation by the way to the great edification of the wayside audience and the eternal uplifting of the intelligent appearing Americano who happened to be picked out to read it to his compatriots. Our march was marked only by an attempt on the part of Commissary General Hall to upset our wagon in one of the streams that we forded and thereby drown Corporal Erving, who, being still ill, was riding in it. Certain harsh words that the latter had given utterance to concerning some so-called "embalmed beans" and "perpetuated eggs" that had been forced upon him that morning

had moved Sherman to this deed of revenge. The rest of the detail was able to prevent the consummation of this tragedy and Sherman has lived to thank us.

Shortly before noon we rode into camp, to find, as expected, that the welcome news had come that we were ordered to leave for home. Each one felt that the last few days were among the pleasantest of the entire summer, which fact was believed to be due to the care and consideration of our commander and the efforts of our efficient commissary. Was it not better to earn a bloodless victory by our mere appearance and reputation than to wade redhanded through battles and skirmishes galore? The death-roll among our adversaries was liable to be larger from the beans distributed with so lavish a hand than if we had fired off every cartridge in our belts into the blue ether.





SGT. PHELPS

CORP. BROWN

BENKARD

TROESCHER

THE COMMISSARY DEPARTMENT, PONCÉ.



# Some Experiences of the Commissary Department

Henry M. Ward.

"Goed wyn geebt goed bloed,  
Goed bloed geebt goede gelachben,  
Goede gelachben geben goede daden."  
—Hotel Manhattan.



HEN we found that we were to establish a permanent camp at Ponce, we tried to make ourselves as comfortable as possible, and while we did not set up the luxurious mess tent with tables and benches which we had at Camp Alger, still, by scatter-

ing cracker boxes, barrels and sacks of potatoes in convenient spots in the shade, we did the best we could. Native labor being cheap, a large force of assistants was hired, and these, together with the regular detail and the fatigue detail for each day, gave us about fifteen men actively employed by the Commissary.

The cook, with the rank of Corporal, Bob Troesch, Ex-Commissary Sergeant, and one or more of the permanent detail, with the usual alien prisoner, slept in the portion of the commissary tent which was not occupied by cans of tomatoes, beans, corned beef and canned roast beef of evil fame. Their blankets spread on boxes kept them safe from the frequent and devastating floods, while they never were subjected to the discomforts which the inmates of the First Sergeant's tent endured by being suddenly dropped down in the middle of the night by the supports of hammocks being loosened by the rain. The two active and colored cooks had an A tent to themselves, near enough to the camp-fire to secure the immunity which its smoke afforded from the dreaded tropical insects, while the native helpers arrived before reveille and remained until after taps.

Indeed the work about the commissary was no joke. The nearest spring was more than one hundred yards distant and, as may be imagined, we had at all times a tropical thirst. The regulations of the surgeon required that all water should be boiled and it then had to be filtered, so one part of the commissary was encircled by a wall of large earthen water-coolers standing beneath stone filters through which the water was supposed to come filtered and



purified as if by the art of Pasteur. It came through well enough for the first day, but after that the filters were so clogged that, except when the watchful eye of the inspecting officer was upon us, we poured the water direct from the boilers into these receptacles and doubtless many times the water did not go through even the purifying process of boiling.

There was also a large water-barrel supposed to be reserved for water for cooking purposes, but many a time some thoughtless trooper would take advantage of its abundant supply to perform his personal ablutions and clean up such crockery and tableware as he had managed to retain from the marauders.

We arrived at Puerto Rico with a superabundant supply of army rations of all sorts, but our experience of the transport and of the first few days before we had formed permanent camp, had made us all pretty thoroughly tired of a rotation of pork and beans, corned beef and hardtack, so it seemed a fortunate day when the commanding officer authorized the Commissary Department to draw upon the troop fund for the purpose of such supplies and luxuries as the native markets afforded. There was about \$1,500 in the fund at this time and some \$500 from the weekly assessment on the members of the

troop, so we started in with high hopes of an ample bill of fare.

It was now part of the regular procedure for the Commissary Sergeant, two of the regular detail and one or more of the natives to take Howard's mule team and drive to the market in Ponce at an hour early enough to get in ahead of the other Commissaries, to say nothing of the tropical sun. This was one of the times when the Sergeant and Howard had an easy thing, for they sat on the high spring seat while all the rest tried by all expedients to keep themselves from shaking to pieces. Howard had one fast drawing mule which could beat anything on the road and used to incite her companion to his best efforts, and we banged along the stony streets at a great pace until we reached the market. There we were greeted by the comely and smiling black face of Floretta, a subject of her Britannic Majesty from St. Thomas, who gave us invaluable assistance and became a most important auxiliary of the staff.

Loading the native with three large empty baskets we proceeded to inspect what the market afforded, but a sad disappointment awaited us. Our ideas of what is beef, mutton and fish had to undergo a radical change before we recognized the articles to which Floretta gave those names, and indeed the flesh of a used-up Puerto Rican ox killed the evening

before was no great improvement upon the American beef treated by that curious chemical process of embalming, about which the yellow journals have had so much to tell us. Right here a word of justice is due to the Administration. So far as the writer knows, none of the American beef which was issued to us from the time we started until our return, whether canned or fresh, was in any way improper for use as food, except in some cases where, by our own negligence, cans had been left in the sun and their contents naturally ruined. The fresh beef which we had on the transport going back, which was issued roasted, was excellent, and considering the fact that it had been kept in cold storage for some three months before we used it, was remarkably good.

To return to the mutttons, we never saw a Puerto Rican sheep on the hoof, but in the market there were certain small joints of animals which Floretta assured us to be legs of mutton. When our jaws were weary with the stringiness of the so-called beef, we tried these for a change, but there was about as much sustenance in them as in a halter, while much unkind criticism has been uttered about the Commissary's attempt to enliven the monotony of boiled rice by the addition of certain articles which Floretta assured us were kidneys and liver.

Of fish, the market had an abundant supply—fish to look at, that is, not to eat, for we had to buy some six hundred of the small red snappers to have enough for a meal for fifty men; and it was seldom indeed that a ten pound fish was to be seen. Occasionally a lobster would be displayed with great pride, but they were more like enormous green shrimps, as they had no claws, and we never experimented upon ways of cooking them.

Fortunately, eggs were abundant, and it is equally fortunate that we had the troop fund behind us to buy them with, for to feed one hundred men with bantam's eggs at four cents apiece so drained the treasury that the Commissary, in an evil hour, devised the expedient of instituting Spanish scrambled eggs for breakfast. The recipe for this delicious dish is very simple:—Take 300 bantam's eggs and break them into a large pan, add twelve cans of government tomatoes; place the mixture, with sufficient salt and pepper, over a hot fire; stir well until done. Then we were given explicit orders that anyone who does not care for tomatoes need not eat eggs, and there will be enough breakfast for those who like the combination.

Those, however, who were on the sick list, or who had the fortune to be detailed to assist the Commissary, fared sumptuously every day. Stowed away



HOENINGHAUS      REDINGTON      SGT. E. M. WARD

KITCHEN AND COMMISSARY STORES, PONCÉ.





somewhere in one of the baskets would be a pair of fowls or a turkey, and Walter was an adept at preparing chicken-broth, flavoring it with a few herbs which his friend Floretta always remembered to get him.

For vegetables, in addition to such of the Government potatoes as had not been spoiled by being first soaked in sea-water and then left in the hot sun for a few days, we had an abundance of yams, plantains, bananas and squash. There was an unfailing supply of excellent rice, and occasionally the favored ones would be presented by Floretta and her friends, with pineapples and even oranges, which were as much better than those we eat here, as an apple stolen from an orchard is better than one served at dessert.

Having filled the baskets and loaded the natives with such of these delicacies as the daily allowance of \$30 enabled us to buy, we started on our homeward journey, usually favored with Floretta's company. The market itself was perhaps the most picturesque of all the sights in Ponce. Its long stucco walls, pierced with arches; its roof of red tiles, the open courtyards in the middle and the wide brick pavements surrounding it, crowded with natives of all shades of color, from the full-blooded negroes of St. Thomas to the Spanish natives from the interior;



the picturesque variety of costumes and lack of costume, the black bare-legged women smoking their cheroots, the cackling fowls, the shouts of children, with here and there the immaculate duck of some native officer, made a sight long to be remembered.

On our way back our first duty was to gather in the loaves. We stopped at the bakery of the Three B's, whose proprietor combined the business of baker, wood merchant and Chandler. Here we had a contract for two hundred rolls a day, and very good they were. Next we proceeded to the iceman, and all the tales we had heard of the cupidity of the New York iceman were quite put in the shade by his brother in Puerto Rico. The ice was \$2.00 a hundred pounds, and the hundred pounds had less cooling capacity than would half that weight of good American ice. Still we had to have it, and any price would have been cheap for the relief it gave us and the comfort it was for those in the hospital. The great trouble in that portion of the tropics with which we had experience, was not that it was very hot, but that there never was anything, day in and day out, to brace one up and make one more able to bear the vagaries of the climate. It was hot in the sun and warm in the shade; it was warm at night. The water of the streams was warm, that

of the ocean was even warmer, the ground was warm, and ice was the only refuge from this universal tepidity.

One day news reached us that the Commissary had opened a store at La Playa where we could buy American groceries at cost. Needless to say the swiftest team was called out and with the full Commissary detail we proceeded to take whatever we could lay our hands upon. At the Port we found in one of the large warehouses a corner set apart as a grocery store and here we could get everything in the way of canned goods that could be thought of. The first day we thought of many things and the next day we wished that we had thought of more, for orders came that what remained should be reserved for officers of the various commands. On the arrival, however, of another transport a more abundant supply was forthcoming, and before we left we were able to lay in a large supply of the best Franco-American soups and all sorts of preserved and dried fruits, crackers, sardines, coffee and tea. Thanks are due to the Captain and Commissary in charge of this store, who, with unfailing courtesy and good-nature, acted as grocery clerk for us, opened boxes, weighed out supplies and chalked up our account.

When the final orders to sail had arrived, the

commanding officer intimated to the Commissary that no objections would be raised if we laid in an abundant supply of food, drinks and ice for our comfort on the transport. On going over to our stock we found some eighty boxes of hardtack, countless cans of tomatoes and beef, sacks of coffee and of sugar, all of the Government rations which we had not consumed, so we made a deal with one of the native marketmen and he gave us some \$300 for the lot. With this money and a large part of what remained of the troop fund we bought out the native grocer and exhausted what little remained at the Commissary's store, while we placed our orders at the two ice factories for their whole output for the next three days.

The next problem was to load all these supplies on the transport without loss by fire, perils of the sea, or the public enemy. By way of opening up preliminary negotiations the Commissary and the alien prisoner paid a long and satisfactory visit one evening to the officers of the ship. We were received with great hospitality and the best of English and Scotch liquors were placed at our disposal. The steward extended the hospitalities of the cold storage room for the safe keeping of our supplies, and we finally decided that we would bring them aboard at night and stow them there. So the next morn-

ing we had the day's output from one ice factory, amounting to some seven hundred pounds, put up in barrels with sawdust, obtained three or four hundred pounds from the other, and, starting off in the evening, loaded the wagon with these and as many of the supplies as we had room for. We made our way to the Playa and hired a lighter, with two boatmen. At this point Howard's former training as roustabout on a Mississippi steamer came in. He handled the five hundred pound barrels of ice with more ease than the rest of us handled the boxes, and our united efforts soon had all the stuff on the lighter. The natives then poled us out and in the course of time we came up alongside the "Mississippi." Steam was up and we soon had the barrels swinging in the air and lowered into the hold, and then rolled over to the aft starboard section of the cold storage room. This operation was repeated nightly until the last day, when we came down to the Playa with an unusually large load, the last of the supplies increased by the addition of several hundred bottles of beer, ginger-ale and wine of the country, not to mention several cages of Porto Rican canaries given us by Floretta as a parting token of her esteem. We called to our boatmen to bring us a lighter and they started to obey when we were met with an order purporting to come from the commanding

General to the effect that no lighters should be used by anyone until the General's transport had been completely loaded. Looking about us we saw some forty lighters waiting about and no attempt being made to use any of them. So we all retired into the shade and held a council of war. We decided to "lay low" until about dusk and then see what could be done. So we repaired to the Hôtel de la Playa and had the usual Porto Rican dinner, with fried fish as an introduction to dessert. This feast concluded, we hailed our lightermen, brought the wagon down, loaded the lighter, took a rowboat as well, and started off, expecting each moment a peremptory order to return. We took care, however, not to listen and not to look toward headquarters, so finally we reached the ship and began unloading, when, to our consternation, we saw a rowboat pulling out from the shore full of the General's Quartermasters. Although they boarded the ship they, however, did not ask any embarrassing questions, and when our load was well aboard, after visiting the ship's officers and sending back the lightermen, we took occasion to make ourselves as inconspicuous as possible and rowed off to the hospital ship "Relief" where we were welcomed by Dr. Howland, and saw a number of the boys whom we had managed to place where they would be best looked after. We



were back at camp before taps, but have always wondered what would have happened if the lighter had been stopped in transitu.

Once under way on the transport the Commissaries of the three commands forward, Battery "A," the City Troop of Philadelphia, and our troop selected three places on the deck to set up their respective Commissary quarters and drew lots for them. We drew the forward port section and soon had an improvised lunch-counter and bar combined, which the ingenuity and thought of the alien decorated with a picture and appropriate mottoes. Finding that we had more ice, more tomatoes and less condensed milk than we needed, we agreed with Battery "A" and the City Troop to divide the ice up equally and to supply our deficiencies by trading our surplus supplies. This arrangement worked beautifully for the first two days. We had an abundance of ice—enough to keep the various drinks as cold throughout the day as they were when we brought them up from the storage in the morning. Every day before reveille the various Commissaries, each with a detail, repaired to the aft hatchway, went down to the cold storage room with the steward and brought up such supplies as it was expected would be needed for the day. These supplies were all hoisted up by one of the donkey engines, and we

became quite expert in making the barrels dodge the various beams and stanchions which they encountered on the way up. After being landed on deck all the supplies had to be carried by hand forward to the upper deck and the whole detail earned their title to a hearty breakfast. By arrangement with the steward, we were able to have every morning not only hot coffee but a large boiler full of hominy, and this we helped out with canned fruit, bacon, hard-tack and condensed milk. For dinner we had an ample issue of roast beef, cooked during the night, with potatoes or rice, some cans of Franco-American soup and guava jelly and cheese, by way of dessert.

The bar was opened at eleven A. M. and continued open until as long after taps as possible, and not the least valuable part of our education was that gained in presiding there in the long afternoons. On the third day out the entire supply of ice on the transport, the great bulk of which belonged to us and had been purchased from the troop fund, was taken possession of by the Major commanding, and, by his orders, from that time on ice was issued every morning in seven equal portions, one for each of the commands aboard, the two troops of Pennsylvania cavalry, Troop "C," of Brooklyn, Battery "A," the City Troop, and for the officers and our troop. All protests against this proceeding were unavailing and



## Commissary Department Experiences 301

while we were glad enough that they should have ice water, it was disheartening to think of our beer growing warm, while large cakes of ice which had been issued to the other commands were left on the deck.

The writer cannot close without bearing witness to the most efficient and ready work of all the men connected with the commissary department of the troop, and also to the appreciation of the troop at large of the difficulties encountered in providing their fare and of their readiness in making allowance for many shortcomings.







HOME, BOYS! HOME!

# Ordered Home

Arthur M. Blake.

" It seems that I have heard  
That word before ;  
Some one said " Home,"  
That sang to me of loved ones,  
And of food."



**T**HE week's delay in carrying out the orders to "embark immediately," occasioned, we were told, through lack of lighters (who said management?) was well utilized by the Commissary Department in

purchasing such of the good things of life as would nourish and stimulate the inner man on the homeward trip.

Every morning before reveille some of the kitchen detail would hie them to the picturesque establishment of a courteous Puertoricqueno who indulged in the manufacture of macaroni and ice, purchasing a ton of the latter and taking it down to the Playa for storage in the transport's refrigerator. Commissary Sergeant Ward, by wheedling himself

into the good graces of a fair *Senorita* in town, became the proud possessor of a real live cocktail shaker; bitters were procured from the "*Francais*," and when the week was up a goodly supply of preserved fruits, tinned salmon and other luxuries, purchased from the balance left over in the Troop Relief Fund, had been placed aboard. Incidentally provision was made to give the cocktail shaker a good time and not allow it to Lovelandize. We broke camp on the morning of the 2nd of September, and went aboard in the afternoon, *armisque impedimentibus*, the last few moments ashore being spent by "Senator" Hill and a syndicate in trying to corner the market in the little Puerto Rican "canaries" offered for sale by the natives—pretty little birds (the canaries, not the natives) of a bright yellow and blue plumage, of which, though, very few lived to reach New York.

We found that we had been assigned quarters four or five below, forward, with the City Troop and Battery "A," of Philadelphia, above us. Troop "C," of Brooklyn, with the Governor's Troop of Harrisburg and the Sheridan Troop, both of the Pennsylvania cavalry, were aft. We also found that the hay, mule and horse decks of our former transport experience were empty, and offered a splendid opportunity for the transfer of hammocks from the

stuffiness below, and in less time than it would take Jimmy Terry to tell it, our best soldiers had appropriated every horse-stall, stanchion and ventilator that lent itself to the purpose. Our having so few animals aboard was the reason for this extra room, for with the exception of Troop "C" and ourselves the other commands had decided to take advantage of the option (?) given to leave their horses in Puerto Rico. When the men were all settled down, Troop "A" was found to be occupying the starboard side of the ship, with the Philadelphia boys scattered amidship on the port.

Charlie Fuller, Gus Wallace and a few others were rather unfortunate at the start in their choice of the second horse deck, for at about half-past eleven that night, when fast asleep, they were rudely awakened by "Here you!" "Get out of that!" "Who is that man over there?" "Punch him in the 'slats' and wake him up!" "Hurry up; out you come!" and come out they had to, for some extra officers' horses were coming aboard, and were to be placed in the section these men had appropriated. At last the loading was completed, and we weighed anchor about four in the morning of the 3d, beginning a trip, which, for smoothness of sea, evenness of temperature and slowness of speed, has never yet been equalled. To within twenty-four hours of



sighting New York it more resembled a trip across the bay, and even then, when the weather did change it could have been called but a slight ground swell at the most—quite enough, though, to upset several of the men. We were not in good condition; far from it; for with one or two exceptions the men were generally weak and showing the effects of their work on shore.

Call it camping in the tropics, if you will, but our month's stay had been by no means the picnic many imagined. Poor food, the climate, rains, hard work and exposure had told on us all. We were full of malaria, and, as subsequently developed, a number of us were at the time sickening with typhoid. In the cases of Lieutenant Coudert, Goadby and Granis it actually developed before we reached shore.

Life at sea is monotonous at the best of times, and in our case it proved no exception. One day was very much like another, and little happened to break the monotony. There was the morning trip by a special detail to the ship's refrigerator for the day's supply of ice and food, the general reveille, roll call, mess, a hose pipe bath up forward, some little guard duty, more mess and early turning in.

Sergeant Ward, "Cook" Brown and Privates Mills, Troescher and Blake accomplished wonders in their capacity as bartenders and general jolliers



CORP. A. F. BROWN

LITTELL

DISPENSARY ON THE "MISSISSIPPI"



during the entire trip behind the mess counter, by far the handiest and most picturesque on board.

The feed-box in front of a section of horse-stall on the upper deck was knocked away, a series of boards laid tablewise and a back counter placed for the display of such luxuries in the way of cigars, cigarettes, canned fruits and assorted bottles as had been purchased before leaving. Add to this the portrait of a lady in quite fetching attire, a cage of the canaries before mentioned and the result was as good an imitation as one could have of the primitive little booths of the Midway at Camp Alger.

This was for our mess, and whether or not it was due to the propinquity of the wet goods or the smiling countenances of the commissary and his satellites, it certainly became the "rendezvous" of the trip home, and probably the one spot in which more lies were swapped than any other part of the vessel. Here it was that our never-to-be-forgotten glee club did its midnight howling, taking advantage of the fact that our heavy boots had long since given way to leggings that couldn't hurt much, anyhow, and were hardly worth the throwing, and here, too, did the sundry two or three gather together for the first smack of home in the shape of—er—er—"snifters."

A slight mishap, caused by the use of a whole bottle of vinegar in mistake for vermouth, did a little

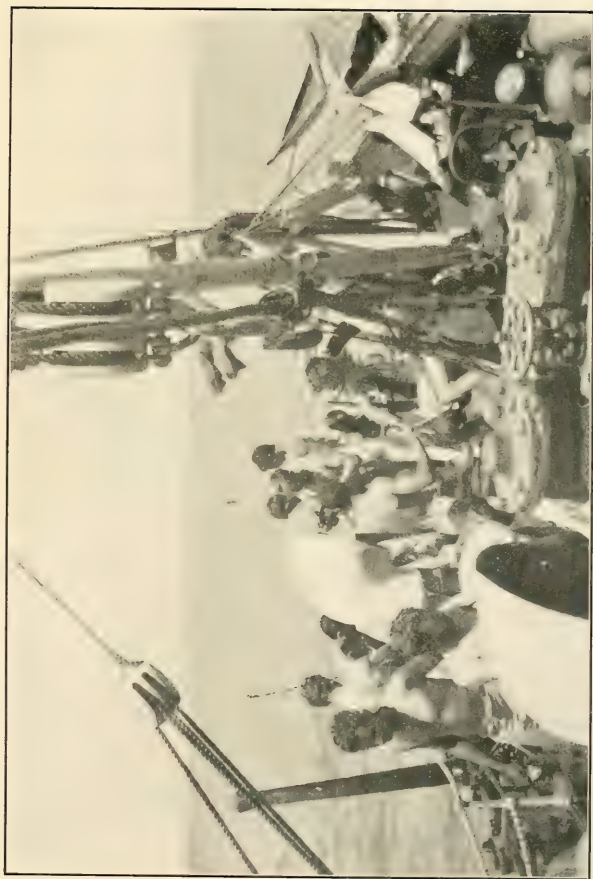
to disturb the hilarity of one occasion and make Frank Morse sign the pledge, but on the whole the drinks served were generous in quantity and not so unlike the real thing.

What bade fair to be our bulletin centre for the daily news was unfortunately nipped in the bud by our commissary, who had probably had his special lunch, that he had set aside for himself, stolen by one of his miserable, starving (?) underlings.

Signs had already been displayed advertising the wares for sale, and special instructions had been posted not to speak to the cook when he was serving mess, for "he had work to do, and didn't give a damn in any case." A special brand of eggs, known as the "B. F." of that ilk, was recommended, and a serial publication—or was it a translation from the German on the horrors of the war?—was announced at half rates, but that's as far as it went.

Adjoining our mess was the cock-pit, the scene of daily battles between two Puerto Rican "gamers" being brought home by a couple of Battery men and known as the "Playa Paralyzer" and the "Ponce Pup," though ofttimes in the middle of the night there were other names they went by, and, alas! responded to.

The finish of the "Pup" was sad—very sad—and instead of being "down and out" it was most de-



A MORNING BATH ON THE "MISSISSIPPI"





cidedly "down and in," for after a wildly exciting rally one afternoon, in which the "Paralizer" was groggy and showed considerable punishment and whiteness of the feather, he suddenly came to life, crossing with his left and catching the "Pup" in the solar plexus, and with a most almighty sole, drove him clean overboard. Would that his victor had plunged gallantly overboard to his assistance!

There were other sporting events to take the place of the roosters, and a number of pesos changed hands over the Bugle contest and the Stoking sweepstakes. The former was the outcome of Captain Warburton's backing his Battery blower against our "Braithe," who after a spirited fight walked away with first money.

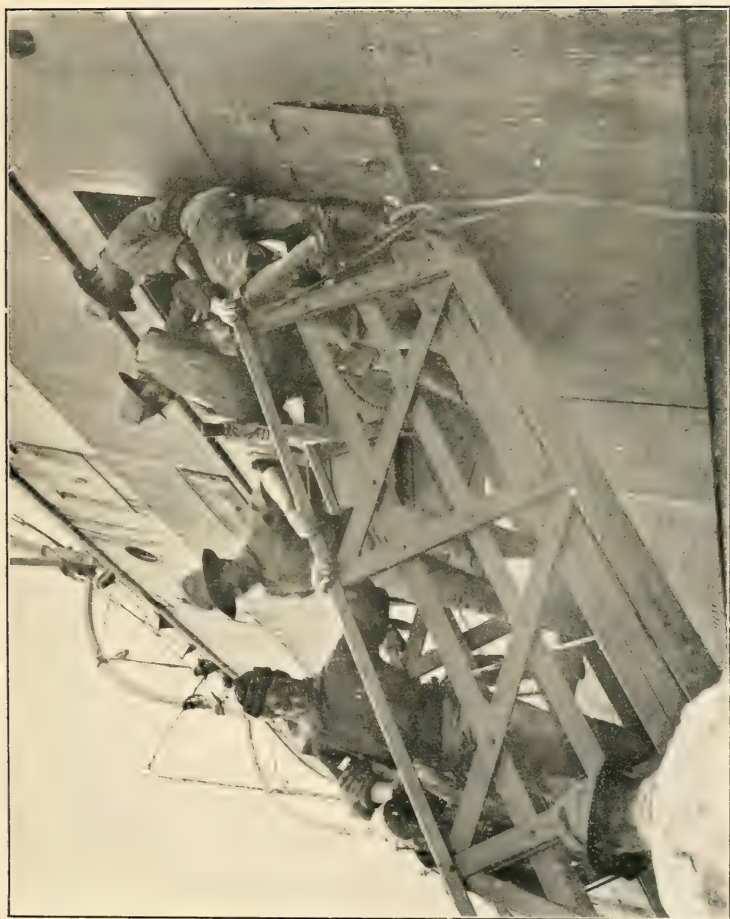
The Stoking Sweepstakes between Seymour Cromwell and George Newhall (a Battery man) on the one side, and Arthur Brown and Gus Wallace on the other, originated one night in the Chief Engineer's room over the nuts and wine. We had only been making 195 knots a day on the average up to then, and a guileless remark on the "Big Sarge's" part, implying that "it was a pity they didn't have a few cavalymen down below pushing things along a bit," brought an instant upturning of the nose from another of the party, and resulted in the match being made and brought about forthwith.

Each man went below, "stripped to his foolish hide," and took his turn at the fiery furnace, and despite the almost herculean efforts of Cromwell, Wallace and Brown were declared the winners by the gauge and the chief engineer, Brown displaying a knowledge of the art which brought round after round of applause from the professionals who looked on. The next day's run was 205 knots, and it is on record that no such stoking has ever been seen this side of the River Styx. For a quartet of run-down soldiers to go below in a temperature of 99 degrees for a little over an hour and stoke with the necessary straining exertions, to the uninitiated is an evidence of sportiness, and few would deny it.

So much for the incidents of the voyage, few as they were. True, mention might be made of one trooper who, in absentmindedness, had the wrong initials tattooed on his arm, giving lifelong proof to the world that there once was a time at least when he fancied he was someone else. Then again, our first acquaintance with "Home, Boys, Home," or an analytical discussion on the ingredients of our mess itself might be given—but what's the use?

On the 9th of September the weather turned somewhat colder, driving a few of the men below for the night, and on the 10th we sighted Sandy Hook.

A tugful of Philadelphians was the first to come



COMING ASHORE FROM THE "MISSISSIPPI" AT JERSEY CITY, SEPT. 10.



alongside and enter the Bay with us, but it was not long afterward that the welcome view of our gallant Captain dawned upon us from another tug, and if ever the troop gave three hearty cheers for any one it gave them then. Nothing could have added so much to our homecoming as the sight of Captain Badgely well again after his attack of typhoid and "Algerian fever," standing in front of the little pilot house glad to see us, and showing it; and the thought that immediately struck us was shortly afterward confirmed, that he was to head our parade from the dock to the Armory from which we had ridden some four and a half months previously.

Owing to the scarcity of gang-planks and other causes of delay it was afternoon before we began to unload, and four o'clock before we boarded the ferry for New York City, where the Squadron, in their clean full dress uniforms—and how very clean they looked by comparison!—were awaiting us. To satisfy an admiring and enthusiastic public, we marched down to the Battery, and thence via Broadway and Fifth Avenue to the Armory, where relatives and friends were assembled to welcome us home.

\* \* \* \* \*

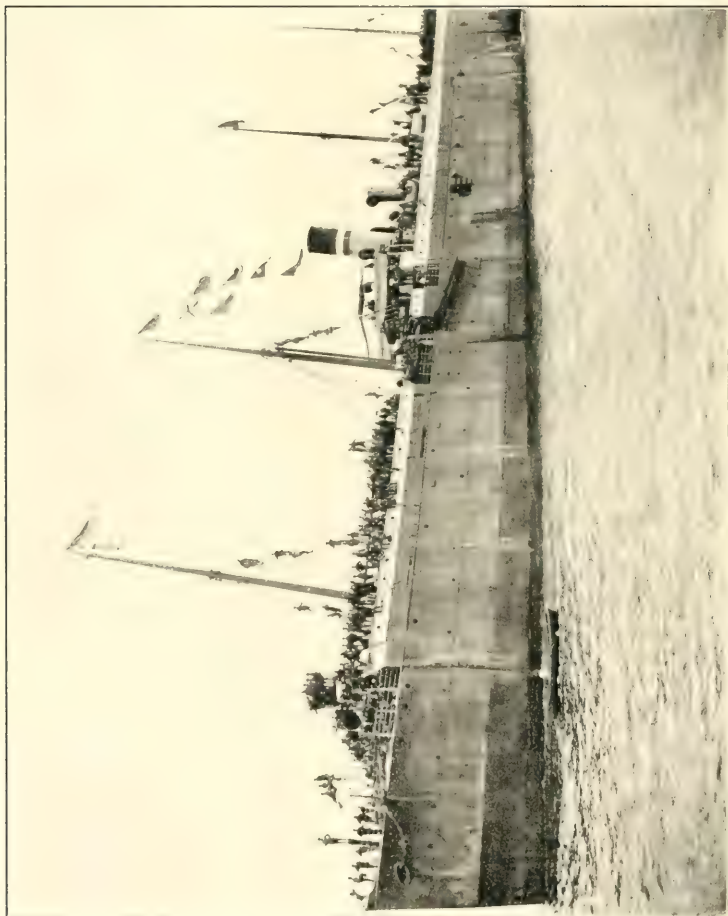
On November 28, 1898, after a furlough, which had been given us on the 10th of September, we

were paid off and mustered out of Uncle Sam's service, and Troop "A," N.Y.C., U.S.V., passed into history.

"Home, boys, home, and its home you ought to be ;  
Home, boys, home, in your own countree ;  
Where the ash and the oak and the bonny willow-tree,  
They all grow so pretty up in North Amerikee."  
—The Cannoneer.





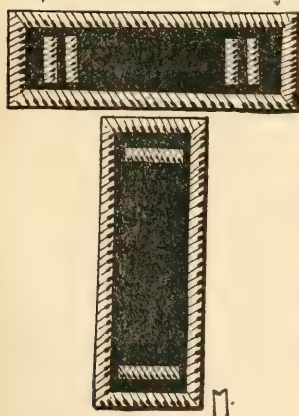


TRANSPORT "MISSISSIPPI" IN NEW YORK HARBOR, SEPT. 10

# Commissions

Edward L. Patterson.

"Just for a handful of silver he left us,  
Just for a ribband to stick in his coat."  
—The Lost Leader.



TROOP "A," N.G., N.Y., was always spoken of as "a school for officers." And when its progeny, the Squadron, was bred from the parent organization by the process of self-division, which the study of microbes and their domestic relations has made so familiar to all well informed people, the same expression continued to be used. Now and then some trooper, whose increasing prosperity and bulk made the "scissors" and double-mounting yearly more difficult, would accept a commission in some other National Guard organization. To the average Squadron man, however, the pomp and

vanity of a centurion of hoplites appealed but little; a lance corporal in the Squadron was a greater man to him, and an artificer far more influential. His ardor for exercise, his love of a horse, and his devotion to "the gang," alike tended to keep him from wandering from his cavalry associations. He would rather shake down bedding on the picket-line of God's own people than dwell in the tents of the doughboys. But he cherished in his breast the comforting idea—nay, the absolute conviction—that if ever a real war broke out in his time cavalry commissions would come chasing him so rapidly that it would be undignified to run away.

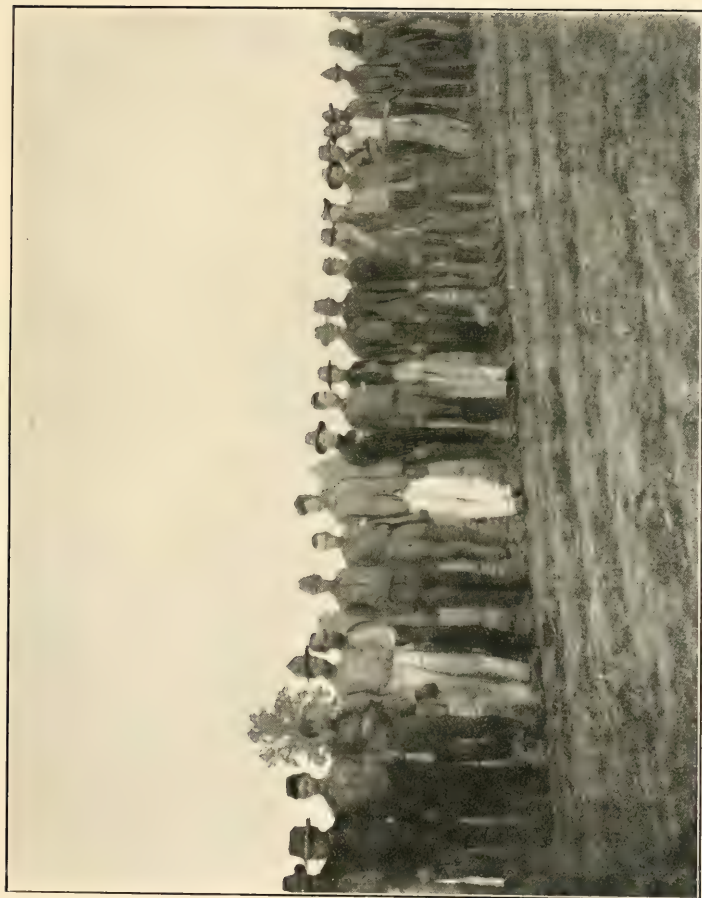
We had a number of illusions before the war, and that was one of them. Our much-abused War Department dispelled this particular one with great promptness. When the quota to be furnished by the several States on the first call for volunteers were announced, great was our surprise to see that New York hadn't been called on for a cavalry brigade, nor a regiment. The Government didn't even want all the officers and men of the State's mounted forces who had been settling their business and saying good-by to their best girls. It was a dreadful shock, but we gave Uncle Sam what he asked for, and let it go at that.

We had ample opportunity for observing the

breed of officer that the New York Guard turns out while at Camp Black. There were many Generals bivouacked at the Garden City Hotel, who came out to camp to lunch sometimes, when it didn't rain too hard, and each of whom had a gaudy retinue of Majors and "sich," mainly recruited from privates of the Seventh Regiment and subalterns of the Twelfth. They honored us frequently with their presence, generally bringing some of our fair friends along. We weren't uncharitable enough to suspect them of attempting to accentuate the contrast between their dapper countenances and neatly fitting uniforms and our sprouting whiskers and garments decorated with metal polish. It is comforting to chronicle that it didn't seem to work, if they did.

After a seeming eternity of three whole weeks, we exchanged the ceaseless downpour and wintry blasts of Black for the drought, dust and torrid heat of Alger. We lost one man by the wayside—the lightning of promotion struck him just before we were mustered in—but we got another in his place, and started southward with full ranks. On the way down we heard of another impending loss in the person of our commissary sergeant, who was wanted as an expert balloonist. We were sorry to have him go—he was a splendid rustler, and we didn't know how he would pan out as an aëronaut.

On arrival at Camp Alger the draft upon our numbers continued. The proximity of the camp to the National Capital, whence all military and other official blessings flow, contributed greatly to this result. Many of the troopers knew Senators and other persons in authority and having influence, who put ideas into their heads. The relatives of many men secured commissions for them and brought the strongest kind of pressure to make them accept. There were lots of officers at Camp Alger, as at Camp Black, whom the men knew; some of whom they liked and some they didn't. Certain of the former used to come over and see us sometimes. They probably worked as many hours a day as we did, or more, but somebody else kept their clothes in order for them, and they didn't show it the same way. As regards those in the latter category, when one has been accustomed to regard a man as an inferior the reflection that the positions are reversed by the strongest kind of sanction is not a soothing one. Then there was the daily growing belief that the troop was never going to get any nearer that mysterious and ill-located region known in the debates of the "War Club" as "THE FRONT"; that we weren't needed there, and that some malign influence was working on the President to keep us at home. This generated a restlessness



REVEILLE ROLL CALL, 5.30 A. M.—CAMP ALGER





that nearly drove us to frenzy when we learned of the Santiago expedition having left Tampa, of the landing at Daiquiri, and finally of Guasimas, and the fact that Arthur Cosby, for whom we hadn't a vacancy, and who had accordingly joined the Rough Riders, had been in that fight. Instead of which there was the terrible heat, the unceasing round of guard, orderly, messenger-boy and provost work that headquarters exacted of us, and the strain on the men's tempers that necessarily ensued. The men of Troop "A" were loyal, but human; many harkened to the voice of the charmer, and it is probable, if the secrets of all men's hearts were revealed, that there would have been others if the troop hadn't been ordered to Puerto Rico.

The parting was a hard one, though, in nearly all cases, if not in all, both for those who left and those who were left. Nobody who had lived for two months with that crowd, in an intimacy such as a man who hasn't had a similar experience cannot imagine, could leave them for the society of strangers without a sinking of the heart, however great his momentary irritation at the situation or at individuals, or his elation at his increased importance and adventurous prospects. Most of those who left escaped from camp as quietly as possible, choosing a time when the men were at drill or on other duty,

and leaving a general farewell for distribution by some tentmate. The remaining faithful would continue the daily routine, perhaps sighing mildly and remarking, "Well, wonder who's next!" After a while every man suspected his neighbor, even the partner of his bosom. No one knew when the ceremony of "Washington's farewell to his generals" would be enacted in his squad, with his "bunkie" as G. W. And when a man's father or other near relative appeared in camp, everybody in his mind sadly marked him off the roster, "Discharged, by reason of promotion."

Most of the departing ones rushed wildly about Washington in the heat for a few days, getting fitted out with new uniforms—officers' fatigue only; but how gorgeous as compared to the working "jeans" of a trooper!—and other articles of more or less utility in the field. At other times they would haunt the War Department end of the big "Triune" Building, trying to hasten their commissions and orders, and gaining their first experience of how to steer amid the snags and eddies of "military channels." Finally, however, they would vanish, departing each for his own place—Tampa, Chickamauga or Peekskill—and the troopers detailed for special duty at Chamberlin's or the Arlington would see them no more.

Nineteen men in all were commissioned out of the troop, not one of whom, by the way, got into any cavalry organization, regular or volunteer, during the war. Six men received appointments as second lieutenants in the regular army, five of whom were originally assigned to the artillery, but all but one secured transfers to the infantry, as promising a better prospect for foreign service. Of the volunteer appointments, five were in the general staff departments, three in the Signal Corps, three in the Engineers, and the other two in state infantry regiments. Only two of the eight who received line commissions in the volunteers ever served with their regiments, all the others having staff assignments.

The first break, as stated above, came before the troop had even been mustered into the United States service. On the night of May 18th, four unfortunates were seated in the boarded shed that served as the office of the Mustering Officer, laboriously filling out upon the muster-rolls the ages, places of birth and color of hair and eyes of the troopers, whether single or married, and other particulars deemed material for identification in their subsequent condition of servitude. Having finally waded through the list of officers, sergeants, corporals, trumpeters, farriers, etc., they were starting

upon the plain privates, and had nearly reached "Breckenridge, John C.," when that individual appeared with an order from Captain Badgley to leave his name off the roll for the present. The explanation appeared in the next morning's papers, in the daily list of army appointments: "To be Captain and Assistant Quartermaster, John C. Breckenridge, of New York"

"Breck" in due course of time reached Chickamauga Park, and was assigned to Major-General James H. Wilson, commanding the First Division, First Army Corps, and served under him as aide-de-camp, and thereafter as Chief Quartermaster of Division. In the latter capacity he accompanied the Puerto Rico expedition, landing at Ponce on July 26th. General Wilson was placed in command of the district, and "Breck's" working hours were long and his labors arduous, but his constitution and temper were equal to the occasion. Often "Breck" has been seen standing in front of the old Custom House at the Playa, about which the military world of Puerto Rico revolved in those days, while superiors raved and subordinates pleaded. But "Breck" never turned a hair; promised everything, as a good quartermaster should, and never let anything bother him, to outward appearance at least, but always had time to help out somebody else, who

didn't know exactly what he wanted or how to get it.

Captain Breckenridge accompanied General Wilson's column to Coamo, and was the first man to enter that town upon the attack and capture of the 9th of August, which goes to show that a quartermaster's duties do not necessarily confine him to the rear and the baggage column when something interesting is forward. He returned to the United States with General Wilson in September, and was honorably discharged November 30th, 1898.

Sergeant Charles Edward Pellew, our highly esteemed acting commissary sergeant, was the next man to get in the way of a commission. We learned on the way down to Dunn Loring that we were to lose him, and the news didn't tend especially to enliven a journey that was dreary enough from other causes. Pellew was commissioned First Lieutenant in the United States Volunteer Signal Corps, and was ordered to Tampa, but did not have the fortune to get off on either the Santiago or Puerto Rico expedition. He was finally ordered to Santiago in the early part of August, and was the only man on board of the transport (the "Port Victor") who set foot on Cuban soil. His stay there was short, General Shafter himself, with the genial suavity which that officer's name invariably suggests, recommending

him to leave the island. He proceeded to Camp Wikoff, Montauk Point, and resigned from the service after a short period there. There is no truth in the report that he advised and superintended the raising of the celebrated balloon at El Pozo on the morning of July 1st.

We had been but a few days at Alger—not long enough, in fact, to have made any serious impression upon the brush-covered furrows of the ploughed field where they camped us—when it became noised about that two more men had the same complaint—Privates McKee Dunn McKee and Frank L. Polk. McKee's home was in Washington, and his family of credit and renown in the countryside—even the railway station where we had disembarked, Dunn Loring, was a connection of his. As for Polk, the crowned heads at Washington naturally fell all over themselves to do him honor, and two prominent Senators secured him a captaincy and fired it at him before he knew what was going on—he said so himself. While McKee was meditating on whether or not he would leave, an order from the War Department arrived directing his discharge, and thereby saved him the responsibility and anguish of the decision. He was commissioned Second Lieutenant in the United States Volunteer Signal Corps, and assigned as aide-de-





MULLER

BIRD

THE FORGE CAMP ALGER





camp to Brigadier General Wallace F. Randolph, U.S.V., commanding the light artillery brigade. Reporting at Tampa on June 19th, he accompanied his chief to Cuba, sailing on the transport "Comanche" July 3rd, and landing at Daiquiri the 16th. He remained in camp near Santiago until General Randolph's departure for Montauk, which took place August 17th; and, after a week's stay at Camp Wikoff was granted leave, which continued until his final discharge from the service, December 8th.

McKee was present during the most trying time of the Fifth Army Corps' occupation, when over half of that command was constantly on sick report, and sometimes eighty per cent. of the remainder ought to have been, and there is no doubt that he bore himself nobly through those dark times, when fever held undisputed sway over our forces, with no excitement of conflict to keep up men's hearts. But he is too modest to tell of it, and there was no one else there to chronicle his deeds. It is evident, however, that he quickly acquired the ways of the military profession. One of the other men, who happened to board the "Comanche" only two days after Dunn had left it, inquired about him of the Adjutant of the battalion to which General Randolph's brigade had suddenly become reduced by

the landing of headquarters and two batteries. This officer immediately broke out into a flow of language in which wrath and admiration were strangely blended; it transpiring that Lieutenant McKee, having drawn no tent of his own, and having a commendable disinclination to being left shelterless in the somewhat moist climate of Cuba, had appropriated the Adjutant's when he went up to the lines. It was conceded on all sides that the young volunteer officer was certainly learning the game.

Polk was commissioned Captain and Assistant Quartermaster of Volunteers, and assigned in due course to the First Brigade, First Division, First Army Corps, commanded by Brigadier-General Oswald H. Ernst. He joined at Camp Thomas, Chickamauga, and accompanied General Ernst to Puerto Rico, landing at Ponce and participating in the engagements about Coamo. Polk was rated as a most efficient man in his department, and his charitable disposition was never more clearly manifested than in breaking camp at Ponce, when he generously abandoned most of his forage in favor of those who were more in need of that very scarce commodity—none could have needed it worse than the outfit that succeeded to it, at any rate. His method of loading his wagons on the

same occasion, with the tent-poles and other heavy articles on top, also won expressions of wonder from observing bystanders, several regular officers of long service on the plains remarking that they had never in all their experience even thought of loading wagons that way. Captain Polk returned to the United States when his chief did, and subsequently tendered his resignation. Its acceptance was delayed for some time by reason of a shortage of forty undershirts in his accounts, but the deficiency having been satisfactorily explained the gallant Captain returned to civil life, and the service lost a good officer. He was discharged November 30th, 1898.

The next man to withdraw the light of his countenance from our troop street, now beginning to lose somewhat its resemblance to a series of parallel mountain ranges, was Private William Silas Whitehead, Jr., of Tent 9, whose many wise sayings, couched in merry guise, had contributed in such large measure to the attractiveness of the hospitality dispensed so generously by its occupants. He was commissioned Second Lieutenant in the Third United States Volunteer Engineers, and assigned as aide-de-camp to Brigadier-General A. C. M. Pennington, U.S.V. This assignment gave him another week at Camp Black. General Pennington

was soon afterward ordered to command the Department of the Gulf, with headquarters at Atlanta, Ga., which gave "Bill Silas" another opportunity of revisiting the scenes of former victories, at the Aragon and the Capitol City Club. He served as engineer officer of the department and aide-de-camp until his departure for home, November 6th, and was discharged November 10th.

Private Allan Appleton Robbins was appointed and commissioned First Lieutenant in the First United States Volunteer Engineers shortly afterward. His first service with his new organization was at the old New York State camp at Peekskill, so closely associated in the minds of all National Guardsmen of the Empire State with all that partakes of pageantry and hilarity in military affairs. The regiment sailed away to Puerto Rico in the early part of August, and its officers created a great sensation when they began to frequent the Hotel Francais by their new uniforms and caps among those who had been in the field longer and whose wardrobes showed it. Lieutenant Robbins assisted in repairing the bridges near Aibonito, blown up by the Spaniards, and remained in the island until his family organized an expedition of their own, swooped down upon him, and carried him home in triumph. He then applied for and received an hon-

orable discharge. The separation from "Baby" that service in a foot regiment entailed was a severe blow, although a report that he commanded his company from the tail of an ambulance on the march shows that the effect of his cavalry training survived.

The ruthless government now began to make large drafts on our devoted band, eight men being requisitioned in a week or less. A batch of second lieutenancies in the regular army was passed around and we lost a sergeant, three corporals and two privates. Some of these we had anticipated losing, but some were surprises. One of the latter was gallant enough to insist that he had no idea even how he came to be appointed, though others thought they could guess. They spent some weeks or so going back to their school-days in preparation for examinations—physical, mental and moral—and all passed. There being no vacancies in the cavalry, the arm to which they naturally inclined, five of them finally elected to go into the infantry, and were accordingly assigned: Corporal Edwin C. Hoyt and Private James M. A. Darrach to the Eleventh, Sergeant Alfred B. Maclay and Corporal G. Beekman Hoppin to the Fifth, and Private Charles R. Hickox, Jr., to the Second. Corporal C. Sidney Haight went to the Fourth Artillery.



Hoyt and Darrach were in company throughout. Their regiment having been ordered from Tampa to Puerto Rico, they got on board the U. S. S. "St. Paul," at Newport News, on which vessel were Brigadier-General Peter C. Hains, U.S.V., and staff, with a portion of his brigade. On arrival at Ponce General Hains was ordered to proceed to Arroyo and join General Brooke. Hoyt and Darrach, having learned that the Eleventh Infantry had not yet arrived, sought his advice, with the result that he procured them to be attached to his staff. They landed at Arroyo, and were present at the fight on the road to Guayama and the entrance into that town, as well as in the subsequent operations of General Brooke's column. They were of the few of the Troop "A" men who ever got into action; and they handled themselves, according to the unanimous testimony of eye-witnesses, as we all think we should have done if we had had an opportunity, and all of their old comrades are proud of them. Both returned with General Hains to the United States in September as casually as they had gone to Puerto Rico, and shortly afterward resigned, never having seen the regiment they were assigned to.

Hoppin and Maclay reported to the Fifth Infantry at Tampa. This regiment was a part of General Schwan's brigade, and, like the rest of that com-



mand, was originally destined for Puerto Rico, but was switched off and sent to Santiago instead. Mac-lay did not accompany them, however, as he had the grievous misfortune of losing his father while at Tampa, which compelled him to resign from the army. Hoppin left Tampa for Santiago on August 19th, and acted as quartermaster and commissary of the transport "Knickerbocker" on the voyage, which terminated on the 28th. They brought four cases of yellow fever to Cuba with them, contrary to the usual course of business in that line, which gave them two weeks in an isolation camp. Beekman is another of these modest men from whom it is impossible to get particulars, but those who know him and have read Mr. Kipling's "Only a Subaltern" can paint their own pictures of Lieutenant Hoppin in command of Company "G," and draw their own conclusions as to whether he was equal to the situation. The regiment, after the expiration of its quarantine, was fully occupied with the care of garrisoning Santiago and more sickness, until the dry season brought relief, when Hoppin resigned and came home. One of his achievements was the discovery of a Spanish gun that the whole of Lawton's division couldn't locate during the investment of the town, according to the story, although they had ample reason to know it was somewhere about. While

riding one morning, his attention was called to a trench on the hillside, which, on further investigation, disclosed the Spanish field-piece in question, with a quantity of ammunition, which had been abandoned along with the gun.

Charles R. Hickox, Jr., was assigned to the Second Infantry, and joined his regiment at Santiago, July 31st, shortly before it came home to Montauk. He soon afterward tendered his resignation, and it was accepted in time for him to spend a pleasant vacation of some seven weeks in Roosevelt Hospital as a typhoid patient.

Charles Sidney Haight, who was assigned to the Fourth Artillery, is the only one of our half dozen regulars who still wears the uniform of old Uncle Sam. He reported at Tampa for duty with the siege train designed to batter the walls of San Juan de Puerto Rico about the heads of the Dons, but those crafty persons heard about it in some way and spared us the trouble. So Sidney's battery was ordered to return to Fort McHenry, Maryland. He effected an exchange into the Fourth Cavalry, and went to Manila. His anguish and disappointment at missing the Puerto Rico expedition may be gathered from the following composition by his facile pen, written on the spot that inspired the author of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

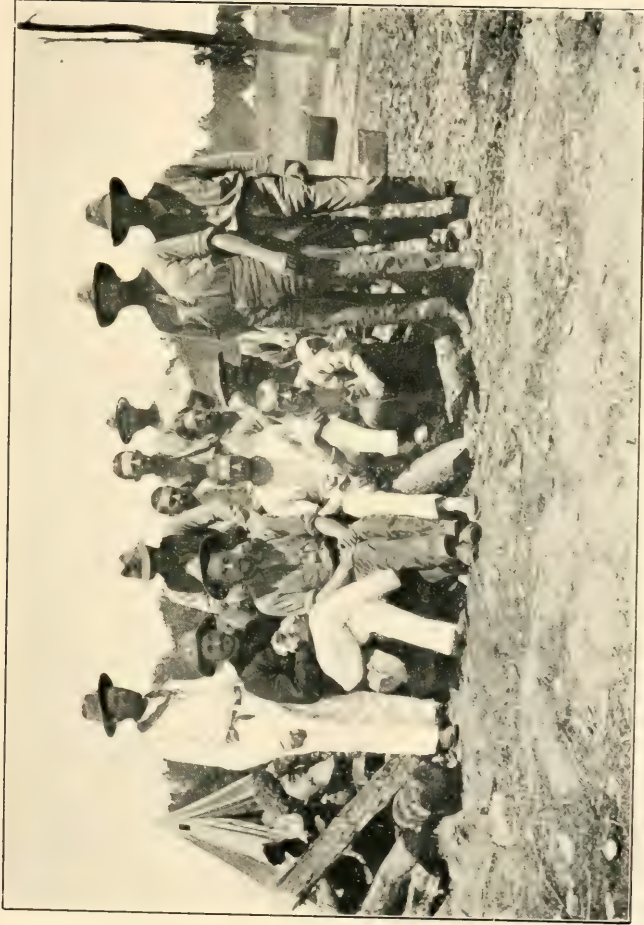
“ Alas for soldier, alas for maid,  
Alas for those who at Tampa stayed ;  
Alas for those for warfare wishing,  
But always, alack, delay in transmission—  
For of all sad words of tongue or typewriter  
The saddest are these :—‘ I’m an unfought fighter.’ ”

Private Francis Burton Harrison was another of the men who had no idea whatever that the Government was wishful to thrust honor upon them. This appears from an assertion of his own made on a practice march from Camp Alger, only fifteen minutes before the morning newspapers arrived containing the announcement that his nomination to be Captain and Assistant Adjutant General had gone to the Senate. He left Washington for Chickamauga on the night of July 5th, with little conception of the duties of his new position, be it said; but there is abundance of testimony from the highest authority that he knew pretty much all about them long before his resignation was handed in and accepted. He was assigned on arrival at Camp Thomas to the Second Brigade, First Division, Third Army Corps, and remained on that duty until the Third Corps was merged into the Fourth, under command of Major-General Joseph Wheeler, U.S.V., October 14th. Then he was assigned to the First Brigade, Second Division of that corps, commanded by Brigadier-General G. S. Carpenter, who, as Lieuten-

ant-Colonel of the Seventh Infantry, was prominent in the capture of Caney. On September 4th his command had been moved to Anniston, Ala., where he remained until his return home and resignation, January 31st, 1899.

While Harrison didn't get out of the United States at all, he came nearer on several occasions to being shot than many people who did, as some of the troops at Anniston, having come out to fight and finding no Spaniards convenient, showed a tendency at times to mix it up with each other. Bullets occasionally came near enough to his tent to make the situation highly realistic, and some miscreant celebrated Thanksgiving Day by shooting his clerk through the heart from behind.

Private Townsend Lawrence was commissioned First Lieutenant in the Second United States Volunteer Engineers at about the same time that Robbins, Harrison and the regular contingent forsook us, and was assigned as aide-de-camp to General Ernst, where he had Captain Frank Polk as a tent-mate. Lieutenant Lawrence received his commission and orders about the time that General Ernst's brigade was moved to Charleston to embark for Puerto Rico, and, after going all the way to Chickamauga only to find the command gone, finally caught up with it at tidewater. Like Breckenridge



THE BEARDED LADIES.





and Polk, he landed at Ponce, spent about ten days in camp there, accompanied General Wilson's column to Coamo, and had an excellent view of the actions about that town and in front of Aibonito. Lack of space alone prevents our giving in full his most excellent and interesting description of the operations of this column. On the 14th of August, the day after the news of the Protocol arrived, he had a further notable experience in being sent into the enemy's lines with a flag of truce, thus being the first man on the American side to see the celebrated Aibonito position, with its mined bridge and the intrenchments commanding every foot of road. Then followed six long weary weeks of rain, with the sick report of the brigade touching the forty per cent. mark constantly, when orders to advance to San Juan came. Headquarters had reached Cayey, thirty-six miles from San Juan, when a telegram came recalling the brigade to Ponce, whence they were brought home.

In December General Ernst was assigned to the staff of Major-General Brooke, Military Governor of the Island of Cuba, as Inspector-General, and sailed early in January, taking Lawrence with him as his personal aid. He returned in April, and was mustered out with his regiment at Augusta, Ga., May 26th, 1899.



Sergeant Edward Liddon Patterson, on the evening of July 1st, was sitting in front of the guard tent smoking a cigar and trying to think how he came to be short a horse in his count, when a telegram was handed him requesting his attendance in Washington the next morning. Having secured a pass and gone into town accordingly, he was informed that he could have a commission in one of the New York volunteer regiments about to be recruited under the second call; also that Brigadier-General Guy V. Henry, U.S.V., was under orders to proceed to Santiago and would take him along if he could get ready to sail on the 5th. The time seemed rather short, but by a combination of good luck and desperate persistence and the fortunate postponement of General Henry's departure for one day, he was mustered in as First Lieutenant of the 201st New York, and sailed from New York on the U. S. S. "St. Paul," Captain Sigsbee, on the evening of July 6th, arriving at Siboney and landing there on the 10th.

His campaign outfit consisted principally of a glaringly new "Khaki" uniform and an unflinching trust that tentage and food would come somehow, which was fortunately realized. The last firing in the trenches was on the morning of the 11th, just a few hours before Patterson ascended the San Juan

hill and surveyed the lines. After four days on shore, with two or three different orders every day (showing that the use of the good old command, "As you were!" is not restricted to the volunteer army), General Henry and staff were ordered on board a transport, to make a landing with two regiments of infantry, not yet disembarked, to the west of the harbor and attack the Socapa battery and the other defences on that side. On the day fixed, however, Santiago capitulated, and General Henry, being exceedingly wise in his generation, instead of rushing wildly back on shore to attend the ceremony of surrender, remained on board ship, and thereby contrived to get off with the Puerto Rico expedition. The latter sailed from Guantanamo July 21st, and arrived at Guanica on the 25th, where Henry's "Provisional Division" were landed on that and the following days. Ponce having surrendered to another expedition, General Henry was ordered to move on to that city, where Patterson experienced the happiest moment of his life when he met Seymour Cromwell and his squad on the road to the Playa. From Ponce Henry's Column moved northwardly on Arecibo, by Adjuntas and Utuado, and had just reached the latter place, within striking distance of the enemy, when the news of the Protocol overtook them. Shortly afterward Lieutenant

Patterson returned home, joined his regiment for a few minutes, and was discharged from the United States service October 12th.

Private Edwin Olaf Holter's narrative is tersely related by himself as follows: "During the first week in July, I left the troop, and after nervously watching the tape (red) in Washington for about a week, I obtained a commission as Second Lieutenant, United States Volunteer Signal Corps. At the request of Brigadier-General Adelbert Ames, of Massachusetts, I was assigned to duty as aide on his staff. The Assistant Adjutant-General, unable to longer resist, by reason of frequent personal visits from myself and friends, gave me an order to report at Santiago de Cuba by the first ship leaving Charleston or Newport News, Va. After buying out a tailor shop and brass factory in Washington, I hastened to Charleston to catch the steamer 'Grand Duchess,' but her sailing orders were suddenly countermanded and I returned, after a very hot trip, to Newport News. After waiting nearly a week longer in daily expectation of getting away, I received further orders to go to New York and take the steamship 'Olivette,' sailing about July 20th. Meanwhile Santiago had surrendered, but my sailing orders remained in full force. Leaving New York, in company with numerous second lieuten-

ants, contract doctors and military derelicts, I set sail for Santiago. After rather a miserable trip of six days on the 'Olivette,' which was under the command of a military doctor, and which, I understand, gracefully sank on the next voyage, we reached the scene of the recent combat. Upon arriving I found the fever at its full height, and the army in a pitiful condition, owing to sickness and consequent scarcity of men and supplies. I subsidized a Cuban hack and reported to General Ames, who was camped four miles outside of Santiago, in command of the Third Brigade [Kent's Division], consisting of the Ninth, Thirteenth and Twenty-fourth Infantry. My military duties consisted of light family aiding, and were speedily cut short by the very welcome order which arrived about August 7th for our brigade to march on board the 'Vigilancia' and sail for Montauk Point. We had a great many sick, and had some difficulty in getting them on board, but finally the 'Vigilancia' set sail, and we sailed out of Santiago to the tune of 'Home, Sweet Home,' played by about one per cent. of the regimental band, who were the only ones able to do duty. We arrived at Montauk Point for a final struggle for existence with United States commissaries on or about August 14th. In the middle of

September I handed in my resignation. I received my discharge November 9th."

Private Ervin Wardman was commissioned First Lieutenant in the 202d New York Volunteer Infantry on July 22d, and assigned as aide-de-camp to Major-General Brooke, with whom he sailed from Newport News for Puerto Rico on the U. S. S. "St. Louis" on July 28th. He was among the first to land at Arroyo with the Brooke expedition, but missed the capture of Guayama through having been sent back to Ponce to hurry the cavalry assigned to General Brooke's command. He got under fire, however, on the occasion of a reconnaissance by Colonel Coit, of the Fourth Ohio, some days afterward, and conducted himself with distinguished gallantry, although he modestly disclaims credit for much of the part in the affair attributed to him by the press reports. He is warm in his praise of the conduct of Lieutenants Darrach and Hoyt during the operations about Guayama and toward Cayey. Subsequently he accompanied General Brooke and the other Peace Commissioners for Puerto Rico to San Juan, sailed from there on the U. S. cruiser "Cincinnati" to St. Thomas, and took steamer thence to New York, resigning his commission October 15th, 1898.

Private Nathan M. Flower obtained a commission



CORPORAL BROWN    FARRIER MULLER

A HAIR-CUT WITH THE HORSE-CLIPPERS







as Captain and Quartermaster, and turned up in Ponce like almost everybody else in course of time. He was about to start for Arroyo in plenary command of two transports when some envious fate caused him to fall down a hatch and break an arm and two ribs—the only member of Troop “A” who was wounded in the war! This, of course, necessitated his being invalided home, and he soon afterward resigned. The untimely end of his military career was most regrettable, as he undoubtedly had a great future before him. He was the sweetest little Captain of the whole lot; even Frank Harrison didn’t look any prettier in his uniform.

Last of the list of those who left is Private William Williams, who was appointed Major and Commissary of Subsistence, United States Volunteers, July 20th, 1898. After a few days at Newport News he was ordered to New York to prepare the transport “Chester” for sea and take charge of her on the voyage to Ponce, whither she was destined to carry the First Volunteer Engineers. It was while he was occupied in this duty that Wall Street was thrown into a panic by the clash of arms, and preparations were being made to defend the Sub-Treasury to the last rampart of silver dollars, when it was discovered that the commander of the raiders was armed with a warrant for the specie he demanded,

and merely held the other force in reserve in case the custodian of the Government funds refused to honor it. Shortly after his arrival at Ponce, Williams was detailed as Chief Commissary in place of Major Black, of General Miles's staff. He turned to and discharged the very onerous and responsible duties of the position in a most exemplary manner, until ordered to return to New York in charge of the "Chester," about September 1st. Upon his return he was attacked by typhoid fever, and went on sick leave to Europe to recover from its effects. Williams was peculiarly fitted by his energy, conscientiousness and business experience for the position he filled, and in his knowledge of matters pertaining to water transportation he outclassed many regular officers in the Quartermaster's and Commissary Departments. His resignation was accepted March 12th, 1899.

In conclusion, it may be said, without fear of contradiction, that while none of the men who left Troop "A" and accepted commissions attained to high command or achieved especial distinction, their record is a good one, and their comrades have every reason to feel gratified with it. And, on the other hand, Troop "A's" graduates, if they may be so termed, should, and do, feel proud of and grateful for their connection with it. The fact of having

been a member of the New York Troop was a passport with army men everywhere, and caused officers to show much more interest in one of our men than they would have taken in the average volunteer or "fresh caught." And the feeling that the departing ones had that, while separated from their former associations, they none the less held the honor of Troop "A" in their hands equally with their old comrades in the ranks, did much to make them the successes that they were in their new fields of usefulness.

## In Memoriam

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### Philip Redington Mudge Hildreth

Born at Flushing, N. Y., November 20, 1873

Died at New York City, October 27, 1898

The joy felt by the Troop at their home-coming with unbroken ranks was rudely dispelled by the sudden and unexpected death of Private Hildreth.

He had been a member of the squadron but a very short time when Troop "A" went to Camp Black, and was personally known to but few of his future comrades. But, under the conditions of camp life, a brief period suffices to reveal the stuff of which a man is made; and really to know Phil Hildreth was to love him. He was an earnest and seemingly tireless worker, thoroughly imbued with a soldierly spirit, unselfish and conscientious to a degree. His most conspicuous characteristic was his unvarying cheerfulness, which was such as to make almost incomprehensible the melancholy that settled upon him from the fever he contracted during the campaign, and in the delirium of which the end came.

"Taps" never sounded over the grave of a more loyal heart, and none of those who fell in the excitement of battle gave their lives for the flag more truly than did "dear old Phil."

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# Muster-Out Roll

(First date after name is "joined or enrolled." D. S. denotes  
"detached service.")

*Captain* HOWARD G. BADGLEY, May 2, 1898. Sick in Camp Alger, Va., May 31, in line of duty. Removed to hospital at Ft. Myer, June 1, 1898. Left hospital July 23 on sick leave of absence for two months. Reported for duty Sept. 8. Resumed command of Troop Sept. 10 on return from P. R.

*First Lieutenant* FREDERIC R. COUDERT, Jr., May 2, 1898. In command of Troop June 1—Sept. 10. Adjutant of Squadron formed of Troops "A" and "C," May 27—Aug. 3. Sick with typhoid fever contracted in line of duty, Sept. 7—Nov. 1.

*Second Lieutenant* JOSEPH S. FRELINGHUYSEN, May 2, 1898. Ordnance officer of Squadron June 1—Aug. 3. On D. S. with detail of sixteen men as escort to Capt. Evans, 19th Inf., and afterward to First Lieut. Preston, 9th Cav., Aug. 10—25, in P. R.

*First Sergeant* AUGUSTUS R. MOËN, May 2, 1898. D. S. with detail of twelve men to Santa Isabel, P. R., Aug. 25—Sept. 7.

*Quartermaster Sergeant* FRANCIS D. BOWNE, May 2, 1898. Acting Q. M. S. of Squadron June 1—Aug. 3. D. S. with Lieut. Frelinghuysen, Aug. 10—25.

## *Sergeants*

WILLIAM C. CAMMANN, May 2. D. S. with detail of twelve men to Coto, Aug. 25—Sept. 6.

STOWE PHELPS, May 2. D. S. with detail of fourteen men to Utuado as escort to First Lieut. Langhorne, 1st Cav., A. D. C. to Brig. Gen. G. S. Garretson, Aug. 23—Sept. 5.

ROBERT EMMET. D. S. with ten men to Coamo, Aug. 13—20.

HENRY M. WARD, May 2. Corporal May 2, 1898. Appointed Sergt. June 6 *vice* Pellew.

EDWARD M. WARD, May 19. Saddler May 19. Sergt. July 4, *vice* Patterson. D. S., Phelps.

SEYMOUR LE G. CROMWELL, May 2. Corp. May 2. Sergt. July 21, 1898, *vice* Maclay. D. S. with gun detail of four men, with Troop "B," 2d Cav., and afterward with Lieut. Frelinghuysen, Aug. 13—25.

#### *Corporals*

JOHN L. ERVING, May 2. D. S., Moën.

FRANCIS C. HUNTINGTON, May 2. D. S., Cammann.

WILLIAM J. WALLACE, May 2. Corp. May 19. Sick in quarters at Ponce, P. R., Aug. 10—29 in line of duty.

HENRY I. RIKER, May 2. Corp. June 6 *vice* H. M. Ward.

WILLIAM R. WRIGHT, May 2. Corp. July 21, *vice* Cromwell. D. S., Moën.

BENJAMIN W. LEIGH, May 2. Corp. July 20, *vice* Hoyt. D. S., Frelinghuysen. Sick in hospital Aug. 24—Sept. 9 in line of duty (typhoid fever). Sent to Philadelphia on U. S. Hospital Ship "Relief."

JOHN H. ISELIN, May 2. Corp. July 21, *vice* Hoppin. Sick in quarters at Ponce, P. R., Aug. 7—23. Sent to N. Y. on sick leave.

IRVING RULAND, May 2. Corp. July 28, *vice* Haight. D. S., Phelps.

ARTHUR F. BROWN, May 2. Cook and corporal, Aug 1. D. S., Frelinghuysen.

#### *Trumpeters*

BRAITHWAITE, ALBERT E., May 2. Sick in quarters Ponce, P. R., in line of duty, Aug. 7—13.

KERNER, HOWARD S., May 2. Sick in quarters, Ponce, P. R. in line of duty (typhoid fever), Aug. 14—29. Sent to N. Y. on "Relief."

#### *Farriers*

MULLER, CHARLES W., May 2. D. S., Phelps.

BIRD, FRANK W., May 2. Sick in quarters, Ponce, P. R. (typhoid). Sent to N. Y. on "Relief."

Saddler BECKER, FREDERICK W., May 2. Appointed saddler July 4, *vice* E. M. Ward.

Wagoner GLYNN, JAMES, May 2.



### *Privates*

- ADEE, GEORGE T., July 12. D. S., Frelinghuysen. Sick in Hospital, Ponce, P. R. Sent home on "Relief."
- BARCLAY, ROBERT C., May 2. Sick in quarters, Ponce, Aug. 7—23. Sent to N. Y. on sick leave.
- BARRY, ROBERT P., Jr., May 2. Sick in quarters, Ponce, P. R., Aug. 18—30.
- BATCHELLER, HENRY, May 19. D. S., Moën.
- BAYNE, ROSS C., May 2. D. S., Moën.
- BENKARD, JAMES G., May 2. Sick in quarters, Camp Alger, June 22—July 1.
- BEALES, JAMES A. G., July 23. D. S., Frelinghuysen.
- BLAKE, ARTHUR M., May 2. D. S. to Adjuntas, Aug. 20—21.
- BRADLEY, STEPHEN R., Jr., July 25. D. S., Frelinghuysen.
- BROWN, HOWARD K., July 23. D. S., Phelps.
- BRUCE, JOHN M., May 2. Sick in hospital, Washington, D. C. (typhoid). On sick leave June 30—Sept. 10.
- CARUSI, CHARLES F., May 2. Sick in quarters, Alger, May 23—June 10. D. S. to Adjuntas, Aug. 20—21.
- CANNON, Henry B., July 9. Sick in quarters, Ponce, P. R., Aug. 9—29. Sent to N. Y. on sick leave, Aug. 29, "Relief."
- CHAPMAN, JOHN D., June 8. Sick in quarters, Ponce, Aug. 21—29.
- CHILDS, HERBERT H., May 2. Sick in quarters and hospital, Ponce, Aug. 7—23. Sent to N. Y. on sick leave, yacht "May," Aug. 23.
- CLARK, JAMES G., May 2. D. S., Frelinghuysen. Sent to N. Y. on "May," sick leave, Aug. 23.
- CONNER, LEWIS A., May 2. Sick leave of absence, July 8—Sept. 10.
- CONROW, ROBERT W., July 5. D. S., Emmet.
- COX, EDWARD V., May 2. Hospital, Washington, D. C. Sick leave of absence, June 4—Sept. 11.
- COYNE, GEORGE W., June 8. Sick in quarters, Alger, June 21—72. D. S., Emmet. Moën.
- CROMBIE, WILLIAM M., July 11. D. S., Moën.
- CROWELL, WILLIAM B., June 8. D. S., Cromwell.
- DRAKE, WILLIAM W., June 8. D. S., Emmet. Phelps.
- DYER, LYMAN T., May 2. D. S., Frelinghuysen.



EMMET, THOMAS A., Jr., July 8. Sick in quarters, Ponce.  
 Aug. 20—Sept. 3. D. S., Emmet.  
 FISHER, HENRY J., July 25. D. S. to Mayaguez, Aug. 16—21.  
 D. S. Moën.  
 FULLER, CHARLES, May 2.  
 GILLESPIE, LOUIS P., May 2. D. S., Moën.  
 GOADBY, ARTHUR M., May 2. D. S., Moën. Sick with typhoid  
 fever on "Mississippi," Sept. 7.  
 GRANNIS, JOHN H. D., June 8. D. S., Frelinghuysen. Sick  
 with typhoid on "Mississippi," Sept. 9.  
 HALL, SHERMAN R., May 2. D. S., Emmet. Moën.  
 HEATON, WILLIAM W., June 8. D. S., Emmet. Sick in  
 quarters, Ponce, Aug. 21—Sept. 3.  
 HILL, JOHN S., May 2. D. S., Cammann. D. S., Freling-  
 huysen.  
 HENRY, HORACE L., May 11. Transferred from Co. B., 3d N. Y.  
 Vol. Inf., July 23, 1898.  
 HOENINGHAUS, FRITZ W., May 2. D. S., Guayama, Aug. 12—  
 15. Cammann.  
 HOLT, HENRY E., May 2. D. S., Cammann.  
 HORNER, LEONARD S., July 23. D. S., Cammann.  
 KERNER, CHARLES H., Jr., May 2. Special duty Hospital  
 Corps, Ponce.  
 KEARNY, PHILIP, May 2. Sick on "Mississippi," Sept. 7—10.  
 KILLIPS, HERBERT, June 13. Transferred from 3d N. Y. V.  
 Inf., July 23, 1898. Sick in quarters, Ponce, Aug. 12—19.  
 KNUDSEN, ARTHUR S., June 8. D. S., Cammann.  
 LANNON, JOHN D., June 8. D. S., Cammann.  
 LEDYARD, GEORGE S., May 2. D. S. to Coamo, Aug. 22—23.  
 LEE, FRANKLIN L., May 2. D. S., Emmet.  
 LINE, ARTHUR M., June 9. Special duty Hospital Corps.  
 Returned to N. Y. on "Relief," with sick men.  
 LITTELL, EMLIN T., May 2. D. S., Phelps.  
 LITTLE, GEORGE J., May 2. D. S., Phelps.  
 LOCKETT, ARTHUR H., July 11. D. S., Phelps.  
 LOVELAND, JOHN W., May 2. Sick at Ponce, Aug. 16—22.  
 MANNING, RICHARD F., May 2. Sick July 5—Sept. 10  
 (typhoid).  
 MCGUSTY, ROBERT T., May 2. D. S. with Hoeninghaus. Sick  
 Sept. 6—10 on "Mississippi."

MCKINLAY, JAMES B., June 8. D. S., Phelps.  
 MILLS, ROBERT D., June 8. D. S., Cammann.  
 MUNROE, VERNON, July 23. D. S., Moën.  
 NICHOLS, JAMES O., May 2. Special duty, Ordinance Department.  
 OUTERBRIDGE, FRANK, May 2. D. S., Phelps.  
 PERRY, HENRY W., June 8.  
 PIERCE, REGINALD K., June 8. D. S., Emmet.  
 PIERSON, THOMAS H., June 9. D. S., Cromwell.  
 QUINBY, SAMUEL L., May 2. D. S., Emmet.  
 REDINGTON, GEORGE O., May 2. D. S., Frelinghuysen.  
 SATTERLEE, HENRY S., May 2. L. C. July 20, 1898. D. S., Cromwell.  
 SLIDELL, THOMAS, June 8. D. S., Frelinghuysen. Sick Ponce, Aug. 14—19.  
 STEVENS, FRANCIS K., June 8. Sick, Ponce, Aug. 28—Sept. 3.  
 STILLMAN, LELAND S., June 8. D. S., Frelinghuysen.  
 TERRY, JAMES T., May 2. D. S., Cammann.  
 THOMSON, ERNEST A., May 2. L. C., July 20.  
 TROESCHER, ROBERT F., June 8. D. S., Phelps.  
 VALENTINE, LANGDON B., May 2. D. S., Phelps.  
 VAN VLECK, EDGAR W., July 23. D. S., Phelps. Sick, Ponce and on "Mississippi," Aug. 30—Sept. 10.  
 VEILLER, FRANK D., July 8. D. S., Cammann.  
 WALLACE, GUSTAVUS S., June 8. D. S., Frelinghuysen.  
 WHARTON, RICHARD, July 8. D. S., Phelps.  
 WEBB, KARL, July 29.

#### DISCHARGED FOR DISABILITY.

*Private* VICTOR N. CUSHMAN, June 9. Discharged June 21.

#### DISCHARGED BY ORDER.

*Sergeant* CHARLES E. PELLEW, May 2. June 6. 1st Lieut. U. S. V. Sig. Corps.  
*Private* MCKEE D. MCKEE, May 2. June 6. 2d Lieut. U. S. V. Sig. Corps.  
 FRANK L. POLK, May 2. June 7. Capt. and A. Q. M., U. S. V.  
*Sergeant* EDWARD L. PATTERSON, May 2. July 4. 1st Lieut., 201st N. Y. V. Inf.

*Private* EDWIN O. HOLTER, May 2. July 11. 2d Lieut., U. S. V. Sig. Corps.  
 FRANCIS B. HARRISON, May 19. July 6. Capt. and A. A. G., U. S. V.  
 ALLAN A. ROBBINS, May 2. July 6. 1st Lieut., 1st U. S. V. Eng.  
 WILLIAM S. WHITEHEAD, Jr., May 2. July 6. 2d Lieut., 3d U. S. V. Eng.  
 TOWNSEND LAWRENCE, May 2. July 6. 1st Lieut., 2d U. S. V. Eng.  
 ERVIN WARDMAN, May 2. July 10. 1st Lieut., 202d N. Y. V. Inf.  
 WILLIAM WILLIAMS, June 25. July 21. Major and C. S., U. S. V.  
 JAMES M. A. DARRACH, May 2. July 20. 2d Lieut., 11th U. S. Inf.  
*Corporal* EDWIN C. HOYT, May 2. July 20. 2d Lieut., 11th U. S. Inf.  
*Sergeant* ALFRED B. MACLAY, May 2. July 21. 2d Lieut. 5th U. S. Inf.  
*Private* CHARLES R. HICKOX, May 2. July 21. 2d Lieut., 2d U. S. Inf.  
*Corporal* GERARD B. HOPPIN, May 2. July 21. 2d Lieut., 5th U. S. Inf.  
 CHARLES S. HAIGHT, May 2. July 28. 2d Lieut., 4th U. S. Art.  
*Private* NATHAN M. FLOWER, May 2. July 25. Capt. and A. Q. M., U. S. V.  
 AMOS R. E. PINCHOT, May 2. Aug. 18.  
 WILLIAM M. BENJAMIN, June 8. Oct. 7.

#### TRANSFERRED.

*Private* WALTER W. PRICE, May 2. July 10 to 1st U. S. V. Cav.  
 CHARLES A. HUTCHINSON, May 2. July 17 to 1st U. S. V. Cav.  
 HAROLD BARCLAY, June 8. July 8 to Hospital Corps, U. S. A.

#### DIED.

*Private* PHILIP R. M. HILDRETH, May 2. Accidentally shot and killed, Oct. 27, 1898.



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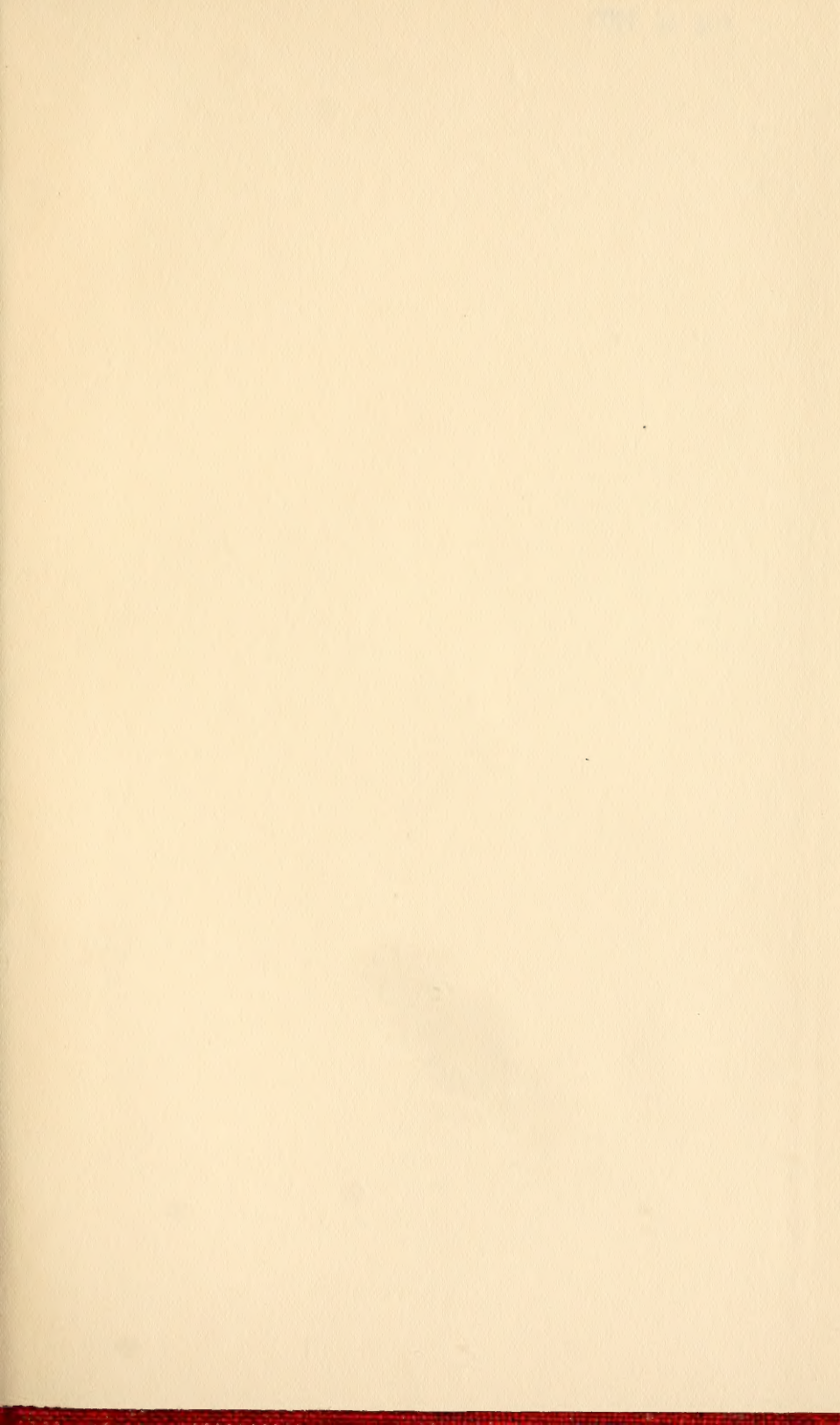
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